© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

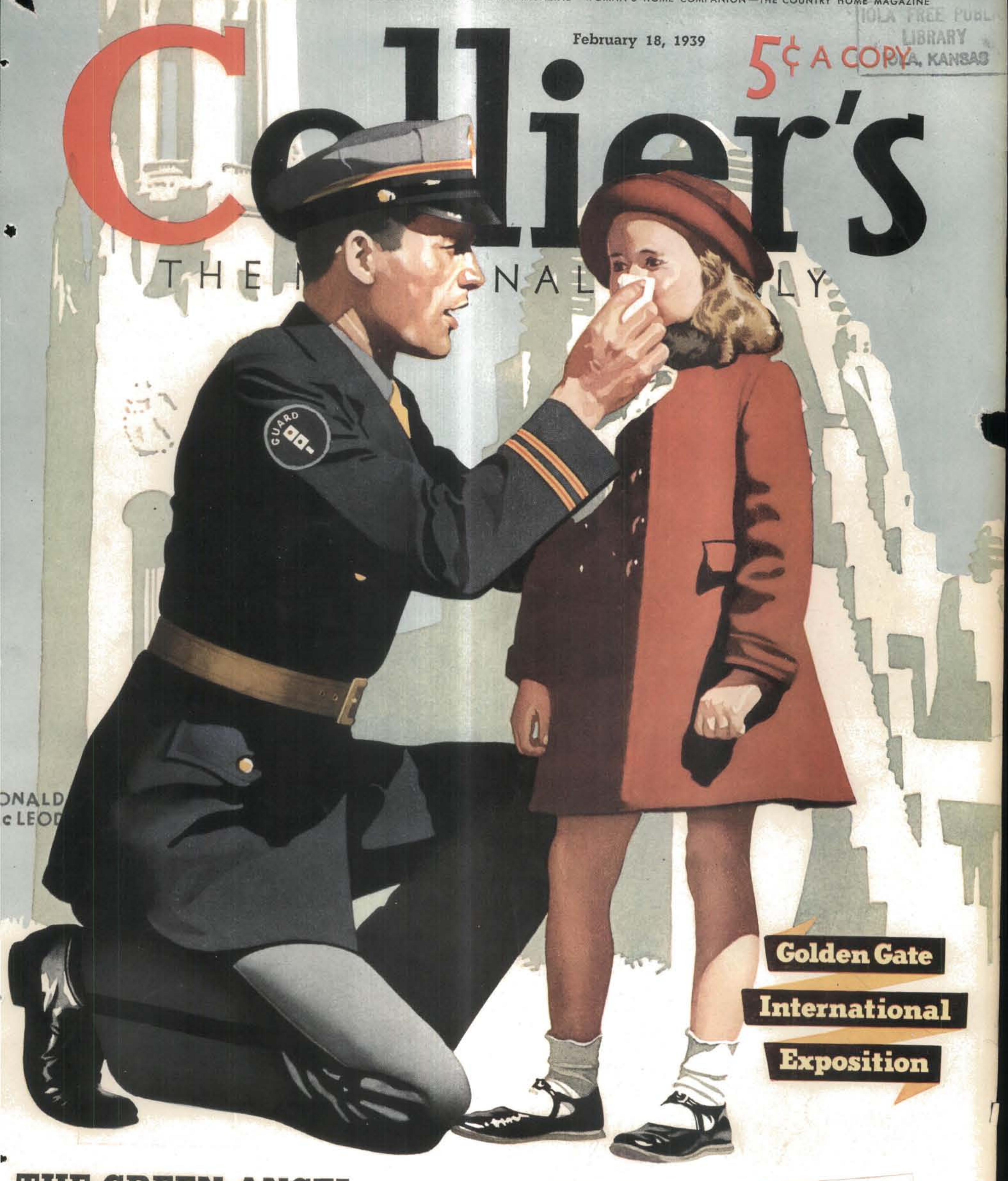
Collier's

THE NAL LY

February 18, 1939

5¢ A COPY

IOLA FREE PUBL
LIBRARY
A, KANSAS



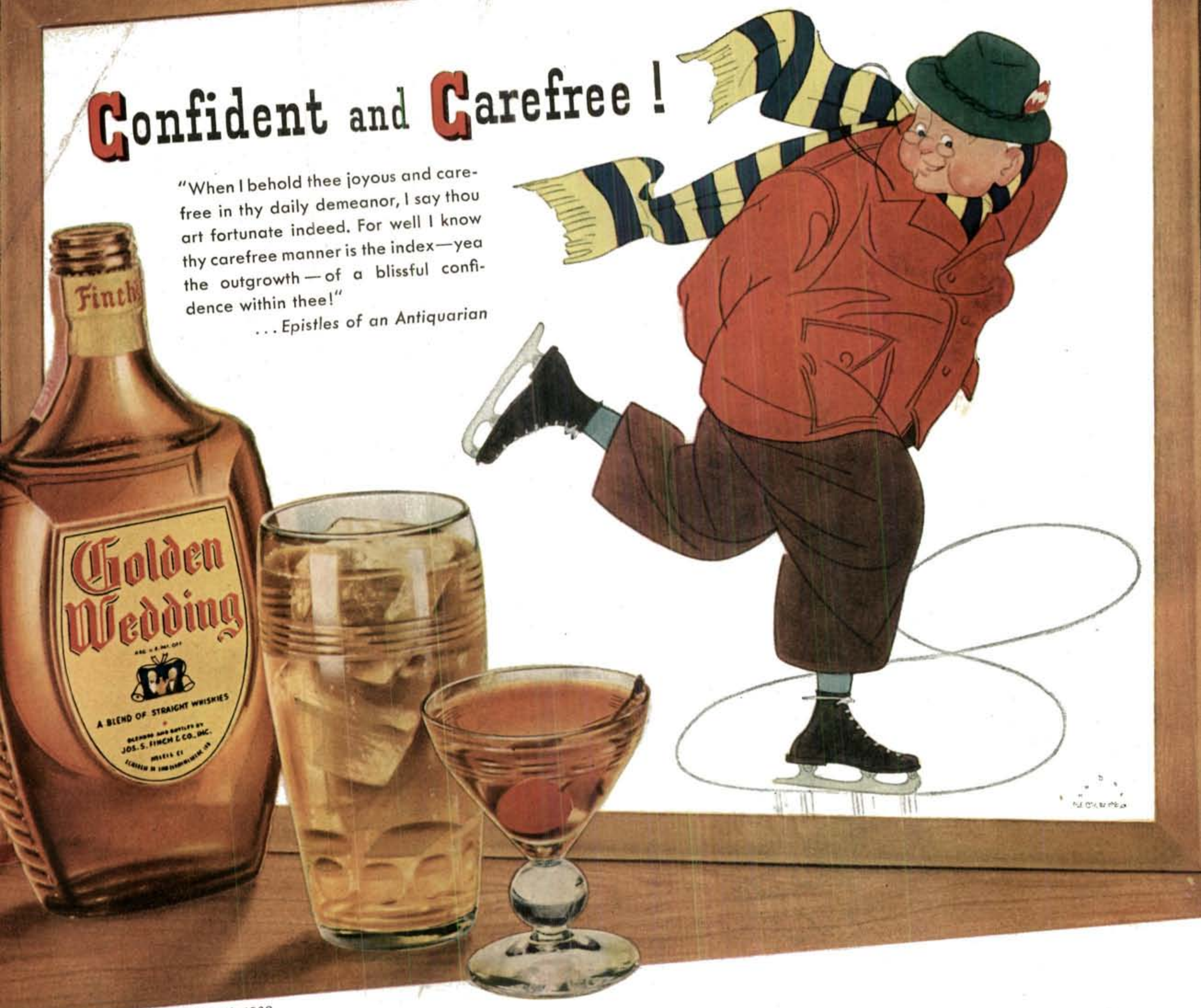
Golden Gate International Exposition

THE GREEN ANGEL A New Novel **BY GEORG**

MAIL-ORDER GOVERNMENT BY SE

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
1JE40
12B 31984 C
11P

FEB. 18, 1939


Finch's
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.

Confident and Carefree!

"When I behold thee joyous and carefree in thy daily demeanor, I say thou art fortunate indeed. For well I know thy carefree manner is the index—yea the outgrowth—of a blissful confidence within thee!"
... *Epistles of an Antiquarian*

New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding the whiskey you feel good about!

Why that proud ring in your voice when you call for Golden Wedding? Why that confident gleam in your eye as you tip the waiter and bottle? We know. You feel good about Golden Wedding. And well you may. It's a blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey—and such whiskey... Finch's very finest. The most likeable, drinkable liquor a human being could desire. Good old Golden Wedding. Olden Golden Wedding. Even the very youngest whiskey in it is four years old!

AND AT THE BAR–

When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey.

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefe in BOURBON or RYE

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIE IN THIS PRODUCT ARE YEARS OR MORE OLD

90 PROOF. COPR. 1939, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.,

in it is 4 years

Help yourself to Loveliness

WITH *

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

IN THE *NEW*

Listerine Tooth Paste

NEW
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

***** *The dainty energizing agent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste, adds sparkling beauty to your smile . . . gets after dull, dingy tooth film and helps replace it with glamorous luster and polish*

You'll marvel at the thrilling new way the New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent, attacks ugly, stained film—the amazing results it accomplishes when used regularly.

The secret is Luster-Foam's amazing penetrating power. The instant it comes in contact with brush and saliva, it springs into an active foam of tiny bubbles . . . an energized "bubble bath" which sweeps over tooth surfaces, whisking away food and other loose deposits.

Then Luster-Foam detergent gets after the greasy, starchy films which dim tooth luster . . . helps clean and polish the teeth to sparkling brilliance. It even goes to work on remote and hard-to-reach danger areas where some authorities say 75% of decay starts. You know them—areas between the teeth, on front and back of the teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks and fissures, in many of which old type dentifrices may never penetrate.

And all the while Luster-Foam is helping to prevent dangerous acid ferments which hasten tooth decay . . . livening and freshening your entire mouth with a bracing tang which lasts long after the actual brushing is over.

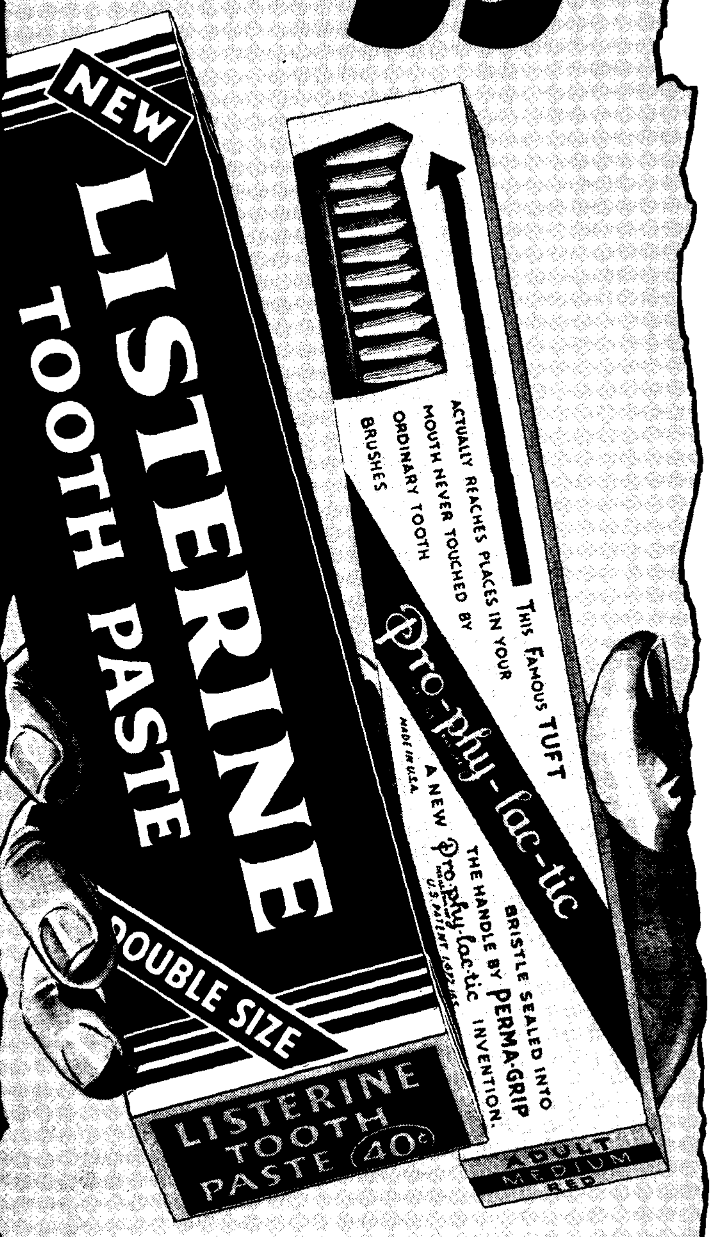
Get the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter today, while the special combination offer with the famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is still in effect. Bonafide 90¢ value for only 59¢. See panel at right.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

SALE

~~90¢~~ VALUE

BOTH FOR **59¢**


NEW
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
DOUBLE SIZE
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 40¢
THIS FAMOUS TUFT
ACTUALLY REACHES PLACES IN YOUR MOUTH NEVER TOUCHED BY ORDINARY TOOTH BRUSHES
Pro-phy-lac-tic
BRISTLE SEALED INTO THE HANDLE BY PERMA-GRIP A NEW Pro-phy-lac-tic INVENTION.
MADE IN U.S.A.
ADULT MEDIUM RED

REGULAR **40¢** tube of the New Listerine Tooth Paste, which contains more than ¼ pound.

REGULAR **50¢** Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous tuft helps clean back teeth better.

BOTH FOR 59¢

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS *NOW* · ACT QUICKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

February 18, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington	JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		

Next Week

IT WAS ridiculous, of course, for experienced men like Luis Garcia and El Indio to pay attention to the opinions of Felice Del Vayo, who was a movie actress and knew nothing about bullfighting. But Felice was very beautiful and very positive in her opinions. To El Indio she spoke rapturously of the skill and intelligence of Garcia and to Garcia she whispered praises of the courage and daring of El Indio.

After that even the crowd in the stands could see what was happening. "The Indian fights like Garcia," they shouted, "and Garcia fights like the Indian." And the shadow of death crept out from the barriers behind which Felice Del Vayo sat. In "Beautifully and Bravely," Harry Sylvester gives you the drama of that hot Mexican afternoon.

"THE jitterbug godfathered swing, which is to jazz as flying is to horse-car pulling." That is the considered opinion of Mr. Benny Goodman, giving credit where credit is due. For Mr. Goodman has no love for jitterbugs. He admits the constitutional right of citizens to go into a state of ecstasy when a horn blows through them and sets their hair on end, but he disputes their right to get into his hair or that of his band. "Jitterbugs Give Me the Jitters," says Mr. Goodman. Why they do is reported by Ted Shane.

GEORGE WARREN was born with two strikes on him—he was the son of a hero. By the time he was grown, his father had become a legend. It took a holdup, a girl and a riot to show what George was made of. Octavus Roy Cohen presents "Buck Warren's Son."

THE elements of Grynszpan's story were widely scattered. To get them all you had to go to France and Germany and Poland. Quentin Reynolds went to these places, looking for an explanation of the shot that brought misery to half a million people. "Portrait of a Murderer" is the result.

THE trouble aboard the Hsin Fang was simply this: The ship was loaded with munitions; it had been seized by the Japs; and the Chinese below decks decided to blow the whole thing up. Which gave a feeling of impermanence to Celia Anlage and Brian Clancy. "Cargo to Wanping" is by LaSelle Gilman.

COLETTE writes the Short Short Story. Edwin Muller, George F. Worts, Laurence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others contribute fiction and articles.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

MORAN TUDURY
Dirt Cheap. A champion found in a barnyard. Page 12

D. K. FINDLAY
The Thunderbirds. The girl who hated ski racers. Page 16

WALTER HENRY
The Road to Cariente. The general's marksmanship. Page 19

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Right Gun. O'Malley annoys a murderer. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Shipmate, by Paul Schubert. Page 26

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
The Green Angel. The first of ten parts. Romance leading to mystery. Page 9

LAURENCE G. BLOCHMAN
The Resounding Skies. The fifth of ten parts. One man against a nation. Page 24

ARTICLES

THE PICTURE PAGE
Massey into Lincoln. A stage Lincoln in the making. Page 11

KYLE CRICHTON
Who's a Bum? The edifying history of Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom. Page 13

HAROLD L. ICKES
Mail-Order Government. Public opinion—manufactured for private gain. Page 14

DOROTHY DUCAS and ADELE BROWN
Cooked the Way You Like It. Putting foreign dishes at their ease. Page 18

JIM MARSHALL
The West Throws a Party. Magnificence in San Francisco Bay. Page 21

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Side glances. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Human Nature on Parade. Page 66

COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

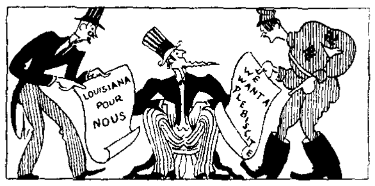
WE'VE been waiting for a good chance to say something about this ism business. Our patience, a bit threadbare in spots, was finally rewarded by Mr. Stephen A. Austin of Lincoln, Nebraska. "Our politicians and press are continually warning us," writes Mr. Austin, "against isms. I am a loyal American citizen, completely sold on the Constitution and my country. I have a better than average job. I own my own home, and I am married to the most intelligent and charming woman I've ever met, am the father of a little girl of seven, and two boys, five and three. My great desire is to perpetuate their happiness. But all these isms scare me. The more I hear about them the more confused I become. What are these isms and what am I supposed to do about them? How many isms are there? Who started this ism business anyway?"

AND Miss Jean Anger of Washington, D. C., reports a bit of perplexity in her vicinity. A brand-new congressman was discovered by Miss Anger sitting quite morosely in a corner of an otherwise buoyant cocktail party. Miss Anger commiserated. "Oh," he replied, "it ain't that. I was just trying to think of the name of the guy who first mentioned my name for this job."

BUT in Jonesboro, Tennessee, there are two lads who know pretty well what's going on. This enlightened pair, says Mr. John W. Hamblen, set forth one day to visit Springfield, Ohio, where this indispensable magazine is printed. Presenting themselves at The Crowell Publishing Company's plant, one of them introduced himself. "We just dropped in," said he, "to find out what it is you folks waste your time doing. Me and him, we raise potatoes and corn."

WHAT we have from time to time suspected is verified for us by Captain Jerome P. Needer of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The captain says that we may dismiss as an inferior grade of nonsense all suggestions that this country will "take a swing to the right and tie up to the old dock from which we've been drifting for more than five years." And the reason for this, the captain finds, is that "while we were drifting the dock went off on a bender too."

APPARENTLY we haven't gone solemn enough about this European *anschluss* business—this new political racket of muscling in on your neighbor's land. Therefore, Mrs. Edward A. Olfka of Hamtramck, Michigan, bids us consider it "in a homely light." And she had us almost doing it until, in her concluding paragraph, she asks: "What would you do if the French decided suddenly to demand that we give Louisiana back to her or Adolf Hitler demanded the right to run one of his plebiscites in Cincinnati or Milwaukee?"



A SOMEWHAT more delicate subject has been absorbing the time of Mrs. June Donohue of Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Donohue would have Congress rearrange the presidential income on a sliding scale—ten thousand dollars more for each male child he may be father of. Along with this, Mrs. Donohue would make it "illegal for any son of any President to work while his father was in office. And that," says she, "would stop all this nonsense and give us a little peace."

FROM the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of romantic Alta, Utah, we receive word that a letter addressed to us was returned to him with the post office's advice that we could not be located. "The postmaster telephoned," says Mr. Watson, "while we were all up in Mike's Tavern holding a meeting of the Great American Prospectors' Association. A fellow can do pretty good at Mike's, which is located just around the corner from Paddy Doolin's, two blocks up the street from the Grilled Miner's Daughter and straight across from Baldy Fritz's brewery. This will be all for now because we've got to adopt some resolutions."

ALSO we've got a letter from Dr. Bingham Major of Pasadena, California, inviting us to join Precision America, Inc., of which the doctor is director-president. We've read the prospectus and if the doctor thinks he's confusing us he's wrong. However, we had to read the last paragraph twice: "Precision is patience, precision is practical, precision is patriotic, precision is progress, precision is plenty."

PRECISELY. W. D.

Vol. 103, No. 7. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1939, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. *Executive and Editorial Offices:* 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to *Collier's, The National Weekly,* should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Here he comes . . .

big as life . . .

Huckleberry Finn

. . . to make you forget the hustle and bustle of the world we live in . . . to take you back . . . through the way of the heart . . . to childhood's happy, adventurous days!

Mark Twain's favorite character . . . played by a boy who was *born* to be Huckleberry Finn. A boy whose wholesome personality, impish smile and essential "boyishness" proclaim him as the living image of "Huck."

Mickey Rooney will make you a child again—as you watch him splitting a catfish open . . . plotting against the Duke of Bilgewater and the Lost Dauphin . . . tormenting and protecting black Jim by turns . . . He's as honest as Mississippi mud. He's as human as a cold in the nose. He's the immortal Huckleberry Finn!

Mark Twain's

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

STARRING

MICKEY ROONEY

with WALTER CONNOLLY

WILLIAM FRAWLEY • REX INGRAM

LYNNE CARVER • JO ANN SAYERS

Screen Play by Hugo Butler • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"The Wizard of Oz" (in Technicolor) now in production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUE
IN 47 YEARS

Always More for Your Money
...and more than ever today!

In forty-seven years, scarcely a year has passed that we haven't found a way to make Florsheims better. Tried and proved, these better ways have been put into practice—making Florsheim the foremost value in the fine shoe field. Always better, Florsheims today are the finest ever to leave the last. In fit and finish, in craftsmanship and comfort, in stamina and style, these new Florsheims offer the greatest values in Florsheim history. By every method of measurement, Florsheims give you more for your money. *Styles illustrated above,* The GARFIELD, S-509, *$8.75;* The MAJOR, S-869, *$8.75; and* The MAJOR, S-831, *$10.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE
Florsheim
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Ethylene gas now is used to ripen various fruits, such as oranges and bananas, which are green when picked for shipping. The treatment matures the fruits in color and flavor in less than half the time required under ordinary conditions. The gas is harmless and inexpensive, only forty cents' worth being needed to ripen a carload of bananas.

Although Hungary has been ruled by Admiral Horthy since his election to the regency in 1920, the colorful and elaborate one-hour ceremony of changing the guard at the royal palace in Budapest has taken place every afternoon during these nineteen years as a reminder to all that the country is still a monarchy with a vacant throne.

An unusual episcope, or optical lantern for the projection of images, was installed in the operating room of the St. Louis Hospital in Paris in 1924. Consisting of lights, prisms and lenses, it projected actual operations on a large screen in a lecture theater on the floor below, giving the audience an enlarged and close-up view of every movement of the surgeons' hands, accompanied by a vocal description of the progress over a loud-speaker.

As late as the 1850's, a number of the clipper ships that transported immigrants to the United States made the passengers provide and cook their own food. Many of them, having insufficient food, died of malnutrition.

Spiders, scorpions, ticks and mites are not insects. They belong to a class of animals called *Arachnida,* which comprises a host of marine creatures, including the king crab.—*By Portia Lewallen, Kansas City, Missouri.*

In 1930 all musical instruments in the bands of the British army were replaced by new ones, which were pitched a half note lower. This change cost $400,000 and could be noticed only by musicians and others highly sensitive to musical sounds.

Scientific studies of athletic sports reveal that, in a 100-yard race, which takes about ten seconds, the sprinter's power reaches a peak of eight horsepower; that nearly 95 per cent of it is used in overcoming the frictional resistance of his own muscles; and that the total energy expended would lift his own weight about 250 feet from the ground.

Many primitive peoples cling to the age-old and widespread belief of their ancestors that anyone seen in a dream is still alive. They do not understand how a deceased person can take part in a dream.

Since the first performance of "Peter Pan" in London in 1904, more than twenty famous American and English actresses have been presented in the title role, two playing the part for as long as eight seasons.

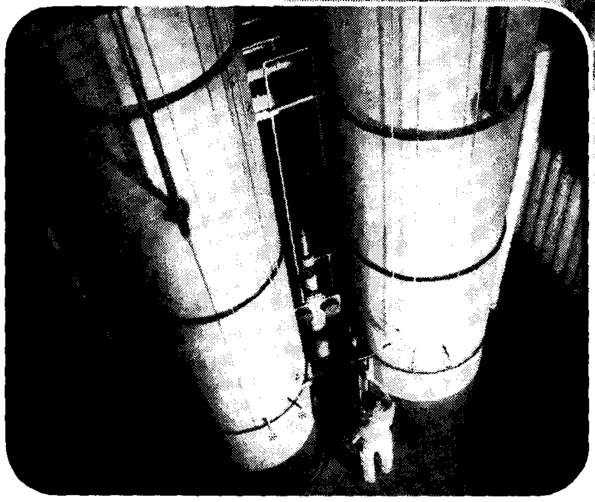
Owing to the intermarriage of cousins through the ages, the number of one's direct ancestors does not double with each receding generation. If it did, the number of everyone's ancestors back in 1100 A. D. would exceed the entire population of Europe at that time.—*By R. G. Bready, Bainbridge, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

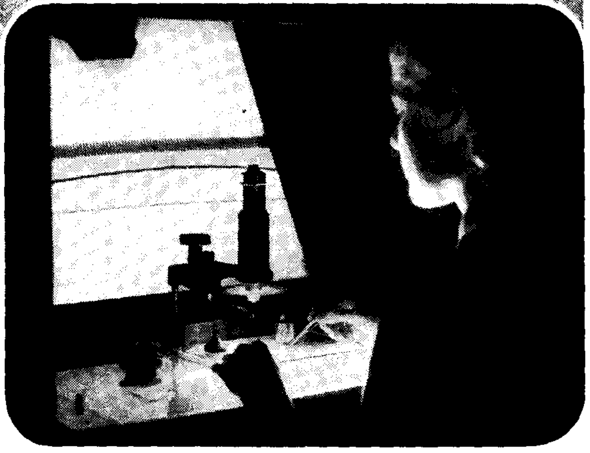
"So that's why G-E bulbs give more light this year!"

AN INTERESTING STORY FOR ALL WHO PAY ELECTRIC LIGHT BILLS

1. This giant electric eye measures light from thousands of MAZDA lamps each year. It shows that the new 1939 G-E bulbs will give more light for the same current than any previous lamps in history. And here's why . . .



2. 304 Degrees below zero! To help make MAZDA lamps stay brighter longer, G. E. takes argon gas out of the air, purifies it, then dries it in these tanks with liquid air at—304° Fahrenheit. This year's bulbs are brighter because they contain more argon.



3. One secret of a 1939 bulb's superiority is the improved tungsten filament that burns brightly inside. Finer than a hair, it is coiled into a spiral, then magnified 60 times for final inspection. On the screen above: a coiled filament, a human hair, an uncoiled filament.

1921
100 WATT G-E BULB
$1.10
1939
100 WATT G-E BULB
15¢

4. What this picture doesn't show is that today's 100-watt G-E bulbs give 38% more light than those of 1921 . . . more even than last year's. Thanks to General Electric research and lower electric rates, almost everybody can now enjoy the luxury of good light.

5. At the top of G-E's Lamp Development Laboratory, enough MAZDA lamps burn night and day to light a town of 4,000. Such testing helps to assure that the bulbs *you* buy live up to the increasingly higher standards set by G-E research and development.

MAZDA LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

6. You'll get more light for your money this year if you light-condition with MAZDA lamps made by G-E. Ask your dealer to make up a "Light-Conditioning Package" of the sizes you need for better light, better sight. Now on sale at lowest prices in history:

• • •

Bulb sizes recommended for Light-Conditioning

100 WATT . . . for I.E.S. Better Sight table, bridge and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry. Now only . .	**15c**
150 WATT . . . for light conditioning your kitchen, game room, or home workshop. Now only	**20c**
100 - 200 - 300 MAZDA Three-Lite lamps, for 3-light I.E.S. floor lamps, or dining room fixtures. Now only	**60c**
75, 60, 40, 25 WATT	**15c**

The new and brighter Mazda lamps made by

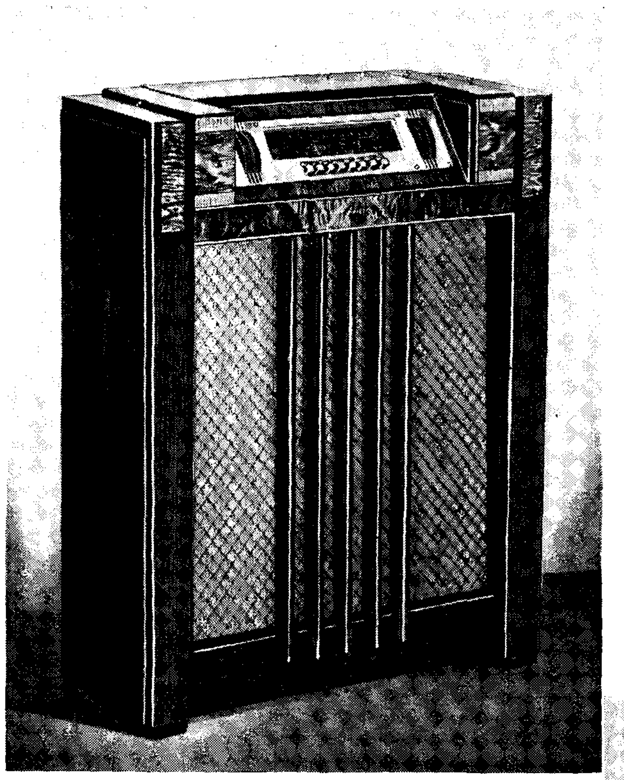
GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Philco Name is a Promise of All that is Finest in Radio

Its New Achievements, Glorious Tone and Thrilling Performance cost you no more than an Ordinary Radio!

EVERY Philco at every price is the product of the inventive genius of Philco engineers. In the great Philco laboratories, scientists are searching constantly . . . *and finding* . . . new ways to make radio an ever richer experience in your life, to bring the joy of fine radio tone and performance ever more easily within the reach of every purse The Philco name on a radio is a mark of their achievements . . . a promise of radio thrills which *only Philco owners may enjoy!*.

Remember, it costs you no more to own a Philco. The achievements of Philco research are yours at the price of an ordinary radio! Judge for yourself. Visit your nearest Philco dealer today . . . ask him to demonstrate the 1939 Philco model at the price you wish to pay. You'll see that you pay no more for the tone, the performance, the features, the *quality* of a Philco! And it's easy to buy, too. Your old radio has a surprisingly high trade-in value. In many cases it is accepted as the full down payment on even the most expensive Philcos . . . with the balance on such easy terms that the pennies which slip through your fingers for trifles can make you the owner of a Philco.



THE NEW SPINET FURNITURE DESIGN

The new vogue in radio furniture, acclaimed by home decoration experts everywhere. Exquisite simplicity . . . graceful styling that adds to the beauty of your home, that does not clash with its surroundings. Philco Spinet style models give you the finest performance-features including Electric Push-Button Tuning for 8 stations. **$10 down puts the 40XX (illustrated) in your home!**

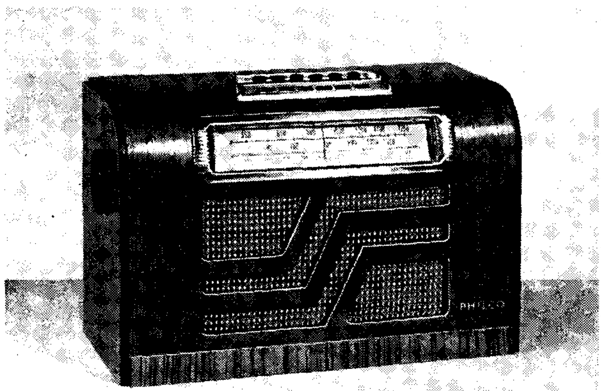
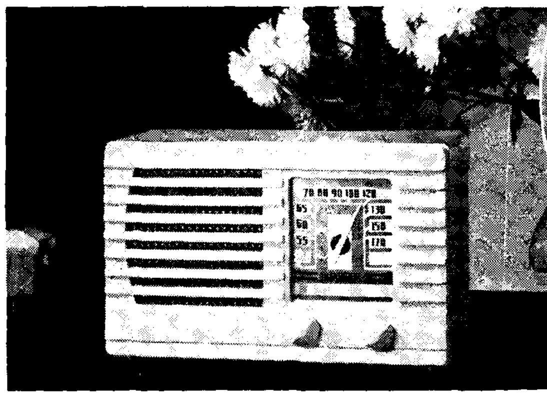


TABLE MODELS OF LOVELY DESIGN

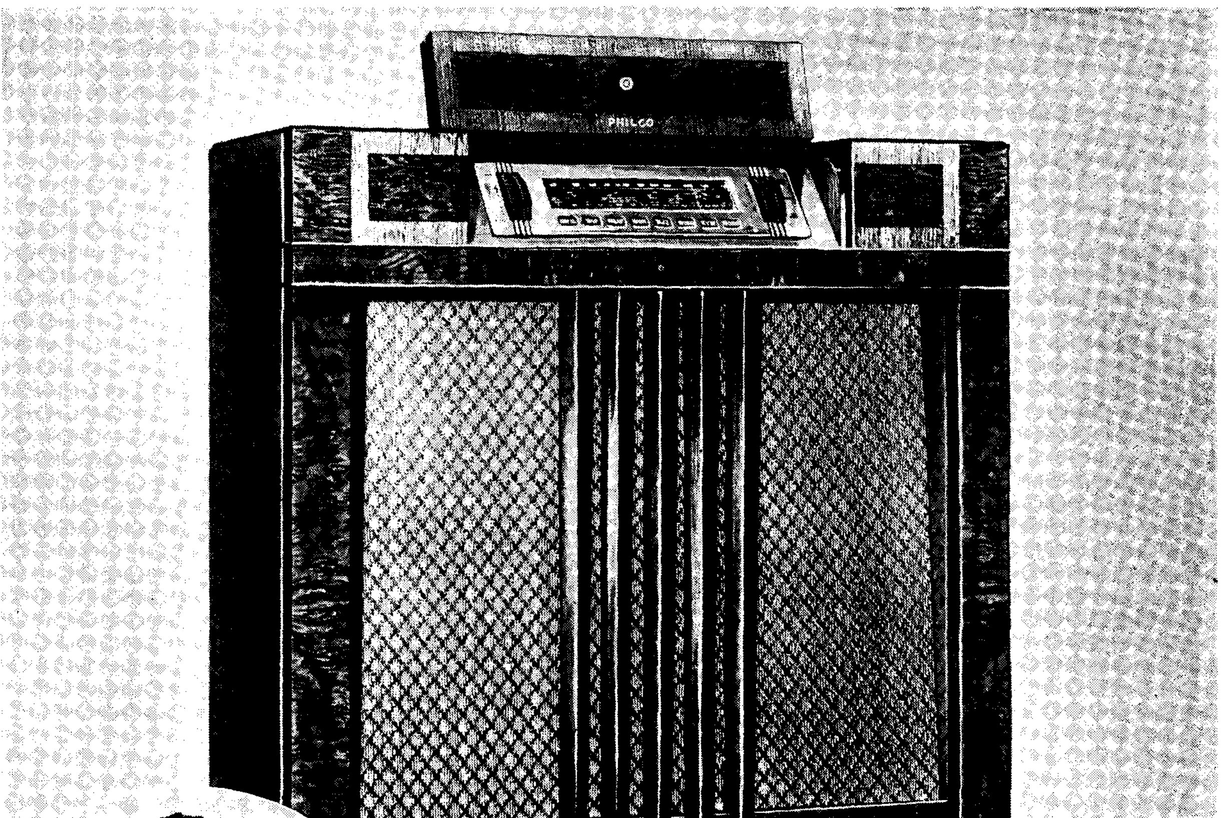
If you prefer fine radio tone and performance in smaller space, Philco offers you a variety of handsome table models, exquisitely designed in richly finished Walnut woods. They offer powerful reception and the costly features of a big radio including Electric Push-Button Tuning. **The new Philco 117T (illustrated above) may be yours for as little as $3.00 down!**



TRANSITONE . . . *Sold and Guaranteed by* PHILCO

New Philco inventions, new tubes, new speaker refinements give you amazingly rich tone and powerful performance never before heard in radios of this compact size. And, for the first time, Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. approval! No hot wires, SAFE from fire and shock, SAFE for your home and children! **Several models, some with Electric Push-Button Tuning, $9.95 up, including built-in aerial.**

Philco Also Offers You *a complete selection of* **Battery Radios for Farm Homes, Phonographs with Philco, Philco Auto Radios, Philco High-Efficiency Radio Tubes and the new *vertical* Philco Safety Aerial.**



PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL

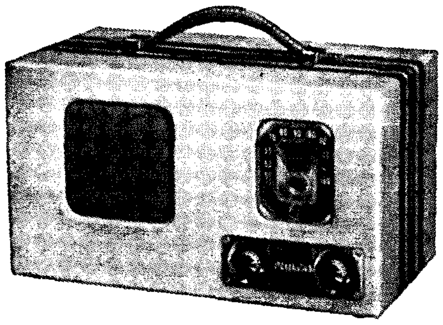
The great Philco 116RX gives you radio's finest in depth and richness of tone, in superb American and Foreign reception, in beauty of design and costly cabinet woods. In addition, it brings you Mystery Control—the most miraculous radio invention since radio itself. Remote Control, without wires or plug-in connections to radio, electric outlet or anything else. Wherever you wish in your home, you change stations, adjust volume and turn the radio off without the annoyance of jumping up and running to and fro. In many cases, your present radio may be traded in as part payment and the easiest of monthly terms arranged for the balance.

PHILCO

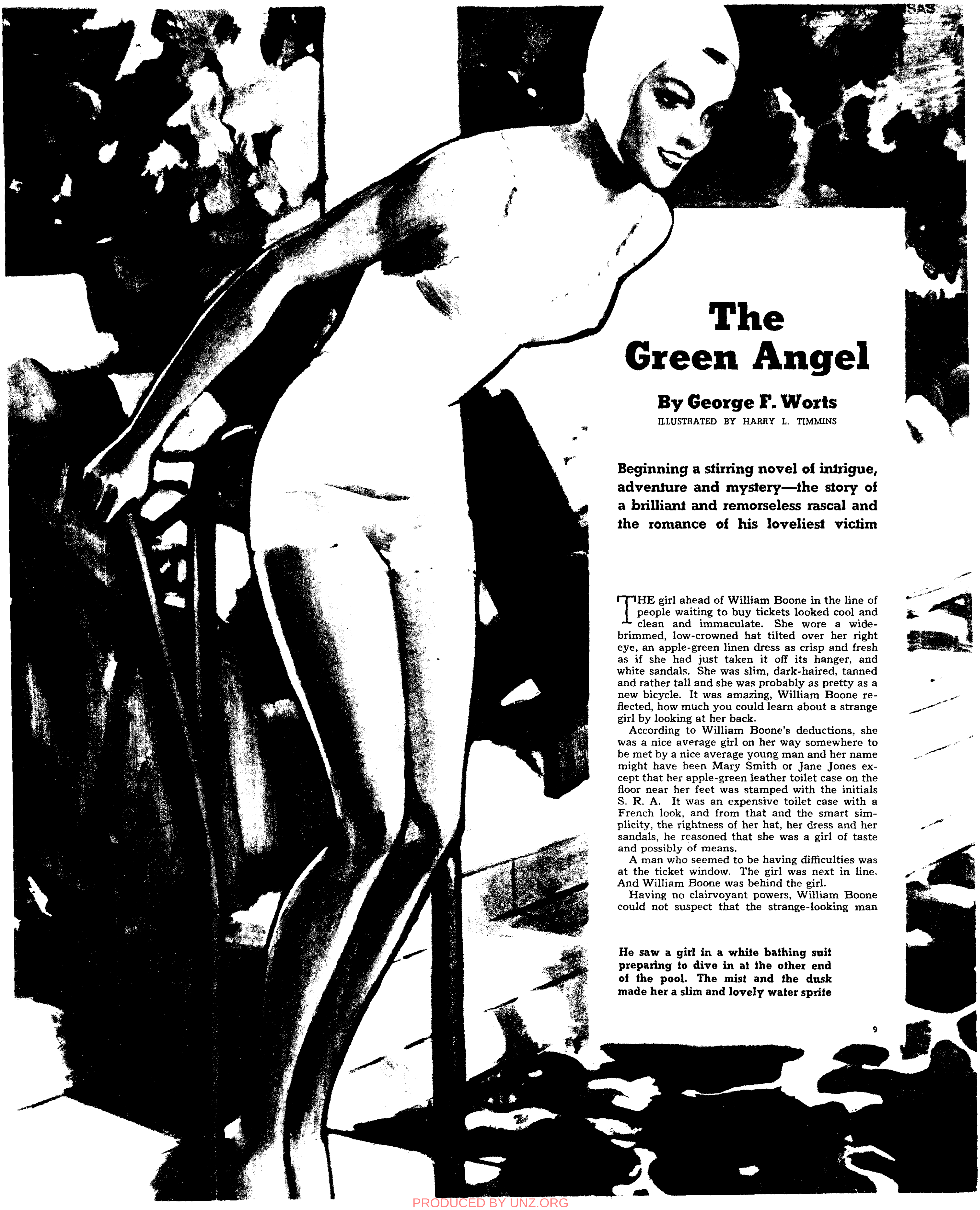
A Musical Instrument of Quality

THE TRAVELER

An entirely new kind of radio, invented by Philco engineers . . . the Philco 71T. Portable . . . self-powered . . . needs no aerial, ground or "house-current". Take it with you wherever you go . . . traveling, on trains, in hotels. Use it in camps, cottages, boats, at bathing beaches—anywhere indoors or outdoors. It plays, without "hooking up" to anything!



"She shall have music wherever she goes!"



The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Beginning a stirring novel of intrigue, adventure and mystery—the story of a brilliant and remorseless rascal and the romance of his loveliest victim

THE girl ahead of William Boone in the line of people waiting to buy tickets looked cool and clean and immaculate. She wore a wide-brimmed, low-crowned hat tilted over her right eye, an apple-green linen dress as crisp and fresh as if she had just taken it off its hanger, and white sandals. She was slim, dark-haired, tanned and rather tall and she was probably as pretty as a new bicycle. It was amazing, William Boone reflected, how much you could learn about a strange girl by looking at her back.

According to William Boone's deductions, she was a nice average girl on her way somewhere to be met by a nice average young man and her name might have been Mary Smith or Jane Jones except that her apple-green leather toilet case on the floor near her feet was stamped with the initials S. R. A. It was an expensive toilet case with a French look, and from that and the smart simplicity, the rightness of her hat, her dress and her sandals, he reasoned that she was a girl of taste and possibly of means.

A man who seemed to be having difficulties was at the ticket window. The girl was next in line. And William Boone was behind the girl.

Having no clairvoyant powers, William Boone could not suspect that the strange-looking man

He saw a girl in a white bathing suit preparing to dive in at the other end of the pool. The mist and the dusk made her a slim and lovely water sprite

who just then came sauntering past—a plump, short, fussy-looking individual with rust-colored hair—was an angel of destiny.

As the man sauntered along he stared in the general direction of the girl's sandals. He reached down, acquired the apple-green leather toilet case and sprinted away with it.

William Boone, who was a long, lanky and lazy-looking young man, sometimes contradicted his appearance by moving with great swiftness. He did so now. He sprinted after the suitcase snatcher.

Evidently no one else in the rotunda was aware that a crime was being committed and that a determined effort was being made to nip it in the bud, for as the two men raced across the rotunda—the short man with an apple-green leather case and the tall, lanky young man in light summer flannels—people moved out of their way with the indifference of hardened city people who know just what it is like to dash for a train.

If William Boone had shouted, there might have been a hue and cry, but he did not shout, for he considered this a personal affair.

He was surprised that a man so plump and so round could run so fast. With his long legs, he should have been able to overtake the thief before he passed the information booth. But the strange-looking little man sped past the information booth, past the newsstand, through the wide aisle between the smoking room and the waiting room and on into the armorylike space from which stairways go down to train platforms.

The thief ran toward the flight of stairs that leads to a Thirty-third Street exit. Reaching the foot of these stairs, he glanced back. As William Boone reached out a long arm for him, he dropped the toilet case and bolted up the stairs.

William Boone paused, and dealt with his obligations to the law as most citizens do. He was not only anxious to avoid all possible contacts with the efficient police machinery of New York, but he wanted very much to meet the girl to whom the green case belonged.

Panting a little, he returned to her.

She was standing with her back against the wall between two of the ticket windows. She was, he could see now, decidedly not pretty. She was not beautiful, but she gave the impression that she was.

JUST why she seemed beautiful when she was not beautiful was puzzling to William Boone, and it was his business to be sensitive to beauty. She was a slim dark girl with a definite air of mystery about her. Her face, which was olive in tint, with clear sea-green eyes with thick black lashes, and a slender, clever mouth, was fascinating. Rather, her eyes and her mouth were fascinating and they, with her ardent chin line, and the warm color of her skin and her dark brown hair, made her seem beautiful.

When William Boone was five feet away, he saw something else. She was smiling wanly. Her eyes seemed to go cloudy. He made the alarming discovery that she was fainting. Her smile became twisted in the effort she was making not to faint.

In a voice that was hardly more than a husky whisper, she tried to thank him. "It was awfully nice—" she began.

"Here!" William Boone cried. "Don't do that!" He put the green leather case down and took both of her elbows.

"I'm all right," she said, and smiled again. She looked a little better. The quick, mysterious gray shadows in her cheeks went away again.

"What you need is a drink," William Boone said. "When does your train go?"

"Not for half an hour." Her voice was stronger.

"Come along," he said.

"But you'll miss your train."

"There'll be another one in thirty or forty minutes."

He picked up her leather case and took her up the stairs and into one end of the restaurant. Groups of wicker chairs and settees surrounded taborets. When he had seated her at one, he seated himself beside her. He seemed to collapse all at once as if his joints had given way. Because his legs were so long he had trouble with most chairs.

When the waiter came, William Boone said to the girl, "Brandy?"

"A stinger."

"Two stingers," William Boone said.

When he looked back at her, her clear, sea-green eyes were steadily on his face. She seemed to be appraising his lazy brown hair, his purposeful blue eyes, aggressive nose, and the firm mouth over the angular jaw, all displayed in a face that was dark from the sun. She glanced away at once.

"You look better," William Boone said, looking at her critically. "How do you feel?"

The way she handled her side glances, the way her brows went up when she dropped her lashes over a sidewise look gave her an air of laughing mystery.

"Much better. You were behind me at the window, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"I didn't see him take it. I just saw him dashing off with it and you dashing after him. What happened?"

"He dropped it as he started up some stairs."

"It was awfully decent of you. It has all my cosmetics in it and all my jewels."

WILLIAM BOONE was delighted with her voice, which was low and intimate, and he was charmed by the way her mouth curved when she talked, and the way her lower lip protruded a little when she smiled.

"We have popped in from nowhere," he said, "and we're going to spend exactly twenty-eight minutes of our lives together. The chances are, we'll never meet again. So while we're here let's make the most of it."

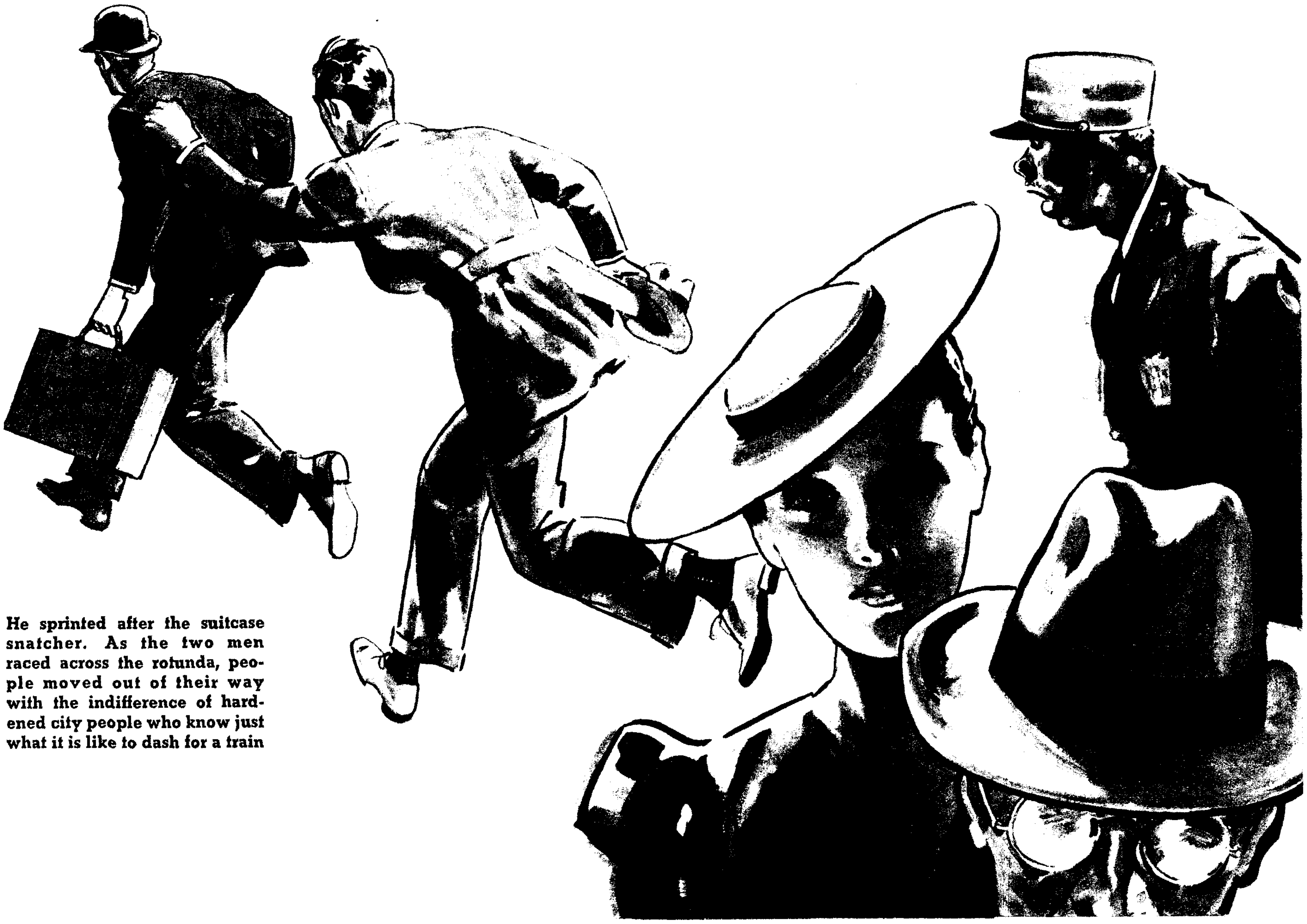
The waiter brought their cocktails. When he had gone, the girl said, "Are we drinking to ships that pass in the night?"

"Ahoy," William Boone said, and drank his.

"Ahoy," the girl said, and drank hers. "One time at a perfume counter a woman I'd never seen before and never saw again started talking to me. In three minutes she told him the tragic story of her two great love affairs."

"It's astonishing," William Boone agreed, "the impulse you have on trains and steamers and in places where things are transitory, to tell a sympathetic-looking stranger things you wouldn't dream of telling to anyone but your closest friend."

(Continued on page 45)



He sprinted after the suitcase snatcher. As the two men raced across the rotunda, people moved out of their way with the indifference of hardened city people who know just what it is like to dash for a train

A half-hour before curtain time, Raymond Massey begins his make-up for the title role of Lincoln in Illinois. Having affixed the putty wart on his cheek, he contemplates the difference between his own nose and Lincoln's

Make-up putty applied to the nose and a bit of modeling make it larger and longer. A coat of grease paint follows

The Lincoln wig is added and is firmly secured around the edges with spirit gum. Make-up deepens the eye shadows

The eyebrows accented and a faint touch of color applied to the lips, a pause for a critical inspection follows

ather jacket and worn
own pants come next. Then
erhide boots, and another
en more critical inspection

For the second act, Massey wears a white shirt, galluses, bow tie and black suit. Age is added by shading cheeks

The third act brings a slightly grayer wig. More worry lines are added to the forehead, and nose - mouth lines deepened

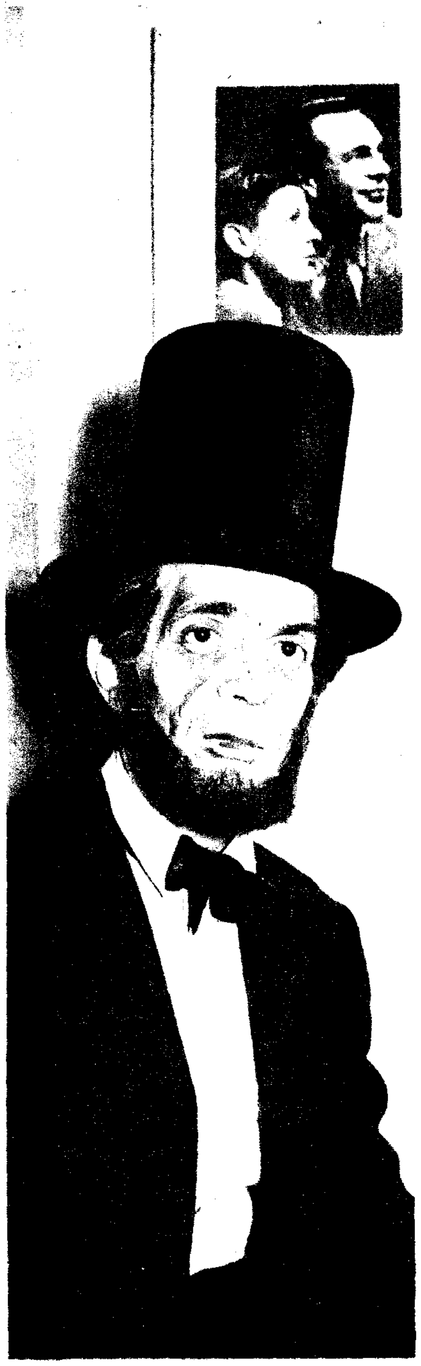
For the last scene Massey adds the whiskers that Lincoln grew because a little girl thought they'd add dignity

Massey into Lincoln

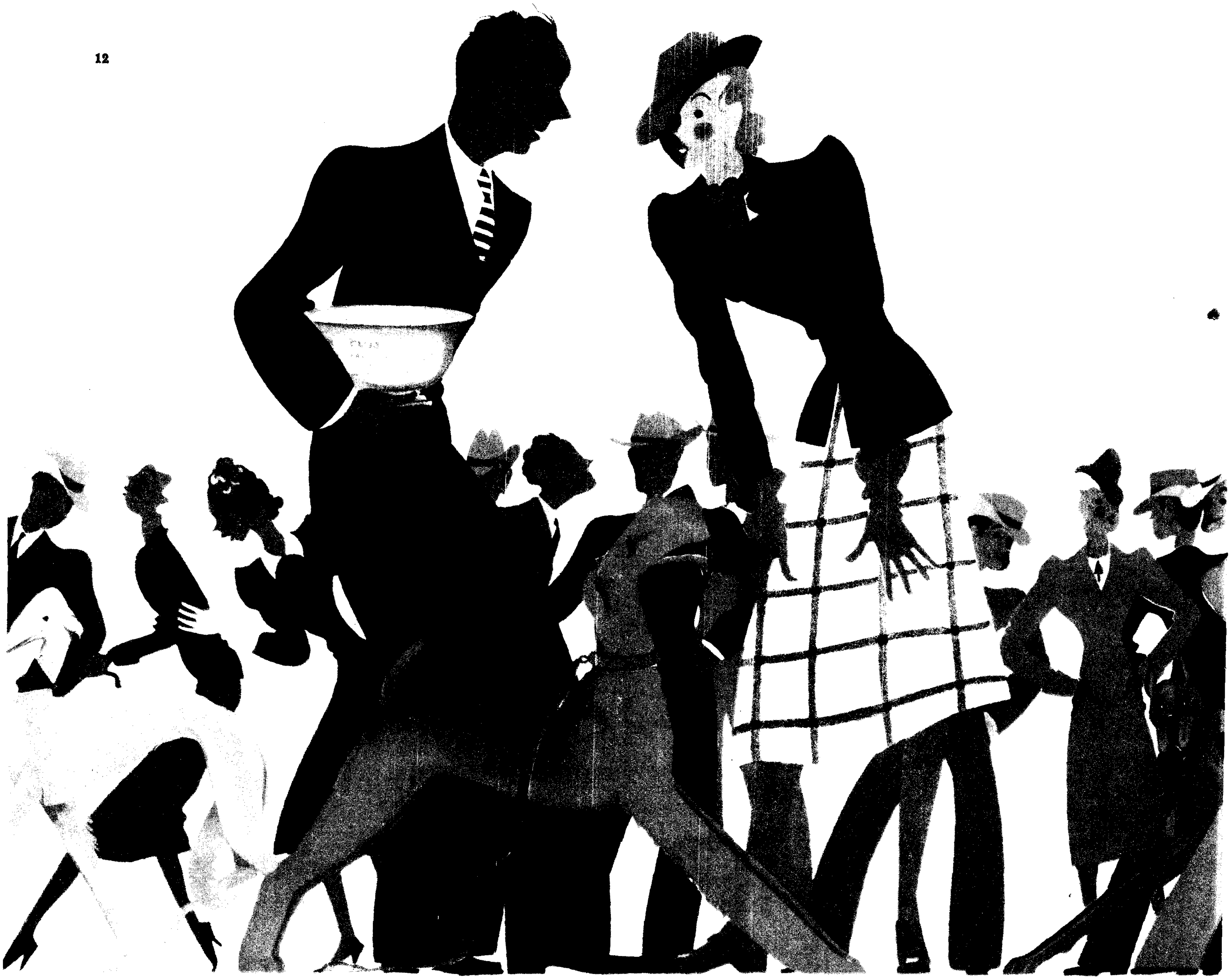
RAYMOND MASSEY uses a very simple make-up in Abe Lincoln in Illinois because he has known from the beginning that the transformation of Massey into Lincoln would not be accomplished by grease-paint externals. They could have meaning only when he opened himself wide to let the strength of spirit and the deep feeling of Abe Lincoln flow through him.

During the weeks of rehearsal indignant telegrams poured in asking how a Canadian actor dared to portray the most beloved American. It is true that Raymond Massey was born in Toronto, but his ancestor, Geoffrey Massey, emigrated from England to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629—just eight years before Samuel Lincoln, Abe's great-great-great-great-grandfather, reached Hingham, Massachusetts. Another of Massey's forebears was aide-de-camp to Lafayette during the Revolution, while the Civil War found two of his family fighting for the North and another for the South. As a small boy, the actor often visited in Baltimore, where Dr. John F. Goucher told him many tales of his acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. And it was some years ago that Massey began to hope for the opportunity of playing the Lincoln role on the stage. When it came, he was ready not only with a make-up kit, but with a sensitive understanding that has given his performance depth and dignity and beauty.

This is why audiences, night after night, forget they have seen an actor named Massey and feel that Lincoln himself is speaking across the years to them in words that were true then and that are true in this moment: "We have gained democracy, and now there is a question whether it is fit to survive. Perhaps we have come to the dreaded day of awakening, and the dream is ended. . . . And yet, let us believe that it is not true! Let us live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us, and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social, and political prosperity, whose course shall be forward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away."



Completely in character, Abe Lincoln is ready to go to Washington. Note photo of Massey and his son Geoffrey



She said, "He really was good, wasn't he? I guess you never can tell about puppies—sometimes they turn out pretty good"

Dirt Cheap

By Moran Tudury

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

She began with a good dog. Now she has a good man—and she has a good dog too

IT WASN'T Bill Carey's business if this girl upset herself in that old car—but she had rounded the curve so closely that she almost wrecked his whole station wagon full of fancy assorted dogs. So he stuck out his head and protested, "Going to the races?"

She was having trouble backing out of the bushes, but called cheerfully, "I can't hear—your dogs are making too much noise. Can't you shut them up?"

After all, she couldn't help driving that kind of car badly. But Bill was still worrying over the licking that Bert Wall had given his canine string at the Sugar Hill Kennel Club Show, and it made him irritable—because he knew he couldn't go on making a living out of dogs unless they won something. "You might have hurt yourself," he told her.

She shook her head. "I don't think I would. I never have hurt myself," and added something that really got him: "Are you taking those poor beasts to the dog pound?"

Bill remembered her now, because, having seen her down in town once, he never would forget her. Her red hair, cut like a page boy's, and chalk-blue eyes, were the most remarkable spectacle he had looked upon since the July 4th fireworks festival at Big Falls.

She had finally gotten her car clear, and with quite a casual way of doing it. Now she flashed across the road, squarely at Bill—and all his dogs began barking like mad again.

She smiled reassuringly at Bill's station wagon. "If you'll get over on your side," she asked him as a favor, "I think I can just make it past. I *know* I can. Watch."

He did not tell her that she was on the wrong side of the road, but simply moved over like a gentleman.

"Sorry I scared you," she said. "I really did scare you, didn't I?"

"You scared me a little," Bill admitted, "but forget it."

He was sorry to see her go, because she had a lot of attractions that made up for her bum driving, and he did not know when he would see her again. Sometimes, at the bench shows, he had seen pretty girls, but never one like this. They had looked at him impersonally—perhaps because he boarded other people's dogs and handled them on the circuit for twenty bucks a show. It didn't bother him, inasmuch as he handled dogs because he liked them. A long time ago, his own family had had some money, too—until his father invested most of it in an invention that looked pretty good, but, as it turned out, couldn't do much of anything except burn up a lot of oil.

Bill was in no hurry to get home. He drove slowly, knowing that his kennel partner, Angus MacDuffie, was going to

(Continued on page 37)

A Bum?

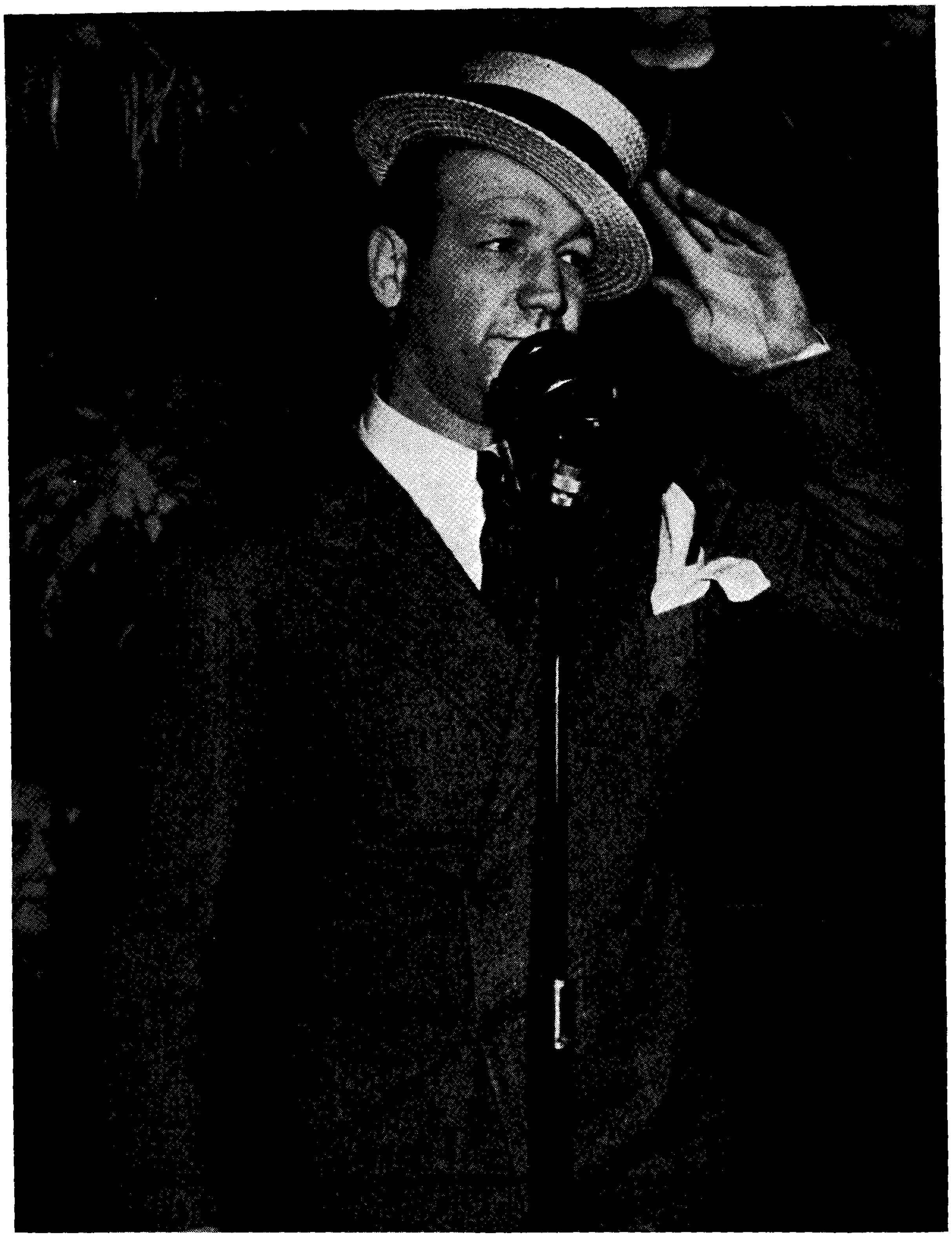
By Kyle Crichton

Herr Rosenbloom is a student of Sam Goldwyn in diction, a rival of Earl Carroll in Hollywood night life and Clark Gable's most distant competitor. Maybe all the rest of us are just crazy

MR. MAXIE ROSENBLOOM has been the light heavyweight boxing champion of the world and is now a character actor in the movies. Between times he has been a bon vivant, a world traveler, a speed demon, a man-about-town. Although it would seem difficult to fashion a word to characterize a man of such dimensions, it has been aptly done by Mr. Rosenbloom's host of friends: they refer to him simply and affectionately as a bum.

Mr. Rosenbloom established himself as a great motion-picture star by the immortal scene in Nothing Sacred when he called his cousin Moe in Canarsie by phone from California. "Hello, Moe!" he yelled. "Is that you? I can't hear you." Moe now wants to come out to Hollywood and make personal appearances.

At any rate Maxie is now one of the most active of Warner stars, and one who watches keenly as the "B" pictures rush by will see the great man engaged at his art. But this is only one facet of his personality. Not content with his cinema fame, Mr. Rosenbloom has pushed his cauliflower ear and distinguished countenance into other enterprises and has become part owner and chief entertainer of his own night club. The elegant Hollywood bistro is known as Slapsie Maxie's Place and is the first night club in the world built in an areaway. In its original state it was so small that a customer not only would have been unable to swing a cat within its hallowed walls but would have been fortunate to escape without personal injury. The spectacle of the waiters getting from one paying guest to the next by walking over the intervening tables gave a fetid air of neighborliness to the joint. In this setting Mr. Rosenbloom entertained his customers with songs that displayed his impeccable diction and revealed a voice that seemed to come up out of his innards as if edging its way over cobblestones.



WILL CONNELL

Doing all right for himself after a careless and colorful reign as light heavyweight champion is Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, head man of Hollywood's zaniest night club and between times actor, radio personality and man-about-town. Below, a sample of the Rosenbloom genius: he prepares for his leading role in the skit entitled "Rifka and the Seven Schtoonks"

But if Mr. Rosenbloom's personality is best observed at his night club, his international prestige arises from his motion pictures, which are coming so fast that Maxie can't remember the titles. He works at his club till two and three in the morning, sits around and gasses with the boys till four and is on the lot by nine next morning. This gives Mr. Rosenbloom's acting a quality of fantasy that ends slightly this side of illiteracy. People as far away as Java think it is genius. Some of his more recent triumphs have been Broadway Cavalier, Always Leave Them Laughing, Women in the Wind, and One Exciting Night, for which he was loaned to Universal.

All has not been beautiful at the night club, however. In despair at the patrons who came and sang (to the tune of Rosalie), "Rosenbloom, you're lousy; Rosenbloom, you stink," the master instituted for a time a cover charge of ten cents "to keep out the riff-raff" but soon relented of his daring and reduced the figure to five cents when the institution threatened to become too exclusive.

His foils in this venture have successively been the fabulous Joe Frisco, Cully Richards and now Dave Waldron. Business after two years is still terrific, with as many as two hundred eager spenders milling around the sidewalk on a Saturday night, eager to get inside and insult the owner. On behalf of Mr. Rosenbloom it may be said that he takes all such joviality in good part, having been called a tramp in assorted languages through the years and finding the honor rather a source of revenue than a handicap in his profession.

And this typically American triumph has resulted entirely from Mr. Rosenbloom's ability to bash the beak of his fellow man while confined within the limits of a 20-foot roped enclosure. At the time last July when he fought a draw with Bob Pastor in Los Angeles, Maxie had been nineteen years in the ring and had taken part in more than four hundred bouts. Before drawing with Pastor, he had licked Lou Nova and Roscoe Toles, a record for an old man.

As an example for the *(Continued on page 56)*

Mail-Order Government

By Harold L. Ickes

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

AMERICA has been the laboratory for the testing of many political theories. Some of these have proved to be sound, some amusingly bizarre and some dangerous. At the moment we are in the process of determining how our institutions will stand the latest test to which they have been subjected; whether the theory of government by mail order will prove to be as satisfactory to those who are engaged in advancing it as the mail-order business has been found to be profitable to those who merchandise standardized articles produced in mass profligacy in regimented factories.

It has long been realized that, on occasion, members of legislative bodies yield all too readily to the demands of pressure groups. Lobbyists have become an accepted parasitic growth upon legislative bodies. The loosing of an avalanche of chain letters or telegrams, many of them faked, in support of or in opposition to a pending measure is not a new phenomenon.

What is new is the discovery that has been made recently of the tremendous potentialities of the radio, combined with a concentrated newspaper attack, for devil-brewing a turbulent mob spirit that will express itself in an unprecedented flood of communications directed at a particular point with respect to a particular proposal. In the light of recent experiences, those interests that heretofore have relied upon the hoarse whisperings of professional lobbyists to persuade the congressional mind to a bit mellower attitude, will probably proceed forthwith to revise their technique. If they want quick results, even startlingly overwhelming results, the thing for them to do is to persuade our simple-minded columnists that American institutions are in danger, while at the same time enlisting the services of a demagogic voice to whip up mob frenzy over the air.

A Mob Without Form

It is to be doubted whether the pages of American political history can disclose a more bitterly contested sham battle on a falser front than the one on which the curtain was run down last April in Washington when the President's bill to reorganize the executive departments was defeated. The very dishonesty of the attack required the stimulation of a state of frenzy of sufficient intensity to deaden all power of reason and overcome any desire to be fair or just or even decent. America went berserk on an emotional debauch, as a result of which we were given an example of irresponsible and vindictive mob rule that may well cause concern to responsible and sober-minded citizens.

On this occasion the mob was all the more dangerous and sinister because it was not one of flesh and blood assembled at a given time and place, if we except the cheaply pathetic "Paul Reveres" who, under the false stimulation of intellects stronger, if less honest, than their own, ingloriously marched on to Washington only to sneak dejectedly away again. And yet while the mob was not one of flesh and blood, it did not lack the dreadful characteristics of a veritable lynching bee. The ominous result was to disclose that to arouse mob spirit —that miasmic, bloodthirsty, degrading emanation out of the dim past before man even began to think that he was civilized—does not require physical contact with others who are like-minded in a surging, uncontrollable mass of humanity with a common object of wreaking some unreasoned vengeance. It was demonstrated that mob spirit can be whipped up and touched off through the printed word or by radio. Blind hate can be brewed by hysterical columnists through the newspapers and by unscrupulous demagogues over the air. For the sake of the country it is to be hoped that Frank Gannett, a more or less well-known reactionary lord of the press, and those who carefully conceal their identity in his swaggering shadow, may not live to discover that they have by their own devilish petard hoisted themselves and the American institutions which they pretend to revere.

After its drunken frenzy over the exceedingly mild and altogether harmless reorganization bill of the President, America probably found little to admire in itself the morning after as it regarded its own bleary-eyed appearance in the mirror. There is reason to believe that it felt more than a little ashamed of itself. And yet this unlovely episode of the supersession by lynch law of long-established procedure in the Senate and House of Representatives was not without its comic relief.

The March of the Wooden Soldiers

Featuring this charge of the lightheaded brigade, bent upon "saving" the Constitution, despite the fact that no danger threatened it, was the march of the wooden soldiers of the newspaper columns. Something perhaps should be said in extenuation of the misguided zeal of the embattled columnists. After all, their columns must march almost daily without a breathing spell for factual preparation and with no time off for mental fog. Even the bravest of the columnists, like that indomitable Irish flyer, Douglas Corrigan, sometimes lose their sense of direction and mistake Ireland for California.

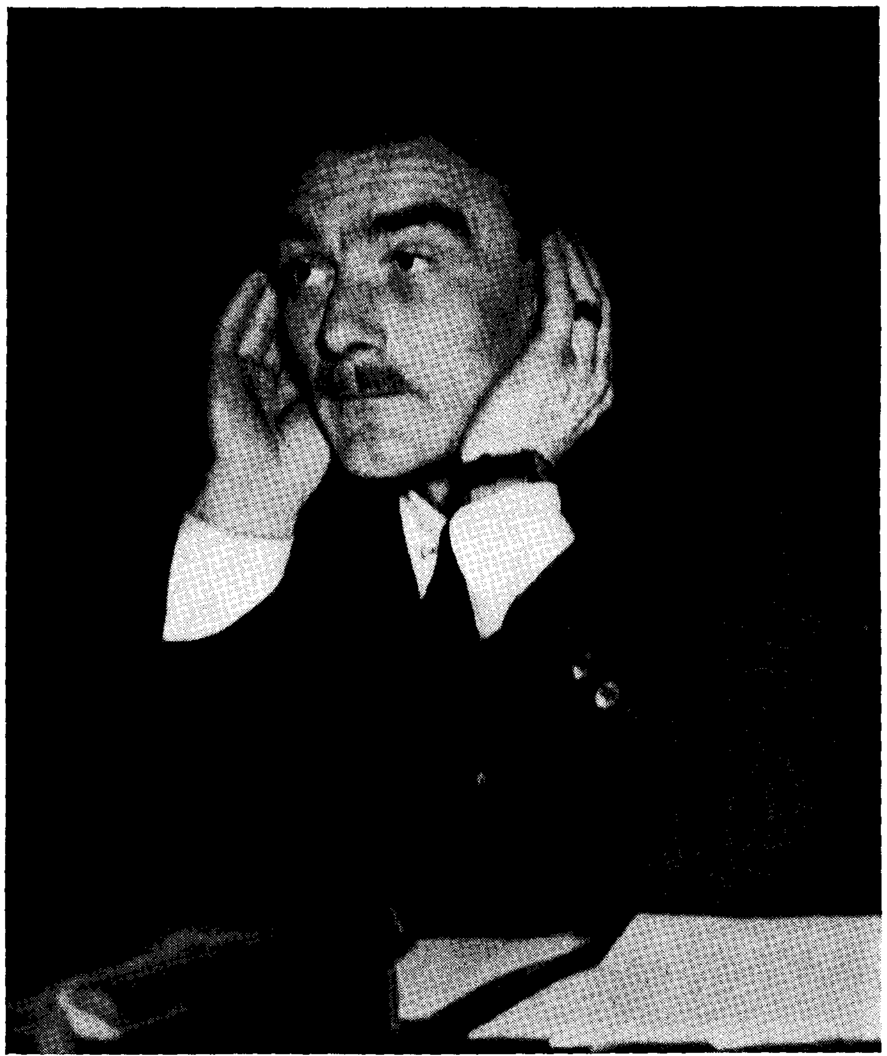
To the credit of the fraternity, let it be recorded that three famous writers, Walter Lippmann, Arthur Krock and Heywood Broun, did refuse to tilt their lances at straw men and did struggle valiantly, even if vainly, to deflect with facts the mad march of some of their misinformed and misinforming fellow columnists.

Facts were as nothing before the mad march of the wooden columnists. Theirs was not to reason why, theirs was to stop Roosevelt or die. They performed prodigies of Don Quixote valor. Tossing about seasick in oceans of black ink, they outdid one another in eruptive exaggeration of an imagined danger to our institutions. General Hugh S. Johnson, who can fight for or against the New Deal with equal fervor and apparently equal mental confusion, let loose floods of uncontrollable tears upon many a shoulder that was not quick enough to evade the salty deluge. He was the leading hysteric in a highly hysterical group that was staging a serio-comic farce portraying a threatened "dictatorship." He demonstrated that one could be "hard-boiled" to the point of almost complete vaporization.

While Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, Paul Mallon, "Croak" Carter and others could not put on as diverting a show as the Spaniard of old, they equaled, and in some instances excelled, him in other respects—Mark Sullivan in pontifical gloomings and the others in gross misstatements as to the objects

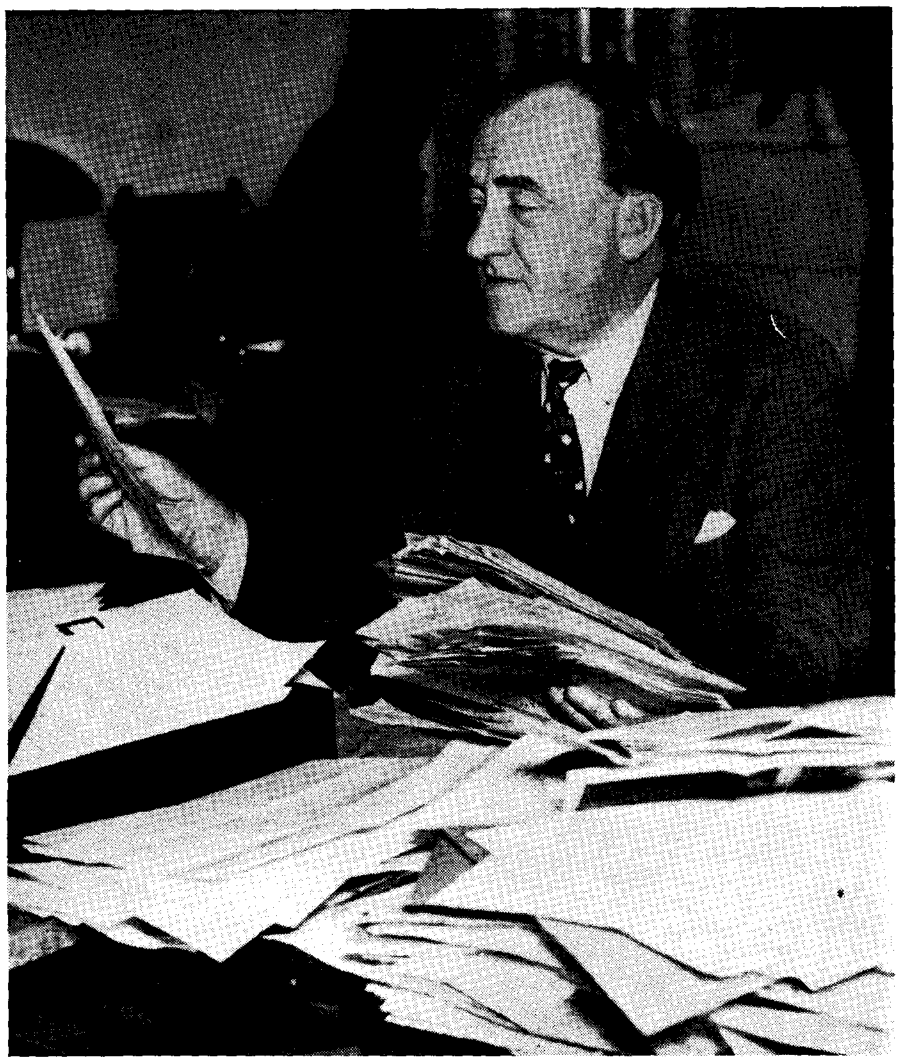
PICTURES, INC.

One of those who have, in Mr. Ickes' opinion, "by their own devilish petard hoisted themselves and the American institutions they pretended to revere" is strongly anti-New Deal newspaper publisher Frank Gannett



© INTERNATIONAL

News commentator Boake Carter, top, left: "Can he see out of only one eye or is he one of those special pleaders under a retainer to their own prejudices?"



© INTERNATIONAL

Above, purged Congressman John O'Connor (Democrat, New York) looks over a flood of communications condemning the reorganization bill last April

NEWSPHOTOS

Columnist-commentator Dorothy Thompson: "She might not know any too accurately what our institutions were all about, but she was prepared to save them"

and effects of the bill in question; Dorothy Thompson, beholding her "manly" colleagues working the tear ducts so successfully, pursued resolutely the starry-eyed Jeanne d'Arc role that she so capably affects. Like "Croak" Carter, she might not know any too accurately, on account of lack of intimate acquaintance with them, just what our institutions were all about, but she was prepared to "save" them anyhow.

But Frank Gannett, colicking within his wooden horse, and the Jeremiahs of the daily press, braying on their wind instruments, would not have won their objective if Father Coughlin had not gallantly dashed to the front to assume command. It was he who most successfully played upon the passions of the mob, appealing to ignorance and prejudice more crass even than his own. Organizing a Ku Klux Klan of the air, he proceeded to mob members of Congress with the greatest number of letters, telegrams and telephone calls that history records. Here was Ku Kluxism at its worst—anonymity, a surprise attack under cover of darkness upon its victims, an assault miscegenated of passion and prejudice and calculated misrepresentation. As in practically all instances of mob violence, those who composed the mob were puppets in the hands of cleverer and less scrupulous men. Of those who cooked this witch's mess of Ku Kluxism, it may be said that Frank Gannett, the rap-Roosevelt columnists and Father Coughlin are jointly and severally quite worthy of one another.

The danger in mail-order government must be apparent to all. If one small but none too scrupulous group could stir the passions of the unthinking to mobbish action, as was done in this instance, other groups can incite other mobs on other occasions. The right to petition for a redress of grievances and the right to express oneself on any matter of common interest are precious rights that should be jealously guarded. But the right to petition Congress is based upon the presumption of a thoughtful and informed consideration of the subject matter involved.

When Free Comment Fails

Democracy is tough enough to survive in a world not guided by pure reason. Democracy wants her citizens to feel deeply as well as to think wisely. Democracy needs appeal to the heart as well as to the mind. But flagrant misrepresentations of the facts of government by those whose business it is to know the facts of government is unworthy of the press of a free democracy. Every newspaperman worthy of his craft knows that, while comment is free, facts are sacred. Even more, he knows that facts ought to be kept sacred.

Yet, notwithstanding the danger of reckless license unscrupulously used on the part of newspapers and radio that this incident has revealed, I would not, if I could, prevent the expression in the columns or over the air of any views on public affairs, provided only that the public is not denied an equal opportunity to hear the other side. To preserve freedom of opinion we must

(Continued on page 53)

The Thunderbirds

By D. K. Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Fast downhill work by a champ, and some even faster by a lady who was clever. Hold your hats, girls

SMOKY SMITH chose the last car, the local car of the Race Special. He stowed his skis, the steel-edged downhill racing skis in their canvas jacket, in the rack. It was quiet in this car but up forward bedlam was running loose, for this was part of a tribal movement—skiers and followers of skiing going to St. Ugo at the top of the valley for the premier event of their year, the race down Mount Ugo.

There were doubtless many of his friends in the forward cars and much fun to be had, but Smoky stretched himself across two seats and wrapped his head in a windbreaker. You could always go to sleep, he reminded himself, if you gave your mind to it. He would get to sleep as soon as he had banished the girl in the hat.

It was one of those little round felt hats that small girls wear in the high Alps. Probably it had once had a strap to go under the chin. It was a little battered, as if it had taken a toss or two, but it carried itself with an air, and the sprig of edelweiss in the band was erect and jaunty. The hair below the hat was fair and curled at her shoulders. For the rest of her, she wore tailored ski clothes and she was standing with her back to him in a group of noisy and opulent-looking young people at the door of one of the Pullmans. He had a glimpse of her profile as she half turned her head and he was grateful. It was the right sort of profile for that hat. But it was necessary to banish her image—the eve of an important race was no time to be woolgathering about a girl.

The first thing he saw when he awoke was the little Swiss hat. It was tilted over her eyes as she lay asleep in the corner of the opposite seat. Trim and workmanlike, he thought appreciatively, noting the Norwegian boots and the Tyrolean jacket with the silver buttons. She had a nice chin, too. Just the sort of girl to wear that sort of hat—which was being badly crushed at the moment. Smoky eased it deftly from the golden head. Just as he thought—curled up in the crown was a chin band strong enough to swing on, strong enough to hold it in place as she flew down the highest mountain. That was a real skier's hat and he hung it up respectfully. Then he spread his coat over the sleeper. They were running into snow and the cold was creeping through the windows. He sat and watched the snow spume blown like white smoke across the flanks of the hills.

"Where did you come from?"

She had wakened and, without moving, sleepily addressed him.

"I've been here all the time."

She stretched like a healthy young animal and in that instant was fully awake. "When she's awake, she's alive all over," he thought. She was slender and clear-cut, and there was a fine blue flash in her gaze.

"I remember now. You were here first. I chose this seat because you were so quiet." She sat up and discovered the coat.

"Yours?"

He nodded.

"Thanks." She got to her feet. "And thanks for the nice sleep."

"Don't go," he said. "I'll keep on being quiet."

She looked at the skis in the rack.

"You ski?"

"I'm not bad," he said modestly, "until my feet get going too fast."

"How about when they stop too fast?"

"I have that trouble, too," he assured her.

"And you don't want to talk about the race?"

"The human race?"

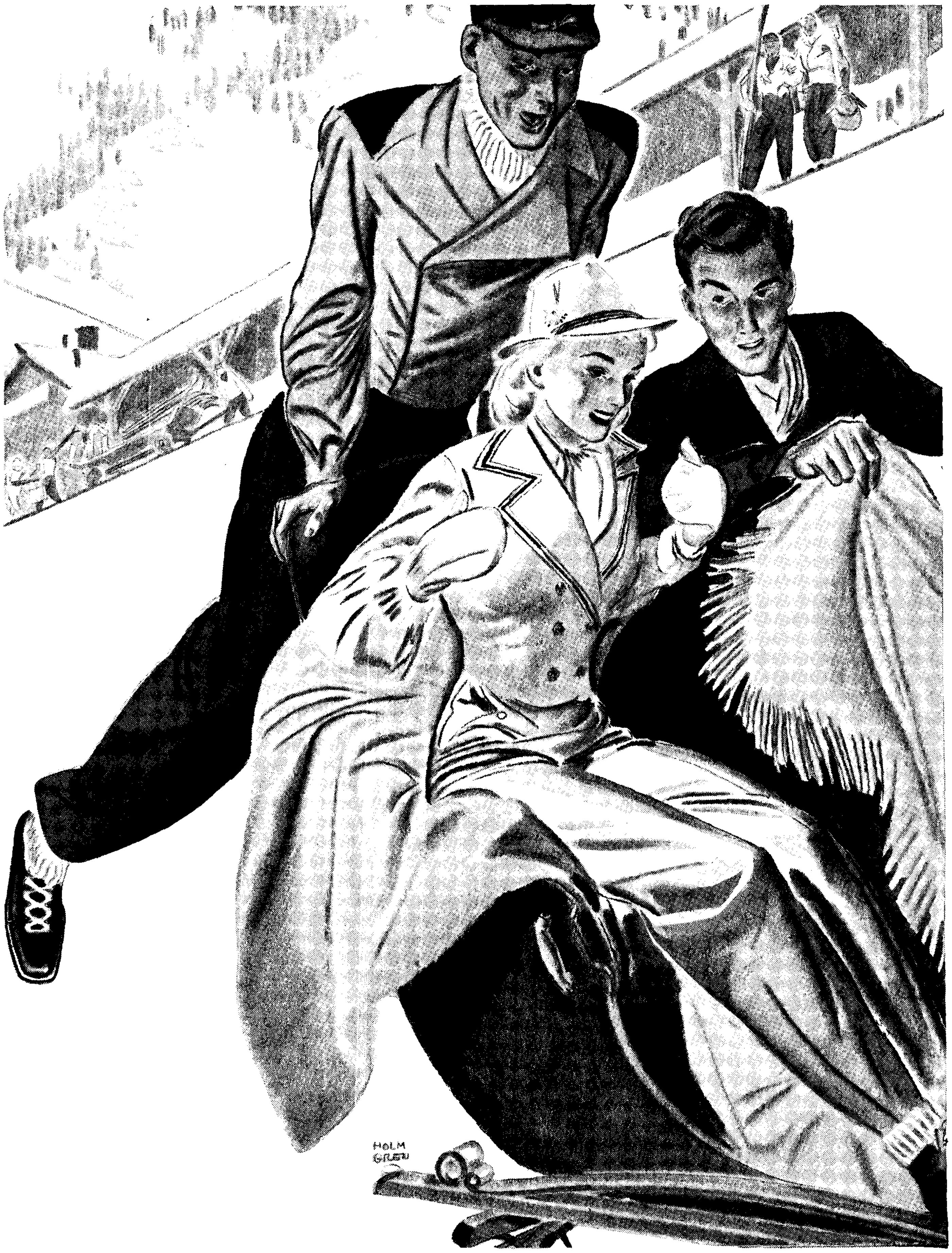
She laughed and sat down. "The Mount Ugo race. I'm a fugitive from the race-track gang up ahead. They can talk of nothing else and it wears me down. 'How good is this visiting Swiss runner? Will Hoppo Long be able to hold him? And what about this Smoky Smith from Mount Washington, the thunderbolt in human shape—is he half as good as they say he is?' It would be nice," said the girl, "if they all broke their necks."

SMOKY was a little startled. He saw the need of caution here.

"You don't like these downhill runners?"

"I don't like anything that hurts good skiing. And these empty-headed thunderbirds who come roaring down out of control are a menace to themselves and everyone on the hill."

"Just a bunch of tramps," he agreed. "Why can't they come down reading a good book, or seeing some of the scen-



ery? Yet they tell me this Hoppo Long is a nice guy."

"One of the best. Hoppo is sweet—until he gets his skis on. Then he's just as bad as the rest of them—eager to risk every bone in his body to clip a second off the record."

"Silly, isn't it?" he said. "Let's not talk about them. Let's talk about hats."

"Hats?"

"Yes. Just as I was getting on the train I saw a hat. It was the most exciting hat I've ever seen in my life. It was round and demure—and sort of devil-may-care. With a bunch of flowers in the band. I wanted to get close to it, but it was surrounded by a lot of fur coats, probably of great social importance. I realized that I'd been looking for such a hat for a long time—and now that I've found it—"

"Now that you've found it?" repeated the girl. She stood up, took the famous hat and stuck it on her head.

"I'm not going to let it get away. I'm on its trail."

She stood smiling down at him. "I know a girl with a hat like that. She loves that hat and no one is ever going to get it away from her. Perhaps I'll be seeing you—on the trail."

ALL the village of St. Ugo and its visitors were on hand to meet the Race Special. The station platform was thronged and gay. Smoky saw the girl descend into the crowd to be greeted enthusiastically by sunburned skiers, especially a tall, rangy youth with a broken nose, who tried to climb into the sleigh after her and was thrust out by numerous and willing hands.

"Hoppo!" called Smoky. "Hoppo Long!"

The long youth turned.

"Smoky!" He fell on the arrival and pounded him jovially. "The old Thunderbird himself! By golly, I'm glad to see you, Smoky!"

"Hoppo, who was that girl?"

"You saw her?" Hoppo asked eagerly. "Then you saw my whole love life—that's the girl Laney."

"Who?"

"Elaine Harriston. She's lady champion in these parts. Won the downhill race on Mount Baldy last year."

"Well, I'll be—dogged!" said Smoky.

"Where's your stuff?" asked Hoppo. "I've got a bunk for you at the clubhouse. Smoky, we're going to have a race tomorrow—we're going to beat the tar out of that mountain."

"Who are the favorites?" Smoky said.

"Yourself—this Swiss flash who is really good—the two Wares from Dartmouth—"

"Ever hear of a guy called Hoppo Long?" interrupted Smoky. "You old muggins, if I can beat you, I can take care of the others."

Hoppo put on a fearful simper.

"You know me, Smoky. I don't know how I have the nerve to go round with real racers like you fellows."

"Yeah, I know you. All I hope is you get stewed tonight and break a leg. Let's get up to the hotel and see about the draw."

ON THE eve of the Mount Ugo race, the village keeps open house. Everyone calls on everyone else and the festival spirit is abroad.

"Come on, Smoky," said Hoppo. "Time we started on the rounds. The Greenwoods are throwing a party for us."

They called at the other clubhouses first and gathered a tail of their cronies. The snowy streets of the village were filled with marching and singing figures as they turned in at the gate of the Greenwood place.

There were fifty or sixty people in that hospitable house. Some were in evening dress, some were in ski clothes; some were dancing and some were sitting on the floor playing games. At the coming of Smoky Smith a stir of interest went through the rooms. This was a rising star of the skiing world. He had figured in the three important races of the East and last week he had won the Thunderbirds—the race of champions, running down the mountain a full half minute faster than it had ever been done before. They crowded around him.

"Look, Smoky," said a girl with a fall of red hair and a shaped mouth. "Whenever I try a tempo turn—and come out of the crouch, I always fall forward on my face."

She put her feet together, went down and up in the tempo swing and pitched forward to the floor. She lay there, looking up at him. "What do I do wrong?"

"Look, Smoky," said a youth, "when I come to a tree I just do this! What do I do wrong?" He fell straight backward on his head with a crash.

Smoky thought it was a stiff price to pay for a laugh. Hoppo plucked his sleeve. "There's Laney. Come on over."

She was sitting with her chin in her hand watching a game on the floor at her feet. Her head was a clearer gold than other heads. Her skin was as fresh as a young peach.

"Hi, Laney," said Hoppo. "This is Smoky Smith."

"Tell him to go away," she said, without looking up.

"Go away, Smith," said Hoppo.

"Ask her if she saw much scenery coming down the ladies' downhill," asked Smoky.

"What do you think I am?" said Hoppo, "a two-way plug or something? Ask her yourself." He went off to dance.

"I wish you would dance with me," said Smoky.

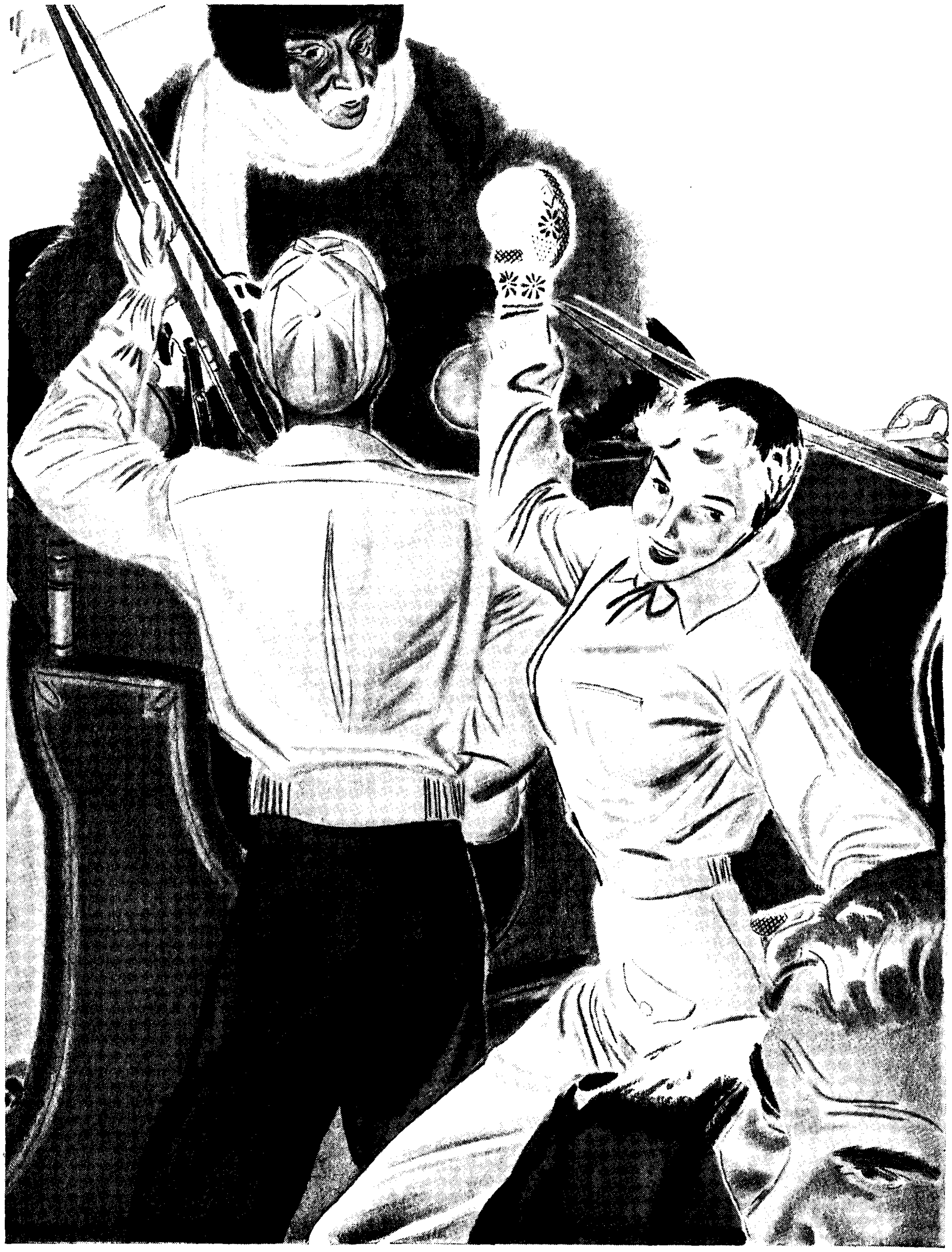
"You dance, too?" She lifted her hands, overcome. "My, oh, my!"

"I know this is coming to me—but I'm not a bit sorry. I would have pretended anything this afternoon to keep you from going away."

"And all the time sniggering to yourself behind your horrid little face. Wow!"

Smoky sat down beside her.

(Continued on page 32)



The girl was greeted enthusiastically by sunburned skiers, especially a youth who tried to climb into the sleigh after her

A Steinberg truckload of cooked food—everything from roast turkey to apple pie—is a welcome sight to movie players on location

Cooked the Way You Like It

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Americans like foreign food, says John Steinberg—cooked American fashion. So he serves up translations that keep the customers coming

JOHN STEINBERG stood in the circular lobby of the Victor Hugo. He looked every inch the Hollywood restaurateur—svelte, enigmatic, shrewd, yet warmly cordial—as he welcomed the famous, the hungry, the playful to Hollywood's Number One dining-out spot.

Danielle Darrieux, her golden curls topknotted under the mauve-pink lights of the lobby, smiled at him. John clicked his heels and bowed from the waist, rigidly, like a Prussian cavalry officer.

Bob Burns came in, and John's face broke into a monumental grin as he held out a massive hand—"Hi, pal!"

John is like that, a combination of the Old World and the New. A casting director would break his heart trying to type this Jim Farley of the restaurant business, who never forgets a face or a name, and remembers the favorite dishes of hundreds of celebrities, whether he learned them under the crystal chandeliers in the old days of Reisenweber's, or under the glass roof of his California headquarters. John, like his restaurant, reflects the tradition of Europe and the originality of America.

John Steinberg

At the Victor Hugo, Hollywood's famous gather from the four corners of the earth to sample the food of all nations. For the urbane John proffers them no one foreign cuisine.

"It's naturalized food," he smiled, this internationalist who ran away from Germany at the age of sixteen, ironically enough, to escape a family tradition: His father was a restaurant man. "Native-born Americans talk a great deal about enjoying the food of other nations. What they actually like is an adaptation of the original."

To know American taste, according to John, you have to be acquainted with the tastes of the world; they are all blended on the American table. Not haphazardly—an Italian entree with a French dessert, Russian borsch and Hungarian goulash—but each dish, in itself, transformed for a new way of life. Was it not John who introduced a fresh version of his native Ragout à la Deutsch *without* potatoes and *with* mushrooms, which Walter Winchell fell for at the Casino de Paree and still clamors for at the Victor Hugo? Did he not Americanize *Blanquette de Poulet* of France, and introduce Chicken Hash in Cream at the Ziegfeld Roof, where Billie Burke praised it as she praises it still in Hollywood?

The next time you feel the urge for a dinner with an exotic flavor take a leaf from John's book and naturalize your dishes. Never mind the authenticity; choose an original recipe, and be subtle in your rendition. Mexican enchiladas, for instance. With a green salad, enchiladas can be a whole meal, though you might serve them the first time as hot *hors d'oeuvres.*

"Mind you," said John, "when Lupe Velez drops in, we give her enchiladas—and we make them hot! But not for Tyrone Power or Ethel Merman or Jimmie Stewart."

And not for you and me. For us, take any combination of leftover meat, about two cups, grind it not quite as fine as hamburger, add to it a medium-sized onion, chopped and braised in olive oil until it is golden brown, add salt, pepper and a

(*Continued on page 50*)

The Road to Cariente

By Walter Henry

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

When the general turned to the army, the stage lost a great actor

PEREZ, the *sargento,* and I worked on him for two hours, but we couldn't make him talk. At times, when we shot a question at him, he would shrug; at times he would murmur: "*Quien sabe?*" Once, he asked if he could phone to Agua Prieta. When I told him the wires were down, he didn't say another word.

We left him and went out. It was a nasty night; a fog so heavy you couldn't see the mud beneath your feet pressed down on the little village. I locked the door and we stepped out into the fog.

A sentry was pacing up and down in front of the adobe. He gave me a sloppy salute. I said: "If the prisoner tries to get away, you know what to do?"

The man pulled his poncho tighter. "*Si, Capitan,*" he said softly. "*Si.* He will not get away."

Perez and I walked off together. As we pushed through the fog, I was thinking of the job that lay before us in the morning. Perez was an Indian; he had a six-inch scar on one cheek, and his eyes were like polished black agate. He was a tough hombre, Perez. But I rather imagine he, too, was thinking of that job. Neither of us spoke as we walked.

We moved slowly, feeling our way cautiously. We reached my billet, and stopped.

I said: "You understand your orders?"

Perez said: "Yes, Captain. The squad will be ready at five-fifteen."

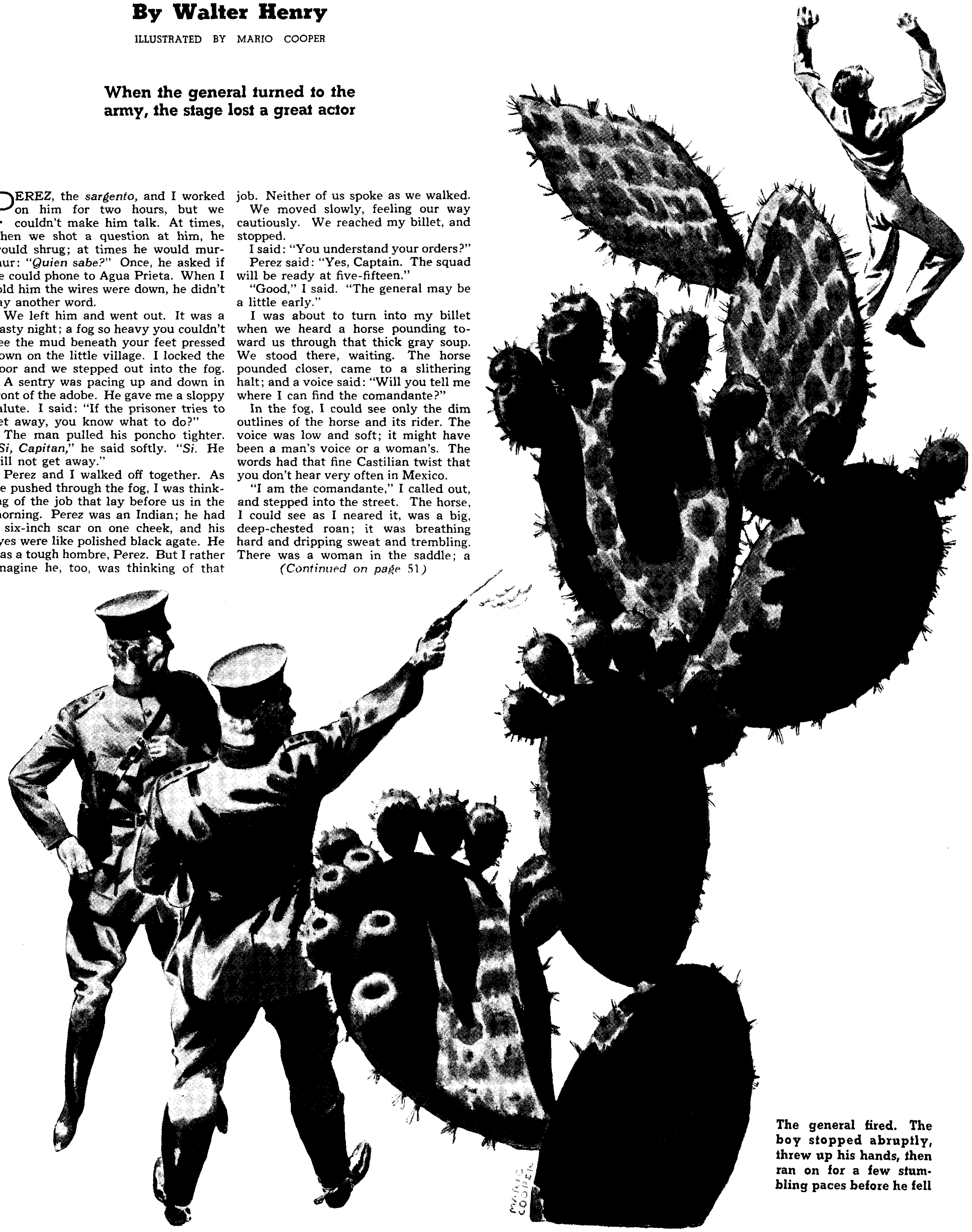
"Good," I said. "The general may be a little early."

I was about to turn into my billet when we heard a horse pounding toward us through that thick gray soup. We stood there, waiting. The horse pounded closer, came to a slithering halt; and a voice said: "Will you tell me where I can find the comandante?"

In the fog, I could see only the dim outlines of the horse and its rider. The voice was low and soft; it might have been a man's voice or a woman's. The words had that fine Castilian twist that you don't hear very often in Mexico.

"I am the comandante," I called out, and stepped into the street. The horse, I could see as I neared it, was a big, deep-chested roan; it was breathing hard and dripping sweat and trembling. There was a woman in the saddle; a

(Continued on page 51)



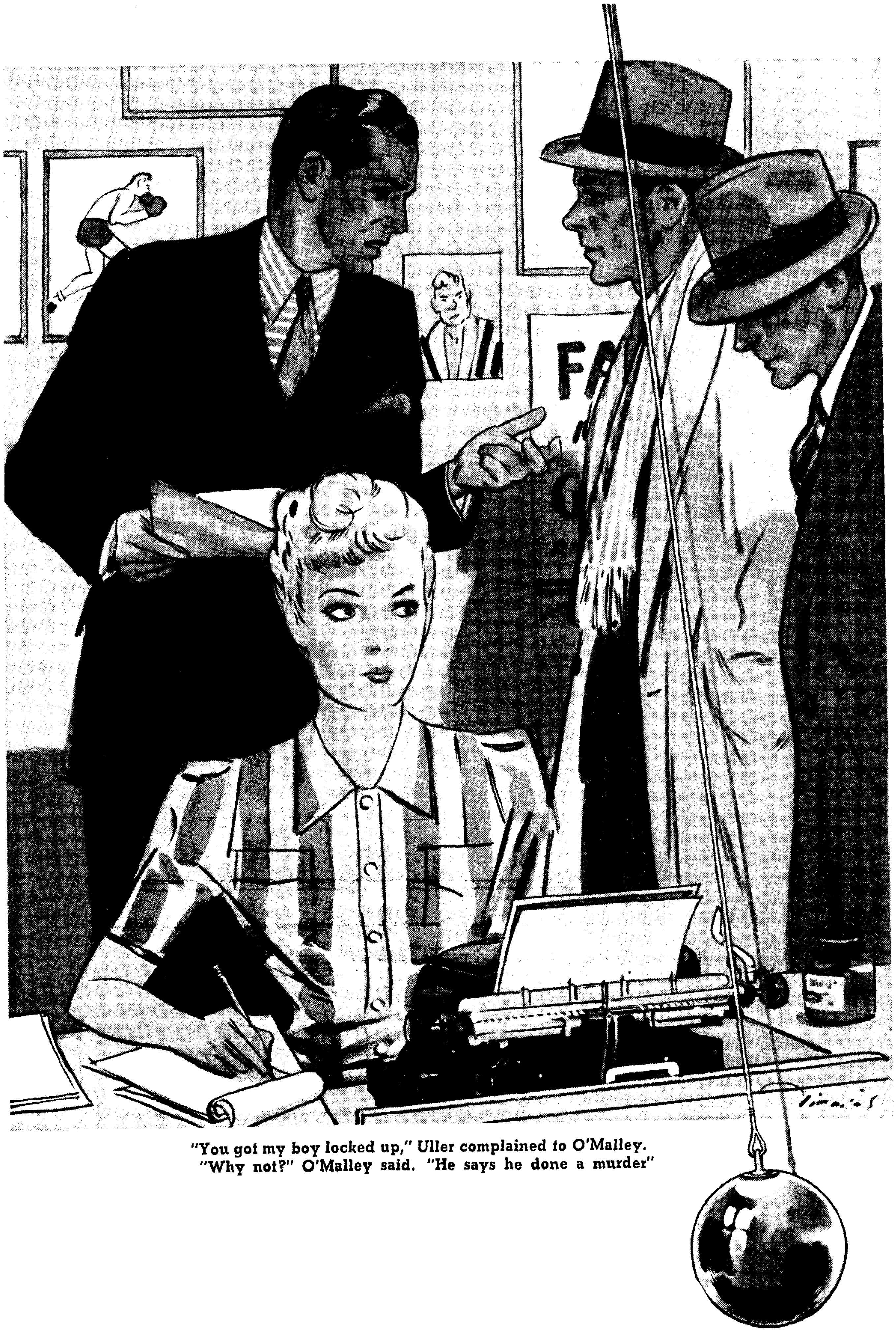
The general fired. The boy stopped abruptly, threw up his hands, then ran on for a few stumbling paces before he fell

The Right Gun

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley puts another fast one over on a guy supposed to be smart



"You got my boy locked up," Uller complained to O'Malley. "Why not?" O'Malley said. "He says he done a murder"

WE GOT a guy in the can that says he done a murder and I ain't sure he did," O'Malley said. "What is a cop supposed to do in those circumstances? This is a case about a prize fighter. He was named Burring, and he had been in a boxing match and was getting dressed after. The guys with him went up to watch another fight and he said he'd join 'em later. When he didn't come, some of 'em went looking for him and he had been shot when he was in the corridor coming from the dressing room. Cops asked who might have wanted to knock off the guy and some people said Johnnie Edin. He is another fighter. So they pinched Edin. They asked Edin did he shoot the guy and he said he did."

"Did he tell his motive?" I asked.

"Sure. This Edin was going with a girl and was hoping to marry her. He introduced her to Burring. Then she begun to go with Burring and Burring married her."

"Then what reason have you for doubting Edin's confession?"

"Well, not much reason. This Edin don't act to me like no guy that done a killing."

We went and saw Edin. They had him locked up. He was a homely youth with battered features, but he seemed likable.

"Well, you claim you knocked off that Burring?" O'Malley said to him.

"That's right. He had it coming to him."

"Tell me something: These people had been married a couple of months. How come you waited that long before you shot him?"

"Why, I kept thinking about them being married. I guess I got tired of thinking about it."

"Boy, you're trying to sit yourself in the electric chair and I ain't sure you belong in it. What did you do with the gun?"

"I told you before, that's my business."

WE SAW the widow. She lived in a small apartment on the East Side. She was a slender little girl who cried when O'Malley questioned her and once or twice laughed hysterically. She was more upset even than widows usually are.

"You figure Johnnie Edin killed your husband?" O'Malley asked her.

"I guess he must have. He says he did. I didn't ever think he'd do that."

"Did you one time think you'd marry Johnnie?"

"I don't know. I might have."

"Yeah. Then you met Burring. So Johnnie told you if you married Burring that he would knock Burring off."

"No; he never said that."

"Well, you knew Edin had a gun."

"I never even heard he had one."

"What's all this about the gun?" I asked O'Malley.

"Why, that is this way: When this killing happened, cops that was on duty to keep order at the fights closed all the doors and wouldn't let nobody out of the building and notified headquarters. Headquarters sent detectives and, because there was women in the audience, they sent policewomen too. So then they let the people out a few at a time and they searched everybody. They found guns on a few guys that had permits to carry 'em, but none of 'em was the right one, and Edin didn't have a gun on him when he was searched. So we ain't ever found it."

"Is the gun so important?" I inquired.

"Sure, it might prove if Edin is the killer or who is. We don't know if the gun is still in the building or where it is. Cops that have been on post there ever since say nobody has carried a gun out."

O'Malley had a picture of the dead man. For a fighter he had been

(Continued on page 28)

The West Throws a Party

By Jim Marshall

Out on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, Western states will play host to the world with a fair—and a promise your feet won't hurt while you're looking

IT ALL started in quite a minor way, back in 1933. The $77,000,000 bridge from San Francisco to Oakland and the $35,000,000 span across the Golden Gate were getting under way. Some newspaper and advertising men were sitting around a few drinks one evening and somebody said that, along in 1938 or '39, when the bridges were finished, there ought to be a fiesta or something. Sure, said everybody, good idea—and forgot about it.

All except one reporter, a romantic fellow who wandered back to his paper and wrote a piece saying that completion of the bridges would be marked by a world's fair, and quoting "prominent businessmen" as behind the idea. This piece got onto Page One the next morning, while the reporter was home asleep. When he came down to work hours later his city editor called him over and said, well, that was quite a story, and let's have a good follow-up, with definite plans and everything.

So the reporter just went away and had a drink and wondered what he could do. Having pulled his first yarn out of thin air, he had to make good, or else. At last, the solution came to him. He called up some of the lads with whom he'd been partying the evening before and explained matters.

"You mean," asked his friends, "that you'll be fired if the fair story doesn't stand up?"

"That's right!"

"Grieve no more, pal," assured his friends in their hearty Western way. "If San Francisco has to have a fair to save your job, we'll put on a fair for you."

And that's how come the $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition—"the Fair" to everyone west of the Mississippi—will open in a few days.

Or at least that's one story. A likelier one is that a real-estate man named Joe Dixon sat down on March 1, 1933, and wrote a letter to the San Francisco Daily News suggesting that perhaps the bridge openings might be marked by a small and refined celebration, with perhaps a Roman candle or two and music by the police band. Bill Burkhart, editor of the News, thought it a good idea, editorialized on it and finally got the city government to lay $5,000 on the line for preliminaries.

And that's really why eight million people will pay twenty million admissions to Treasure Island, out in the middle of San Francisco Bay, between February 18th and December 2d this year. (Every visitor to every fair always goes two and a half times—nobody knows why.) Treasure Island is a story in itself; we'll get around to it in a minute or two.

After the idea of a small, refined celebration had been going a day or two the climate got to work on it and it broadened out to take in all of Northern California. This was equivalent, in San Francisco, to taking in the world, which stops, southward, at Tehachapi and northward at the Oregon line. South of Tehachapi live the wild Angelenos, a weird and untamed race.

San Francisco's favorite story, for years, has been the one about the man from Los Angeles who stepped off the train one morning, brisked around to a hotel and ordered breakfast.

"Some nice Los Angeles grapefruit, waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"And some nice ham and eggs, Los Angeles fashion."

"Yes, sir—you mean country style, sir?"

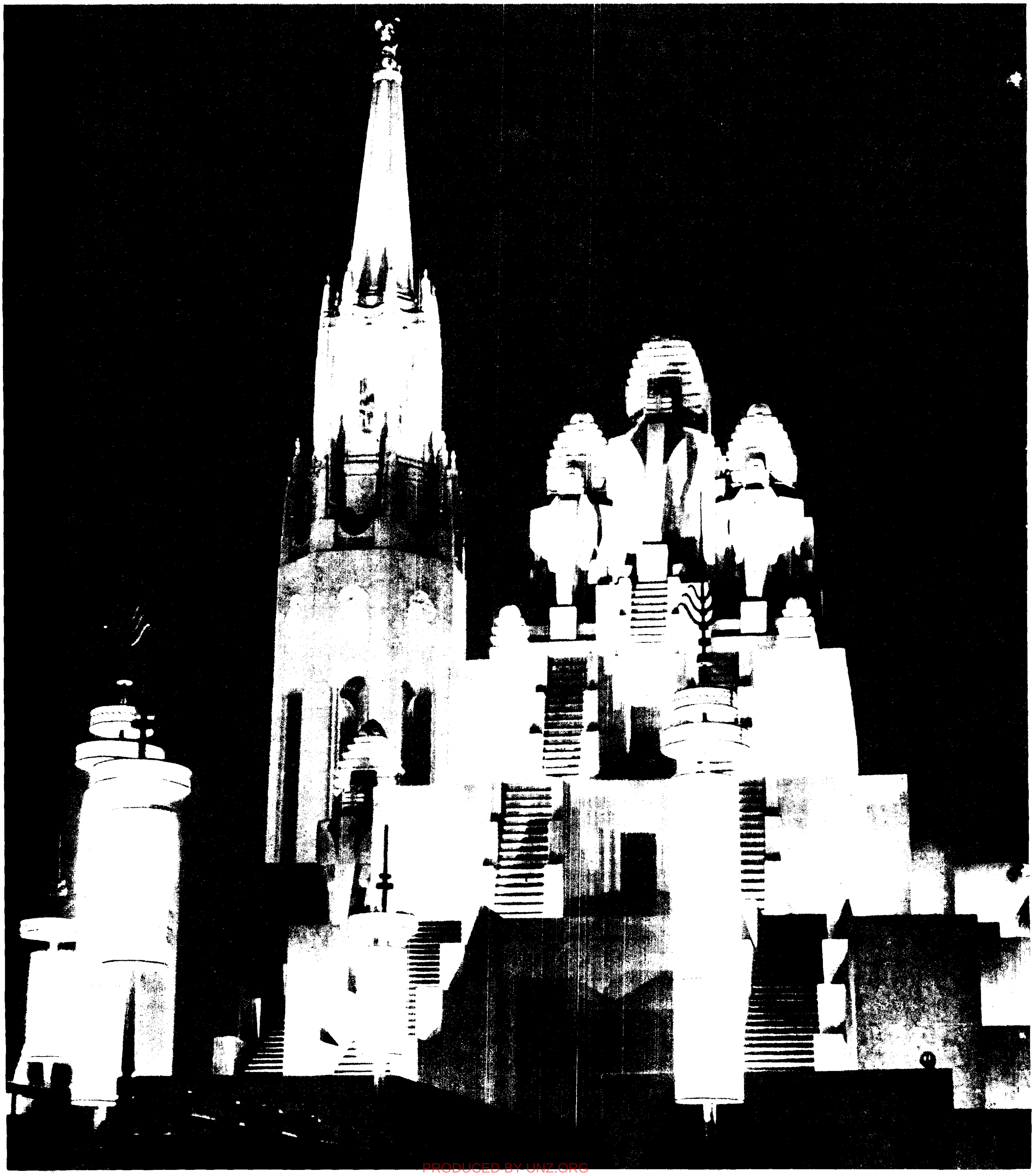
Well, it gives you the idea. . . . The Angelenos, in their own sweet way, always talked a lot about the earthquake and called San Francisco 'Frisco—"earthquake" and "Frisco" being fighting words around the Golden Gate.

So when it was proposed, later, to let in Southern California on the Fair, the suggestion captured the running broadminded jump handily. Los Angeles accepted with alacrity—because, said the San Francisco wags, those Los Angeles boys are always looking for an excuse to run up to the city.

Having let in Southern California, San Francisco again expanded the idea and asked ten other Western states and British Columbia how they'd like to come in. The British Columbians said

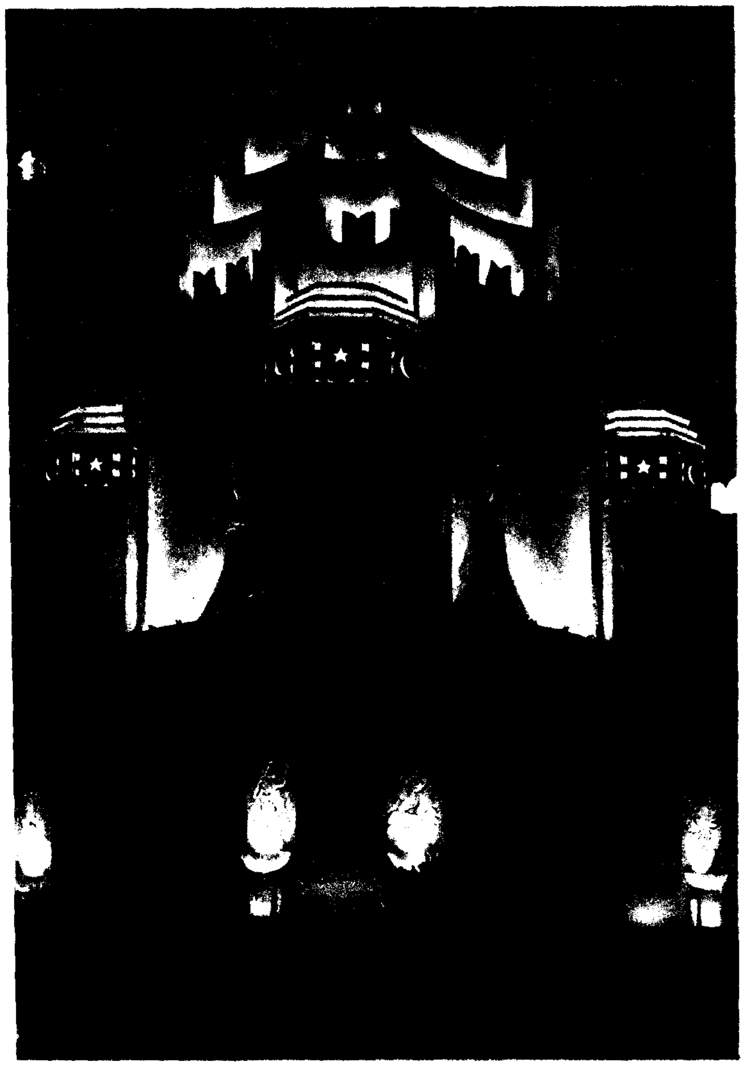
Zoe Dell Lantis flitted about the country in pirate costume to publicize the Fair. Here she is at a festival in Eureka, California, with George B. Albee (left), Eureka superintendent of schools, and "Buckskin Bill" Bond, attired in similarly bizarre costumes

Two massive Elephant Towers, of which this is one, flank the Portals of the Pacific, the main entrance to the San Francisco World's Fair. In the background is the Tower of the Sun. The Elephant Towers, designed by Ernest E. Weihe, are 120 feet high and are surmounted by three wood-and-plaster elephants with howdahs, age-old symbols of pageantry. The architecture of the Fair is an especially created new style called Pacific, and is a harmonious blending of the architectures of all lands bordering on the Pacific basin. It has very little chromium plating or "functional" design



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE GRAU

Upper: One of the two south towers, the Palace of Mines, Metals and Machinery, an exhibit building. On the opposite side of a court is a twin building, the Palace of Homes and Gardens. Below: The Court of Pacifica, the "goddess" of the Fair. The statue of Pacifica is 80 feet high and was designed by Ralph Stackpole. It is at the northern terminus of the Fair's main axis



Dominating the architectural scheme of the San Francisco World's Fair is the Tower of the Sun, a graceful finger of light 400 feet high, illuminated in amber shading into white toward the pinnacle. It is surrounded by the Court of Honor. Within the tower is a 44-bell carillon. The spire is topped with a Golden Phoenix, symbolizing the rise of San Francisco from the ashes of the 1906 fire

they'd play if they could be counted as a Western state, and if necessary they would resign from the British Empire, which wasn't such hot stuff any more, anyway. So at the Fair British Columbia will appear as a Western American state along with Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico.

Having got this far, San Francisco figured the whole Pacific Basin might as well come in. So invitations were sent by President Roosevelt to all the nations around the rim of the Big Pond to come on in, put up buildings, show their stuff and have themselves a time. Japan came in, and Australasia and Java and the Philippines. So did the Malay States and Johore and the South Sea islands. China said so sorry, but honorable Japanese won't let our exhibits get out. So San Francisco Chinese met, tossed $1,500,000 into the pot, planned a whole Chinese walled city for the Fair—and told the Japanese to take a look at that.

After that, it was natural to throw the gates wide open and let in the world. Almost every European nation, save Germany, is in now. Joe Dixon's modest little idea has grown to be quite a show.

Having decided on the big party, San Francisco got a headache trying to find a site. Every bay community had several sites and the wrangling could be heard ten miles out past the Farallones. Finally some genius had an idea: build a complete new island out in the middle of the bay. Such an island already had been projected as a base for land and water planes. The location was ready. In mid-bay was Yerba Buena Island, through which the transbay bridge went in a tunnel. Just north of the island was some shoal ground that could be filled, made into a new island and connected with Yerba Buena and the bridge by a causeway. WPA money, secured by George Creel, set the wheels spinning.

Army engineers got to work with a fleet of dredges and in about a year had built an island a mile long, two thirds of a mile wide and thirteen feet above water. After the Fair it will become the home port of the transpacific clippers, which will take off from and land in a small cove at the island during the show, and also the municipal airport for transcontinental planes.

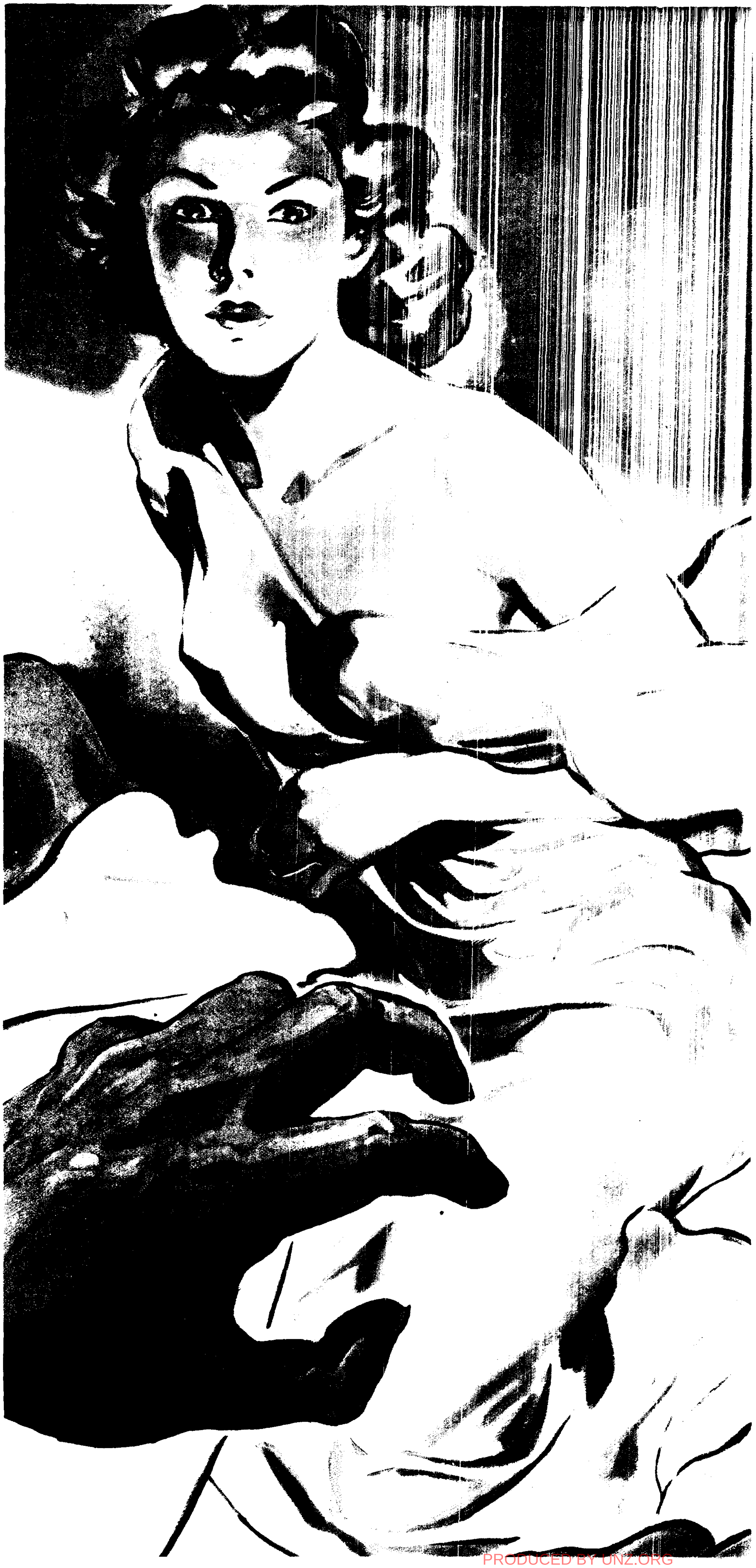
The three permanent buildings at the Fair are an administration building, and two huge hangars, which will remain after the rest of the place has been cleared off as landing space for land planes.

Having got twelve Western states—including British Columbia—to join in the party, the next big job was to make them pull together, Western states being notoriously independent critters. So Clyde M. Vandeburg, who is the Fair's mainspring, looked around for an idea.

"What we need," said Mr. Vandeburg, an ex-Colorado cattleman, "is a catalyzer."

"You mean a sort of high-toned cowboy?" asked his assistant.

(Continued on page 64)



She sat up suddenly, drew in her breath sharply, audibly. "Take it easy," the man murmured. "No cause for panic"

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

NORTH AMERICAN radio stations learn that their broadcasts are being ruined by interference waves in tropical America. Bill Bossert, a secret agent, is sent down to Puerto Musa to investigate the matter. He goes to work for the Caribbean Fruit Company. Then, the victim of arsenic poisoning, he dies.

Walter Lane, another operative, succeeds him. He, too, gets a job with the fruit company. And within a short time he learns that a German—Adolf von Graulitz, who poses as a coffee grower—is at the head of a group of plotters who are spreading propaganda over all of South and Central America.

Among those with whom Lane is frequently thrown are: Dave Perry, manager of the Puerto Musa division of the company; Muriel Monroe, Perry's charming secretary; Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent; "Pinky" Hind, one of the overseers; Henry Alcott, an accountant, and Ed Bannister, a company official. With the exception of Muriel Monroe, all regard Lane with more or less suspicion.

Muriel and Bill Roland, U. S. vice-consul at Puerto Musa, are Lane's only friends. Roland is the only person who knows what Lane is doing. . . .

Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital, is murdered—in Dave Perry's office, one night, someone drives a screw driver into his body, leaves it there. The screw driver is marked: "Made in Germany."

Evidence points strongly to von Graulitz as the murderer. But, for various reasons, there are others who might have killed Stilton. . . .

Two of von Graulitz's aides—gunmen—kidnap Lane, take him to a near-by island. There von Graulitz confronts him, informs him that he must return to the United States at once—or else! Lane, assuming a calmness that he does not feel, laughs at him. Whereupon, von Graulitz summons a servant (one Porfirio), gives him a gun, and orders him to shoot the captive when he, von Graulitz, gives the word.

But Lane does not die. He tells von Graulitz that a boatload of his friends has followed the boat that conveyed him to the island; that his death will bring the law down on the German. And von Graulitz sends him back to Puerto Musa. . . .

Meanwhile, Muriel Monroe is having a strange experience. Stilton and she had been friends. But few of her thoughts are of Gerald Stilton. More often she is thinking of a friend who is in peril: *Walter Lane.*

V

DELLA'S cuckoo clock hooted twice in the next room. In the next instant Muriel saw a shadow appear in the pale gray oblong that was the window near the foot of her bed. Before her fascinated gaze, the shadow sank out of sight, then the screen swung out and upward from the bottom. Muriel was trying desperately to remember when and why she had left the screen unhooked, when the shadow again rose into the window frame—the head and shoulders of a man. The man swung himself lightly over the sill, let the screen carefully and silently into place, then moved quietly away from the window and dissolved in the darkness. She heard the floor creak once beneath his step, then, although she could not see him, sensed that he was standing over her. She listened for the sound of his breathing but could hear nothing but the violent thumping of her heart.

She pressed her hands against her sides as though to stop the pounding, pressed hard until her nightgown, taut against the swelling roundness of her breasts, seemed to vibrate like a drum. She was sure he must hear it, too. She sat up suddenly, drew in her breath sharply, audibly.

"Take it easy," the man murmured. "No cause for panic."

"You!" Muriel gasped—and immediately felt better. Her heart was still pounding violently, but no longer in terror. She experienced an agreeable sense of recklessness the moment she recognized Walter Lane.

"You're afraid," Lane said. "Please don't—"

"I'm not afraid!" the girl

(Continued on page 57)

ON MOST OVERNIGHT TRIPS OF 300 MILES

This "3 Room Apartment" for only $2.65*

Here's a typical Pullman Rate showing how much REAL travel comfort you can now get for surprisingly little cost!

As you can see from the pictures, Pullman travel on most trains offers far more than a place to sleep.

Actually, on such trains, you enjoy the full use of a "3 room apartment"—consisting of a lounge parlor; sleeping accommodations, with a bed that makes you think of home—and the convenience of a dressing room, with complete toilet facilities!

For this spacious, air-conditioned "apartment"—on the average 300 mile overnight trip—you pay $2.65 plus your first class rail fare. In total cost, therefore, rail and Pullman is not the cheapest way to go—unless, like all the travel-wise, you've discovered that travel value can't be reckoned in dollars alone!

Then, you know it's *more* than worth the small additional cost to avoid the countless delays, annoyances and ever-present hazards of highway travel. Or the discomfort of sitting up all night in the harsh glare of a crowded, noisy day coach.

The fact is you pay more to go by Pullman. And it's *also* a fact that Pullman offers the best travel investment you can make. Because, for what is still a small amount of money—you will enjoy the greatest comfort and *all-weather* dependability any amount of money can buy!

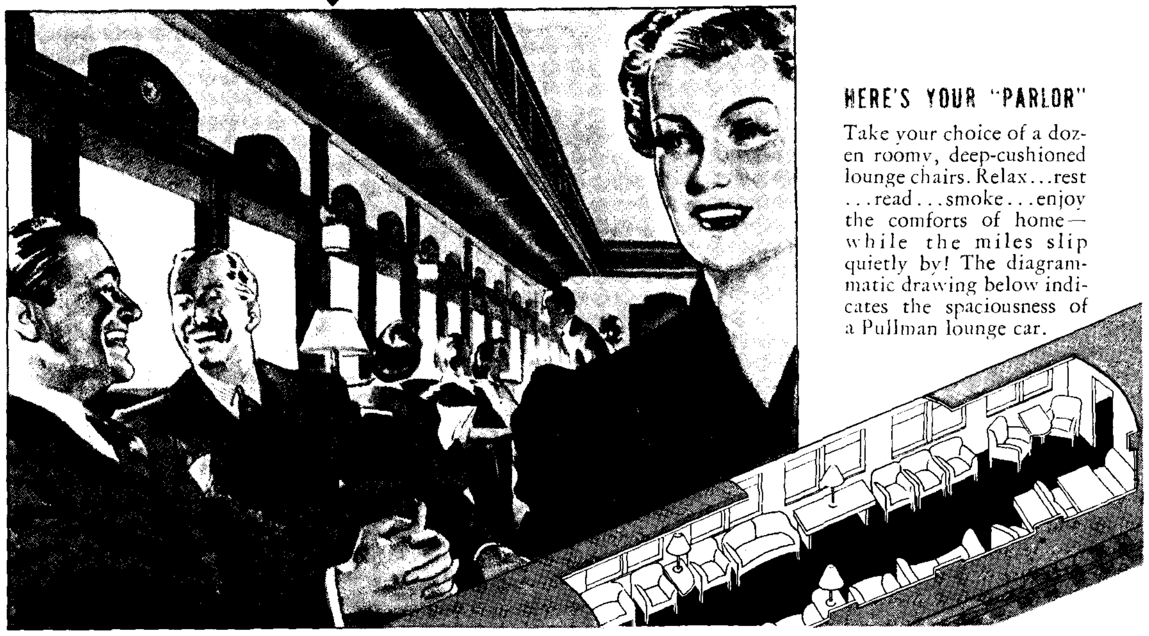
And you will be using a means of swift transportation that has not had a single passenger fatality in over 4 years!

Plan your next trip by Pullman. Ask your ticket agent for full details on the low cost of going by Pullman.

NOW OUT... "LIFE ON A PULLMAN"

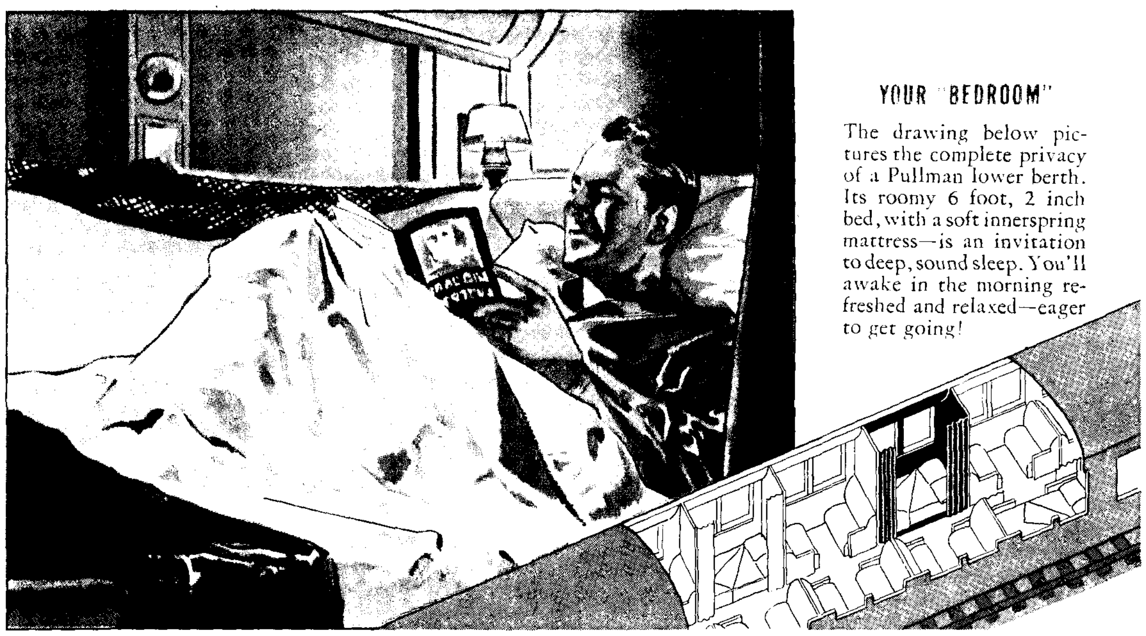
A new booklet, telling Pullman's complete story, is now yours for the asking. It's "Life on a Pullman"—the fascinating word and picture story of the amazing extent of Pullman service. For frequent travelers, as well as "first-timers" this free booklet contains information and suggestions that show you how to get the most out of your next Pullman trip. For your copy of "Life on a Pullman" write to The Pullman Company, Dept. C1, Chicago, Ill.

***(*PLUS, of course, first class rail fare for transportation*)**



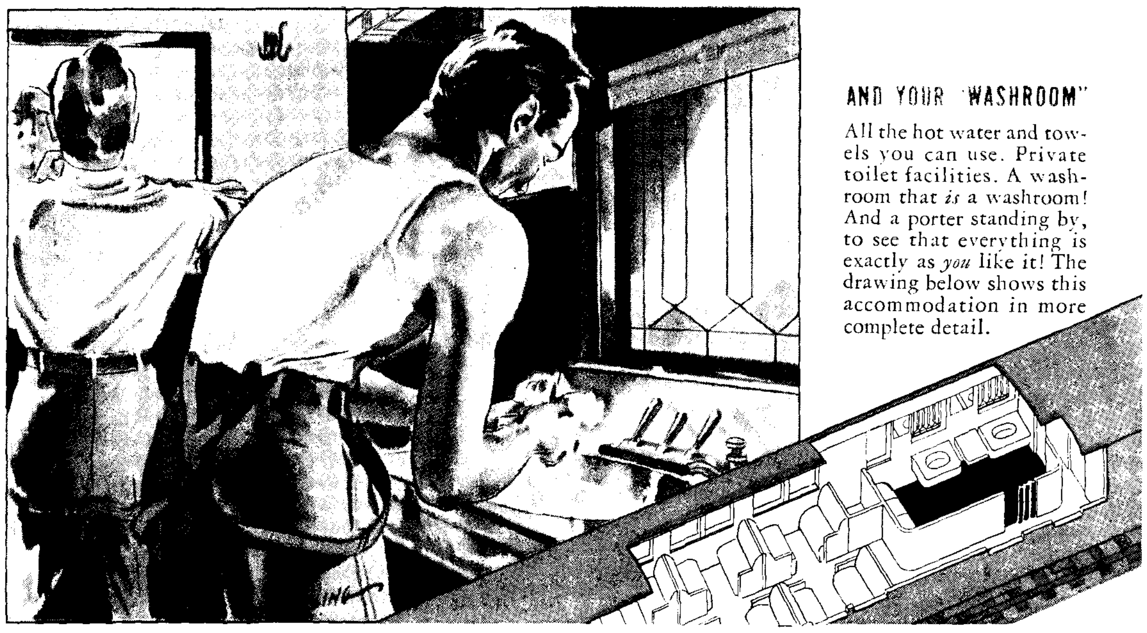
HERE'S YOUR "PARLOR"

Take your choice of a dozen roomy, deep-cushioned lounge chairs. Relax...rest...read...smoke...enjoy the comforts of home—while the miles slip quietly by! The diagrammatic drawing below indicates the spaciousness of a Pullman lounge car.



YOUR "BEDROOM"

The drawing below pictures the complete privacy of a Pullman lower berth. Its roomy 6 foot, 2 inch bed, with a soft innerspring mattress—is an invitation to deep, sound sleep. You'll awake in the morning refreshed and relaxed—eager to get going!



AND YOUR "WASHROOM"

All the hot water and towels you can use. Private toilet facilities. A washroom that *is* a washroom! And a porter standing by, to see that everything is exactly as *you* like it! The drawing below shows this accommodation in more complete detail.

Go RAIL AND Pullman

Copyright 1939, The Pullman Company

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE... WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

Shipmate

By Paul Schubert

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

NEITHER one of them belonged in the Navy. They were two of a kind—black sheep—and no credit to the U. S. S. Cayuga. She was a light cruiser on the Mediterranean station, where there was plenty of chance for them to get into trouble.

The first of them was black in every sense of the word, a colored mess attendant, 3d class, named Sam Jefferson—a huge gangling "smoke" with arms that hung from massive shoulders bent slightly forward. It was a great mistake ever to let a gorilla like that wait on table and clean up officers' rooms. He kept the wardroom pantry in an uproar, terrorizing the rest of the boys—a bunch of chattering Filipinos. Discipline had about as much effect on him as buckshot on a rhinoceros.

One night Tex Powers told him to come up on deck and gave him a right to the jaw, followed by a left to the pit of the stomach and a solid boot in the tail as he went down.

Tex was the other black sheep, a lieutenant—a classmate of mine. Tex was a bird who got off on the wrong foot when he left the Academy, and never amounted to much as an officer. Aboard the Cayuga it was obvious that he was on the toboggan—he went ashore and got disgracefully stewed at every opportunity, and recently he had begun something much worse. He was drinking in his room aboard ship—it was only a question of time before he was going to be spotted drunk on duty, and that is one thing that means curtains in the Navy.

Tex's face was getting ruddy and puffy, a boozer's face. He was a mess, and everybody was disgusted with him, even the men—nobody has much use for a bird like that. He knew it, too, and it made him mean—he would cuss a gob out on the slightest pretext, and rode his division hard. He even soured on me, because I talked to him like a Dutch uncle, trying to get him to take a round turn and two half hitches on himself—all I got back was snarls.

When Tex poked Jefferson in the jaw, I thought it would mean a kick-out. You can't get away with things like that in the Service nowadays. If the black boy had taken the case to the Old Man at mast, Tex would have gotten a general court with the verdict a foregone conclusion.

BUT the funny thing was, Jefferson kept his trap shut. So I told Tex to stand from under. When a black boy behaves like that, it's a bad sign. Jefferson was going to lay for Tex with a razor, some night ashore, and settle his own grudge—I know that kind of ape.

As a matter of fact, Tex and Jefferson were separated by force of circumstance before things had a chance to develop any further. When the ship was in Gibraltar the exec shipped Jefferson back to the United States for an undesirable discharge. I must say the wardroom was a good deal quieter after he left.

I never expected to see him again, but three or four years later I was ordered to the naval gun factory, down in Washington Navy Yard—the big plant where all our guns and mounts, from one-pounders to sixteen-inchers are manufactured. As I was making my first tour through the Forge, I noticed a giant Negro riding a bar balancing a white-hot billet that was being hammered to shape.

He looked up, and we recognized each other. "Mawnin', Lieutenant," Jefferson said, his eyeballs flashing.

"Look who's here!" I was really astonished. "You're working!"

"Oh, Ah's workin', all right!" he said. "Ah's a steel man now!" Then his face changed. "Yo' ain' see Mistuh Powuhs lately, is yo'?"

"No, I haven't. He's out of the Navy, you know."

"Ah done hear he's out—got a kick-out, lak ev'body said he was a-gwine tuh."

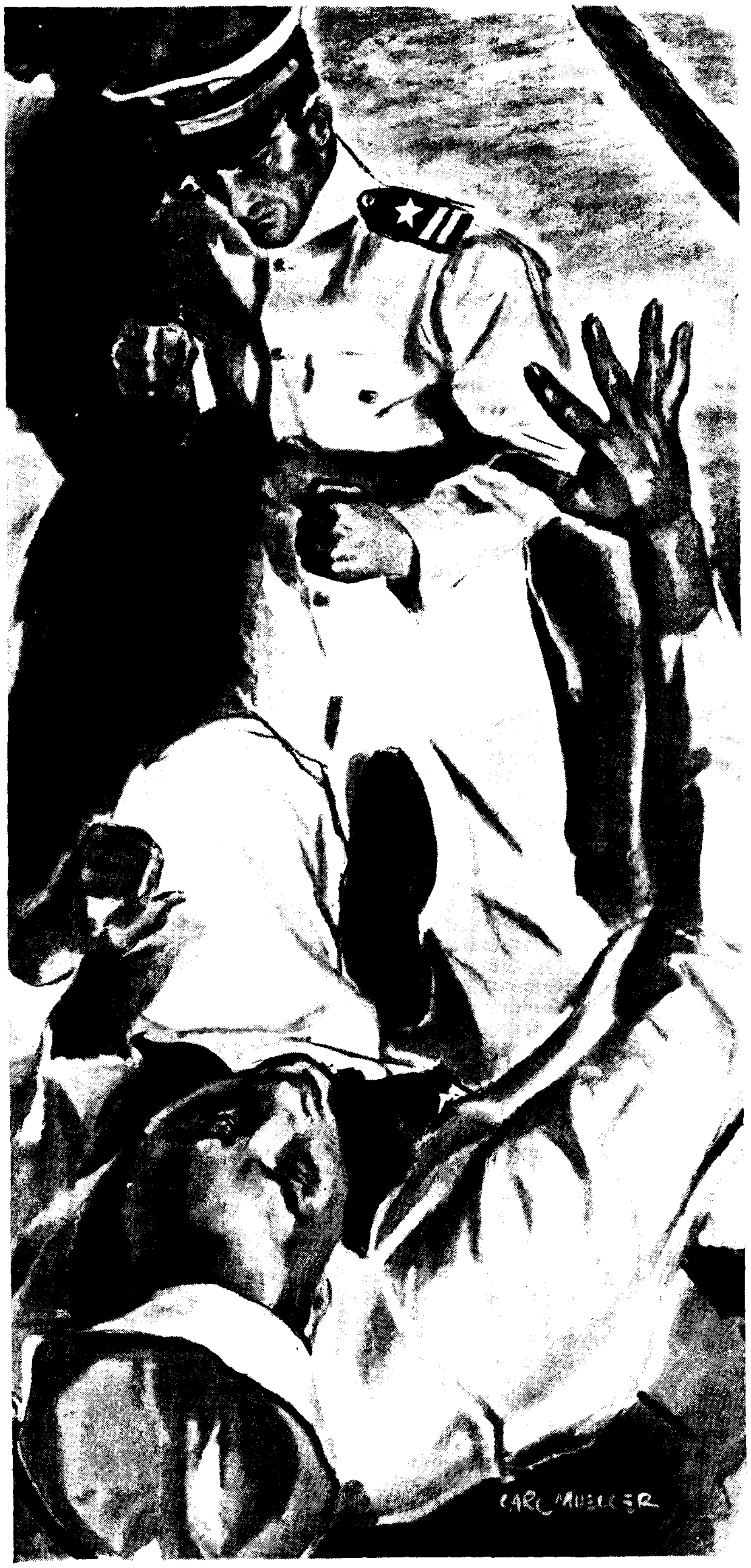
"What do you want with him, anyway?"

"Oh, Ah jes got a lil business Ah lak tuh settle with um."

"Well, you'd better forget all about him."

I warned Tex, the next time I saw him, that the black boy was on his trail.

You see, I kept in touch with Tex. Not that it did much good. He was a hard case—he went clean to hell after they set him on the beach (court for "under the influence of intoxicating liquor due to his own misconduct during the performance of duty"). He was a bum, that's about the only word for it—he became a bar fly and a vag. When I went around, it only seemed to make matters worse. "Get out of here," he used to rasp. "I don't want to see you."



Tex gave him a right to the jaw and a left to the pit of the stomach

And what good did it do to give him money, when he only got pie-eyed with it? Still, I went and told him about Jefferson. "You'll get a knife in the back yet—it was a bad day when you poked that fellow."

"I'll poke him again if he ever comes back," said Tex.

I went to the personnel officer and looked up Jefferson's record, but there was nothing I could do there. He'd been in the Forge over two years, strong as an ox, poking those heavy billets around—it's quite a trick, the way the holder and the hammer operator work together, beating the glowing metal in the big hydraulic hammers. And his record was clear.

UNEXPECTEDLY, one day, Tex came to see me. He had a fresh shave and a haircut and a different look in his eye.

"I want a job," he said.

I didn't talk much—there wasn't much to say. But I decided to try the color of his guts. I landed him a place with a trucking company—I figured that a few months of hard work would get some of the alcohol sweated out of him. And they slipped him the gaff, I can tell you that. I felt pretty good when they reported that he was taking it like a man.

But still I felt uneasy about that big black boy. I had a feeling that when Jefferson caught up with Tex the result would be a tragedy.

The tragic part of it came unexpectedly. The crazy ape was like a lot of colored boys—overconfident of his own strength. He lost his grip on a steel billet one day, and died in agony with a grin on his face, while they were trying to lift the heavy weight off him.

When I told Tex, he looked at me as if he couldn't believe it. His face twitched, and it was a long time before he could say anything.

"That was the best nigger I ever saw," he said. "You remember the time I hit him? Gee, that was funny! I laid into him up on deck—and I didn't think anything more about it, but I called him a worthless bum, see, and told him a poke in the side of his ivory head might help him snap out of it. He told me that sock made a man of him."

"He told you? When did you see him?"

"Oh, he was looking for me, you knew that. Well, he found me."

"When?"

"Just before I started hunting a job."

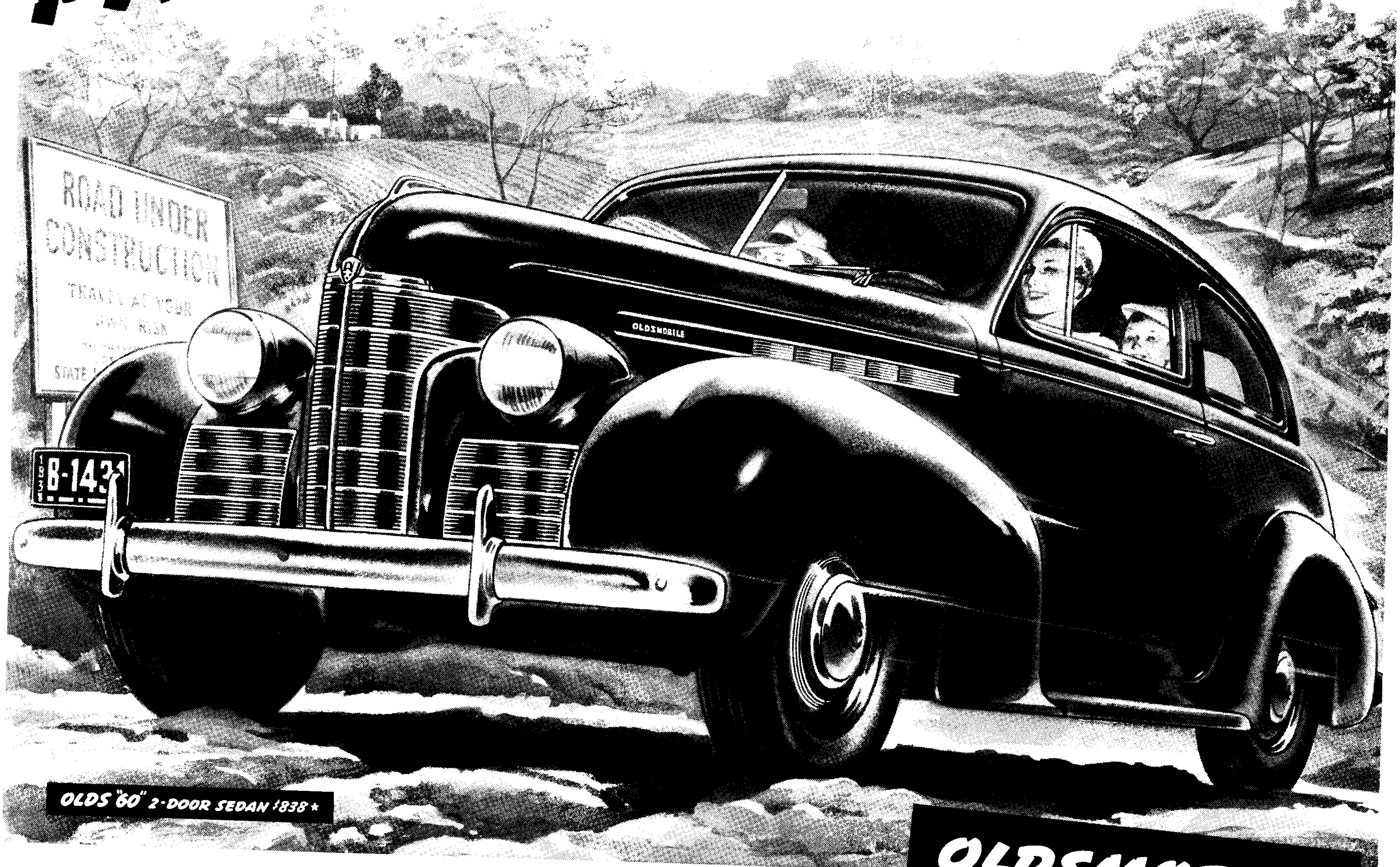
"The hell you say."

Tex nodded. "Do you know what he did? He paid me five dollars he once borrowed from me on the ship—I lent it to him when none of the other officers would give him any, and he never forgot it. And he paid me back something else. He stood in front of me and said: 'Mistuh Powuhs, you done called me a bum that time, once, an' now Ah's come roun' to do the same for you-all. You's nothin' but a big bum—you's wuthless, an' that's worse for you than 'twas for me, 'cause Ah's nuthin' but a big buck nigger. But maybe it'll do you some good if Ah poke you the way you done me, an' you'll go hunt you a job, like Ah done.' "

"And he poked you?" I exclaimed.

Tex rubbed his jaw reminiscently. "I thought he'd knock my head off my neck. He left me sitting there with an aching puss and a five-dollar bill. That was a white nigger. I cried like a baby after he was gone—it was the first time since my mother died that anybody thought enough of me to give me a licking for making a fool of myself. Believe me, that boy gets a stone on his grave with just one word on it—'Shipmate.' "

THE CAR THAT PAVES ITS OWN WAY!



OLDS "60" 2-DOOR SEDAN $838★

ROUGH roads flatten into boulevards . . . bumps, ruts and chuck-holes recede as if by magic . . . railway crossings melt into the highway itself as Oldsmobile sweeps serenely on its way. No question about it, Oldsmobile's new Rhythmic Ride is the smoothest, steadiest and safest you've *ever* enjoyed. Additional safety is yours, too, in the wide-vision, easy-to-see-out-of Bodies by Fisher that you get in the new Olds Sixty . . . in the smart new Observation Bodies that grace the new Olds Seventy and Eighty . . . all with crystal-clear, safety plate glass throughout. Take a trial drive in a Rhythmic Riding Olds. You'll find that it *paves* its own way . . . *pays* its own way, too, when you compare the price of the big, brilliant, 90-horsepower Olds Sixty with that of cars that offer far less in comfort, safety and fast-stepping, smooth-rolling performance. So, before you decide . . . *try* the Rhythmic Ride!

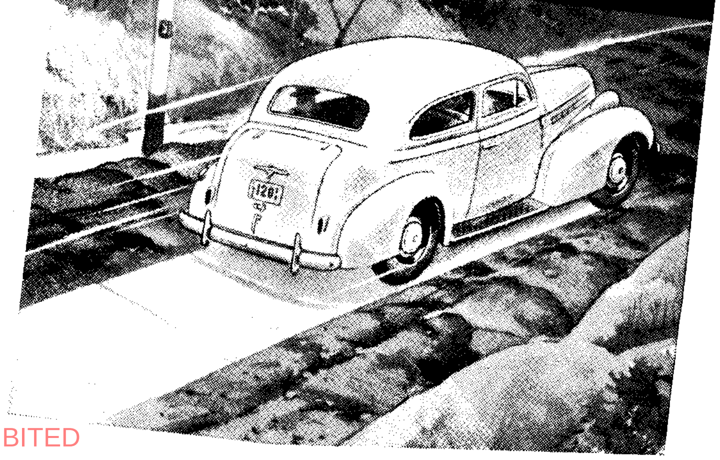
$777★ AND UP

★ Delivered price at Lansing, Mich., subject to change without notice. Price includes safety glass, bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and tube. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, optional equipment and accessories—extra. General Motors Instalment Plan. • A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

"YOU OUGHT TO OWN AN OLDS"

AMERICA'S NEWEST LOW-PRICED CAR

OLDSMOBILE
WITH THE REVOLUTIONARY
RHYTHMIC RIDE
BASED ON
1. QUADRI-COIL SPRINGING
2. 4-WAY STABILIZATION
3. KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SEES A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER PUT A SPECIAL EDITION "TO BED"
IMAGINE! THAT ACCIDENT WE SAW THIS MORNING IS IN THE HEAD-LINES ALREADY! HOW DO THEY GET NEWSPAPERS OUT SO FAST, DAD?
WELL, WE'VE GOT SOME SPARE TIME TODAY. LET'S GO SEE AN EDITOR I KNOW. HE'LL TAKE US BEHIND THE SCENES
IS THIS WHERE ALL YOUR FOREIGN NEWS COMES IN?
YES--HERE'S A DISPATCH FROM CHINA--YOU'LL SEE IT IN THE HEAD-LINES WHEN WE GET TO THE PRESSROOM
YOU SEE THAT MACHINE? IT RECEIVES PHOTOS SENT OVER THE TELEPHONE FROM ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY
PICTURE COMING IN--I'LL HAVE TO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS!
THAT'S DOWNRIGHT UNCANNY!
"THIS IS THE WAY WE GET THE PICTURE. OUR CORRESPONDENT MERELY CALLS US LONG DISTANCE AND HITCHES UP HIS PHOTO SENDING SET TO THE PHONE. RIGHT NOW WE'RE RECEIVING THE PHOTO OF A FAMOUS LAWYER--MILES AWAY----"
HERE IT COMES, BOSS
OKAY, JOE, LET 'ER GO!
AFTER LUNCH
PHEW! THOSE PRESSES GO LIKE THE WIND!
YOU MEAN THE ONE SENT OVER THE PHONE A WHILE AGO
16 COMPLETE PAPERS A SECOND, JUDGE. SAY--REMEMBER THE LAWYER'S PICTURE I MENTIONED?
YES--HERE IT IS ON THE FRONT PAGE--AND A FINE LIKENESS TOO
YOU CAUGHT HIM IN A GOOD MOOD. I'D SAY HE MUST BE SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE
RIGHT YOU ARE, JUDGE--FROM MY REPORTING DAYS I KNOW HE DOES SMOKE P.A. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT!
WELL, YOU OUGHT TO FEEL MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO HIM. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.
EXTRA
EXTRA MILDNESS IN THE BIG RED TIN
'MAKIN'S' SMOKERS, TOO, CHEER P.A. ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES SLOWER—IT'S THE CRIMP CUT!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT HAS THE RICH BODY OF CHOICE TOBACCOS—WITHOUT HARSHNESS, PACKS RIGHT, DRAWS EASY
SO MILD!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1939 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY P. A.
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, *return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within* a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Right Gun

Continued from page 20

distinctly handsome. The picture was signed, "Your pal Young Burring 125¾ lbs."

"Whose pal?" I asked.

"That writing don't mean anything. This dead guy signed all his pictures that way. These boys Burring and Edin trained for their fights at a gym on the West Side. It looks to me if anybody knows how this killing was the guys that trained with 'em would be the ones that know it."

We went to the gymnasium. In a small office, a dapper youth who turned out to have been Burring's manager was dictating publicity to a very pretty stenographer, and in a huge room two youths were boxing, while a number of others, with flat noses and thick ears, were watching them. We went into the office and talked with the manager. His name was Uller. It turned out he was Edin's manager, too.

"You got my boy locked up," he complained to O'Malley.

"Why not? He says he done a murder."

"Well, he's supposed to be in training. He can't train when he's in the jug."

"Sure. Let him keep strong trying to break the bars. You admit he killed that Burring, don't you?"

"I don't know if he did. I don't know how it was. I had a nice string of fighters, now I lost one of 'em and it looks like maybe I lost two."

WE WATCHED the boxing for a while, and when it was over O'Malley questioned the fighters and the spectators.

"What do you boys know about this business between Burring and Mrs. Burring and Johnnie Edin?" he inquired of them.

"We don't know anything," one of the boys answered, "except Edin had ought to have known what was going to happen when he introduced his girl to Joe Burring."

"You mean, Burring liked the ladies?"

"Sure he did, and they liked him. That guy was a lot smarter with dames than he ever was in the ring."

"Well, I guess not since he got married."

"Say, he wouldn't let getting married interfere with him."

"You boys figure Edin killed him?"

"We don't know of anybody else it could be, so we guess it was."

"O'Malley," I said, when we were in the street, "was Mrs. Burring at the fights the night her husband was killed?"

"Yeah, sure she was," O'Malley said.

"Then this case is simple. Mrs. Burring shot him when she found out that, in spite of their marriage, he still went with other women. Edin knows she did it. He loves her and he confessed falsely to save her."

"You'd make a perfect cop. Did you hear what that manager and the other guy was asking me just before we come out of there?"

"Which one of them?"

"The littlest of the two guys that was doing the boxing. Kayo Miller, he calls himself. Uller manages him too. They asked did us cops know anything about Miller's bathrobe. He wore that bathrobe, they said, in every fight he ever won. Now he ain't got it, and he fights on Friday night, and they're afraid wearing some other bathrobe he might lose the fight. What guys! They believe anything!"

"What happened to his bathrobe?"

"That dead guy had it. Burring was taking some things to leave at a cleaner's, and Miller says, 'Take my bathrobe too.' Now they can't find what cleaner's Burring left the things at. Do you think we'd ought to find his bathrobe for him?"

"You're supposed to be working on a murder inquiry."

"Yeah. But a cop had ought to find out everything."

He went to write out his report and I went about my own affairs. I saw him next afternoon.

"How is it?" I asked.

"We got no more than when I seen you yesterday, except cops found where Miller's bathrobe is. A cleaner's got it on Ninth Avenue. It has his name on it six inches high, so even precinct detectives could find that. I thought I'd tell Miller where it is."

We went to the gymnasium. Miller wasn't there. Uller said he would be in pretty soon. He came in presently and O'Malley told him where the bathrobe was.

"You're too late," Miller informed us. "I already got it. Another guy found it for me."

"What guy?" O'Malley asked.

"Not a cop. He's an old colored guy. He heard I lost the robe, so he came here this morning and said he'd find it for me. He had a glass ball hanging on a string. When he held the end of the string between his thumbs, the ball begun to swing, and he went which way it swang. I and some other guys from here went with him. When we came to a corner where we'd ought to turn, the ball swang that way. When it stopped swinging we was on Ninth Avenue in front of a cleaner's. So we went in and there the bathrobe was."

O'Malley seemed interested. "Who was this colored guy?" he asked.

The man had left a card. They showed it to us. It gave an address in Harlem.

"I guess you didn't none of you think to ask if the ball could find a gun," O'Malley remarked. "Did you have to do something before you found the bathrobe?"

"Sure," Miller said. "I had to touch the ball."

"That wouldn't work about the gun," Uller decided, "because we don't know who owned the gun."

"We got the bullet that come out of the gun," O'Malley declared. "The doctors took it out of that dead Burring. It might be that would be enough."

I left him. He phoned me next day.

"I thought you might want to know I seen that old colored guy," he told me. "He thinks maybe the ball can find the gun. He's going to try the job this evening. We start from headquarters."

WHEN the time came I went. O'Malley was at headquarters with a couple of plain-clothes cops and a very old colored man whom he introduced to me as Professor Washington. The professor had his glass ball. When O'Malley touched it with the bullet that had killed Burring the ball started swinging.

"Okay," O'Malley said. "We'll go."

The ball kept swinging toward the door, so we went that way. In the street we took a cab. We watched the ball swing and told the cabman what corners he must turn. It brought us to the arena. A sign said, "Boxing Tues. & Fri. Nites." I didn't see any cops; then I saw one cop at the door in uniform.

It was a rambling building with corridors and dressing rooms under the seats of the arena, and in other parts of the building there were offices. A fight was going on and we could hear the crowd yelling.

The ball swung toward an office, so we

went in. Then it brought us out and swung toward another office. We went into that one, then into several more. We went along several corridors and into a lot of rooms. We didn't find any gun. Then a plain-clothes cop appeared suddenly and yelled to O'Malley.

"Keep the professor working," O'Malley told the cops with us; but he and I ran after the cop that had yelled.

We followed him to the entrance of the building, and a police car was in front of the entrance, and the driver waited only long enough for the three of us to pile in. I saw we were following another car. It didn't stop for traffic lights and we didn't. It was heading toward the East River and we caught it just before it got there. We ran it against the curb and the two cars smashed together. Then I saw that the driver of the car was Uller, and under the cushion of his car O'Malley found a gun.

"How is this, O'Malley?" I demanded.

"I don't know a thing except I figure we got the right gun."

WE TOOK Uller to headquarters, and I waited to see how it would turn out. I walked up and down the hallway. A cop told me the police laboratory was testing the gun. Then cops began bringing people in. They brought in Miller and a couple of other boys I had seen at the gym, and the girl who worked in the gym office. Then a cop brought in Mrs. Burring. Then a couple of cops brought Edin. I waited a long while. When it began to be daylight, I decided I'd go home. I was getting into a cab in front of headquarters when O'Malley ran out and jumped in with me.

"Let's get some sleep," he said. "The case is over. That manager guy, Uller, killed his own fighter. It was a woman case, the way we thought it was. The girl in it is that pretty kid we seen in the office at the gym. Uller was crazy about her but Burring liked her and Uller didn't have no chance with her till Burring got married. After that she begun to go with Uller. But Burring's marriage didn't interest him more than about a month, then he begun on the quiet to meet the girl again. Uller didn't know that and Mrs. Burring didn't. Johnnie Edin knew it, though, and he was afraid what would happen if Mrs. Burring found it out.

"The night Burring got killed was when Uller learned what was going on. They was all at the fights. Burring had fixed it with his wife, after she seen him fight she was to go on home; he done that because he meant to meet the girl. Uller seen Burring in the dressing room after his fight, and quarreled with him about the girl, and Burring laughed at him. Uller shot him when they was walking along the corridor. Nobody heard the shot because the crowd was yelling.

"When Edin learned Burring had been shot, he went looking for Mrs. Burring. She is an emotional kid and Edin had been worried all along what she might do, and he didn't doubt now she had found out about the girl and had shot her husband. This Edin is a romantic guy and he confessed the crime to save her."

"A queer affair!" I said. "How was it about the gun?"

"Why, that was this way: After he shot Burring, Uller went back and joined the people he was with like nothing had happened. He still had the gun. When he learned cops had closed the doors and was searching everybody, he run up on the roof and stuck the gun inside a ventilator."

"Did that nonsense with Professor Washington really have anything to do with solving the case, O'Malley?"

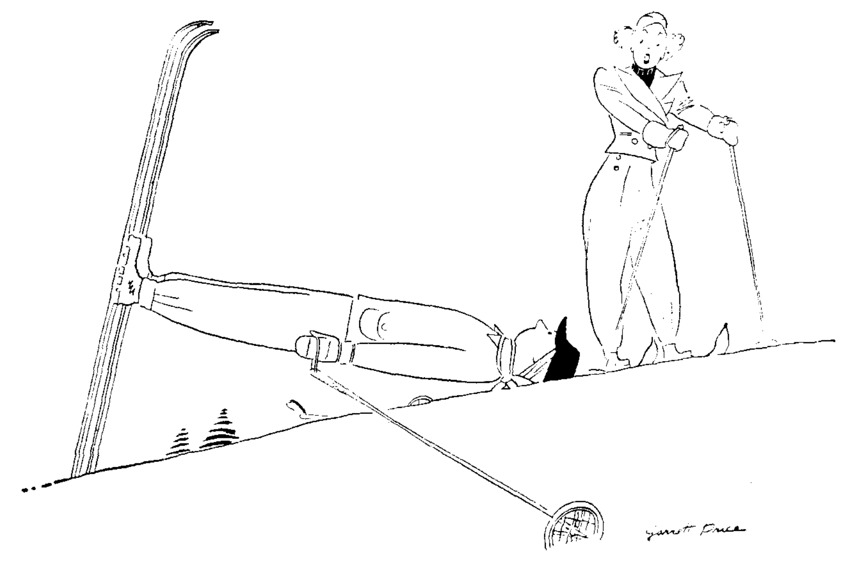
"Sure, that done all of it. One guy knew where the gun was—the guy that done the shooting. I wondered all along, was there some way to make him show us? When we heard about Miller's bathrobe, I seen these guys was superstitious. Then I remembered a guy in Harlem that found things with a glass ball. Precinct cops found the bathrobe, but I had told 'em not to let anybody know they found it. Then I told Professor Washington where it was and sent him to pretend to find it. Then I told the guys at the gym I thought he could find the gun. I figured they would tell everybody I was going to do that.

"It was a good chance the gun was still in the building. Whether it was or not, the professor might scare the guilty guy into trying to get rid of it before it got found and we might catch him. A good time to do that was when the next fights was held, because most of the same people would be there that had been there when Burring was shot. I told the guys at the gym when it would be, and I had the audience full of plain-clothes cops to watch whoever might act suspicious.

"Well, we pretty near missed that Uller because we hadn't been suspecting him. It wasn't till he was getting into his car that cops got suspicious of him. If he could have got to the river and thrown the gun in, he might have got away with it. But he didn't get there, and we had so much on him that he confessed."

"Smart work!" I stated.

"Yeah? I wouldn't ask no credit if the killer had turned out to be a fighter. Them guys bat each other over the head till they got no brains left. But managers are smart. It might be I'll get a mention for catching a manager."


"George, you're cold—we must go in immediately!" GARRETT PRICE

SORRY, JANE. LORD STAY-AT-HOME SAYS "NO"!
1. SO THE NEXT DAY AT BREAKFAST—
JUST IMAGINE, STAYING HOME EVERY NIGHT AT YOUR AGE. WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME PEP? AND THAT REMINDS ME —
2.
THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP — AND I'VE HEARD OF A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. YOU ARE GOING TO GET IT EVERY MORNING
3. SOMETIME LATER
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH BETTER I FEEL! THOSE VITAMINS ARE WONDERFUL THINGS, PEGGY!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL — CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B-D) ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES
Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

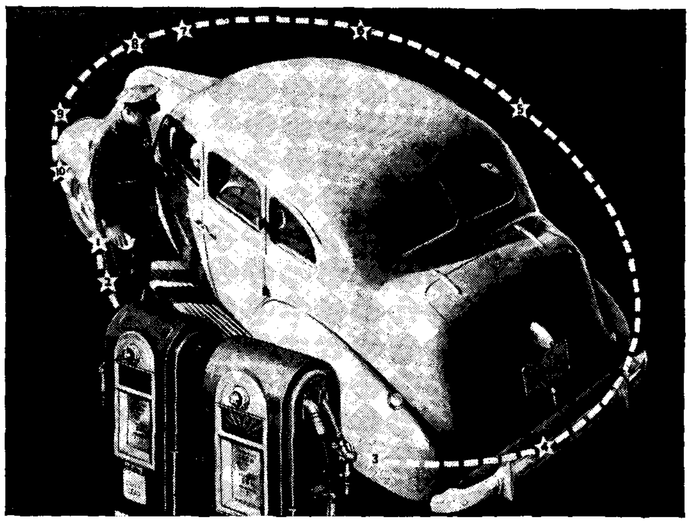
*Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoonful of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Everywhere

You will fin

YOU BUY ONE...YOU GET

1 FIRE-CHIEF. Here's a fast-firing, emergency-duty fuel... sold at the same price as "regular" gasoline. When you come in for Fire-Chief, you get these three extra services, free...



2 *Circle Service*. The one-quick-trip-around-your-car, 10-point check-up. We clean windshield, rear window, lights; check oil, water, etc. Helps keep your car in better condition.

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainm

Copyright 1939, by
The Texas Company

• • •

HOMELIKE
TEXACO
AHEAD

FOUR at TEXACO DEALERS

REGISTERED
REST ROOM

3 ***REGISTERED*** **REST ROOMS.** We have pledged you *clean*, *safe*, fully equipped rest rooms regularly inspected by the "White Patrol." Look for the green and white curb signs.

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

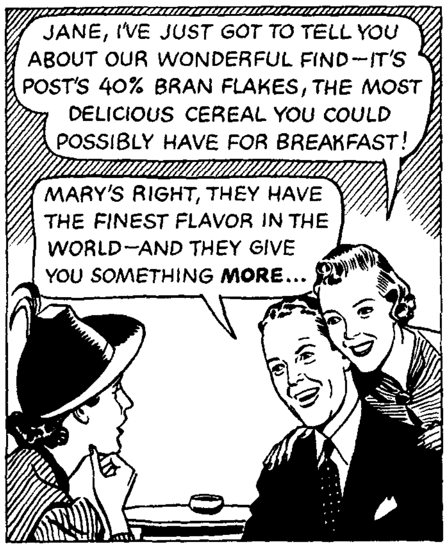
4 **COURTESY.** Cheerfulness and courtesy count with us . . . because we know they count with *you*. We believe you will appreciate our extra services, helpfulness, and extra values.

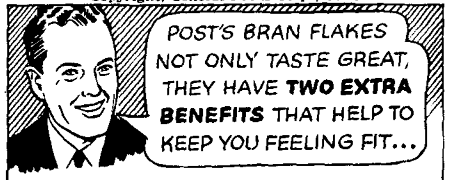
very Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief Gasoline, Texaco Motor Oil—Insulated, Insulated Havoline Oil, Marfak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.

WE'VE DISCOVERED EACH OTHER ALL OVER AGAIN!...
SINCE WE DISCOVERED THIS MARVELOUS-TASTING CEREAL!

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1939


JANE, I'VE JUST GOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT OUR WONDERFUL FIND—IT'S POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES, THE MOST DELICIOUS CEREAL YOU COULD POSSIBLY HAVE FOR BREAKFAST!
MARY'S RIGHT, THEY HAVE THE FINEST FLAVOR IN THE WORLD—AND THEY GIVE YOU SOMETHING MORE...

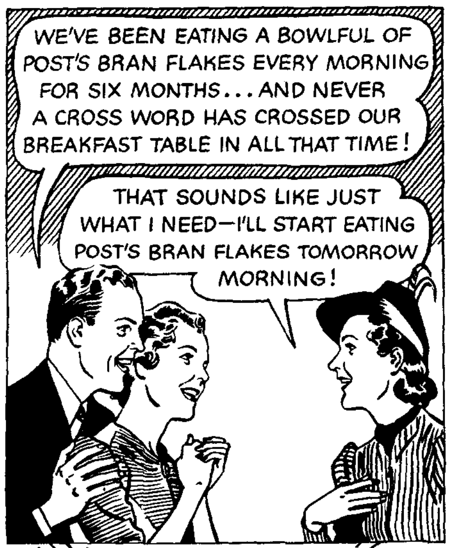

POST'S BRAN FLAKES NOT ONLY TASTE GREAT, THEY HAVE TWO EXTRA BENEFITS THAT HELP TO KEEP YOU FEELING FIT...

How Post's Bran Flakes can help you:

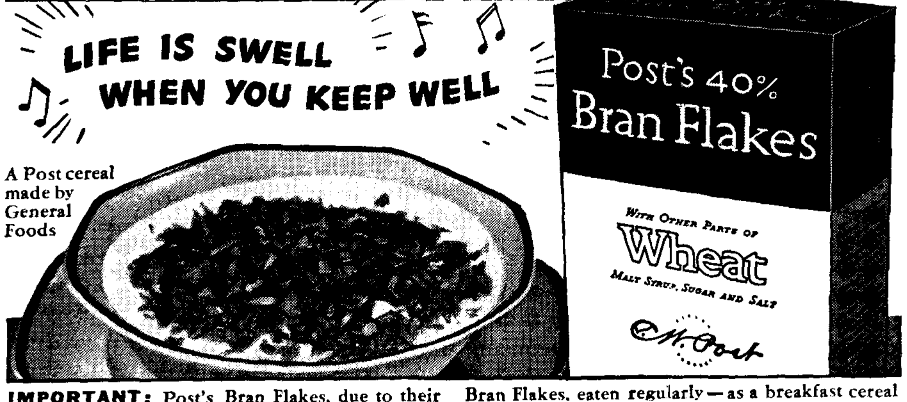
First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a natural *regulator,* that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

Second, Post's Bran Flakes are rich in phosphorus and iron, and are an excellent source of Vitamin B_1 for appetite and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a real treat, and to help you keep fit!


WE'VE BEEN EATING A BOWLFUL OF POST'S BRAN FLAKES EVERY MORNING FOR SIX MONTHS... AND NEVER A CROSS WORD HAS CROSSED OUR BREAKFAST TABLE IN ALL THAT TIME!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE JUST WHAT I NEED—I'LL START EATING POST'S BRAN FLAKES TOMORROW MORNING!

A FEW MONTHS LATER...
I'M SO GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR TELLING ME ABOUT POST'S BRAN FLAKES, MARY... THEY'RE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS, AND JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO KEEP MY SYSTEM IN ORDER!
YES, ISN'T IT GRAND, JANE, THAT SIMPLY EATING A MARVELOUS-TASTING CEREAL EVERY MORNING CAN GIVE YOU SUCH WONDERFUL EXTRA BENEFITS!


LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post

A Post cereal made by General Foods

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

The Thunderbirds

Continued from page 17

"Let's get this settled. You don't like races—and you despise racers. Correct?"

"I love races. I even like the racers." There was a twinkle in her eye. "Don't get me roused, Smoky."

"Come on—shoot!"

"It's this picture I don't like. There's a hill out there four thousand feet high. Tomorrow sixty runners will come down it over a course that is deliberately made hard. And over at the hotel, they are making some of the rooms into a temporary hospital."

"But even if there were no race, even if they were only playing on the hill, there might be accidents."

"A bruise or two—not the sort of thing that will happen tomorrow. Tomorrow the pace will be set by half a dozen hotheads who will come driving straight down, taking the one chance in a thousand that they'll be on their feet at the finish."

"That's not skiing," he said. "That's foolishness."

"But that is the spirit that rules our races just now. The will to win at any cost." She was quite simple and serious about it. "And the cost is too high if it's costing us our good sportsmanship and the feeling that all skiers, the good ones and the punks, are out there not because they want to win, but because they like to ski. And I blame you thunderbirds who go from meet to meet for making our races into sport-page stuff."

"Ah, it's just another race," he said easily. "You can take 'em or leave 'em."

SHE shook her head. "I've been here and I know. You get so that you hate to lose. Once you are at the top, the fever begins to burn—and away you go hellahooting, the thunderbirds, the human cannon balls. And, of course, it isn't you who get hurt—you are older, more experienced—it's the youngsters who follow you down."

"Well, after all, this is a senior race. You aren't supposed to be in it unless you are tougher than two sticks and a bit of string."

Her eyes were blazing but her voice was low and controlled:

"All right, Mr. Smith. You don't need to tell us how tough you are. But you better be awfully good tomorrow, for there will be runners there who won't care how tough you are."

"Bet on that?" he grinned.

"Yes, I'll bet on it! The field against you. Whatever you like."

"Dinner tomorrow night—and you'll ski with me the day after if you lose."

"I'm engaged for dinner and the day after, but if you win, I'll break it. It's a bet."

He left her ruefully. He had tried to treat the matter lightly and had met with a signal lack of success. In some way he had grievously offended her.

Afterward, he went in search of Hoppo. He found the gang holed up in the Greenwood kitchen, Hoppo, Lehman the Swiss, the two Wares, and other runners—deep in the shop talk of skiing, which is endless.

"In my country," Lehman was saying, "we have the high mountains with long open slopes. Nossing but ze snow. But zere iss a place we go tomorrow, where the course runs into a ravine and the trees are everywhere—you call it?"

"Cherry Blossom Lane."

"Yes. Ach! I know a tree is harder than me—I do not invite the question—but you fellows come out of a gun at them, as if they would jump to one side."

"We mow 'em down," said Hoppo. "What do we care for splinters? Some day we'll have more sense and put control flags up there." He looked at his watch. "Well, it's bedtime for good little runners. You know, the worst of these damn' races is that you spend the night before running them in your sleep."

"So?" said the Swiss. "In my country, we have that custom too."

HOPPO had hooked a quart of milk for a nightcap. As they lay in bed sipping, they heard the front door bang and a medley of voices raised in welcome. Someone knocked lightly.

"Barge in," commanded Hoppo. . . . "Well—if it isn't old Mother Harriston come to see that her boys are tucked up! Against the rules, too, ducky—come on in."

She saluted gravely. She wore only a short cloak of white fur over her dancing dress and Hoppo was indignant about it. "Running about like that on a cold night! You'll catch your death."

She sat on the side of his bed and pushed his head back to the pillow.

"I'm just staying a minute. How do you feel about the race, Hoppo?"

"Pretty good."

"Care to put a small bet on yourself?"

"Nothing stirring."

She looked across at Smoky. "I was rude to you tonight. It was doubly wrong of me because you are a stranger here. Please forget the things I said—and our bet is off. We have a superstition about this race—a runner can't bet on himself and win."

"I was too cocky anyway," said Smoky. "Don't know what got into me. But I wish you would let the bet stand."

"I'll take the bet for you, whatever it is," said Hoppo. "Thus crossing up the local superstition."

The girl looked from one to the other. "You certainly stick up for your pals, Hoppo. Let it stand, then, good night and good luck to you both."

The door closed behind her.

Hoppo scratched his head thoughtfully. "Now what do you suppose that was all about?"

"Listen, Hoppo, why has she such a down on races?"

"She hasn't. She loves races—it's in her blood. And she's the sweetest skier you ever saw. But she won't race any more. Last year in the St. Ugo race her kid brother cracked up badly. Hurt his back."

"I see. . . . I put my foot in it all right, Hoppo. I'm for that girl, all the way."

"Yeah. You and me and forty other guys. However, you can dream about her if you like."

NEXT morning, in the brilliant sunshine, with the new snow light and fast, the runners climbed Mount Ugo. At eleven o'clock they were assembled at the hut above the tree line. The starter would send the first runner over the line at noon, the rest would follow at intervals of one minute. There was a feeling of exhilarated tension. Unable to keep still, they kept moving about, fiddling with their tackle, waxing again their already waxed skis.

The telephone in the hut shrilled. It was the timer from below.

"We're all set here. The time is now 11:55."

"Okay."

The starters moved to the post.

"Number one, Linhay."

A runner slid into position, his ski points overhanging the timing wire.

"Thirty seconds," said the starter, watch in hand.

The runner did a little dance, thrusting his skis against the snow so that the wax would not check.

"Five—four—three—two—one—go!"

The runner flung himself over the edge, poling furiously and dropped swiftly down the slope.

"Number two, Bowen. . . ."

TEN minutes later, Art Malden, wearing a big 12 pinned to his back, stood beside Smoky with a face as white as the snow. He was a slight youngster, tense as drawn wire. "Gee! I hate this waiting—I wish I were down."

"Forget it. You'll feel great when you get going."

"That's all right for you—but I feel as if I were heading for trouble. Don't run over me, Smoky." He pulled his visor down tight and moved into position. Thirty seconds later he dropped off the edge and rode at the mouth of the trail into the trees without swerve or check.

"Zowie! That kid was traveling."

"Number thirteen, Smith."

Released, the first movements seemed leaden, an awkward explosion against immobility and then his skis were slipping with ever-growing swiftness. He moved his weight on them to get the feel—the green tunnel of the trees came up at him and he swung into it with a fluid tempo turn that sped him on unchecked. Crouching to avoid wind resistance, he fled down through the timber and ran into a clearing on the top of a broken bit of cliff. He christied on the edge, held it as he picked out his line, and plunged over the steepest, smoothest part of the cliff.

This was the first of the two dreaded *schusses,* a balanced dive down the mountain. It was as if he had stepped off a high building. The cold air rushed up at him—he hung far forward over his ski points. Now he was really riding—even with the protection of his visor he could scarcely see. He held his knees loose for the rise at the bottom, coming away from the jolt that would have tossed him into the air. There were holes in the snow where some of those ahead had been thrown.

He skidded down the flank of a bald knoll in a cloud of snow to drop into a ravine. Cherry Blossom Lane had been named with grim humor, for here the trail twisted dangerously down around the gnarled trunks of cedars. Already, with only twelve runners through it, the snow was gouged and carved into solid ruts. It was on this part of the trail that the experts with their mastery of varied turns and stemming control piled up a lead and it was at this bush-running that Smith excelled. Without an awkward check, with hips and shoulders a-swing, he bobbed down the lane as if it were a slalom course and the trees no more dangerous than flags.

Once out of the lane, the runner, with legs trembling from the strain of stemming, must set himself for Woody Corner. This is a blind bend in the trail, halfway down a rough slope. At the corner is a hump that lifts the skier from the snow, so that if his turn is begun too late he is thrown into the trees on the edge of the bend. Woody Corner is definitely a dangerous spot and the snow on the side of the course was powdered where the runners tried to sideslip away some of their speed.

Smoky rode down at it, unswerving. The shift of weight, the swing of his shoulders had begun to turn him before his skis felt the lift of the hump and he pulled them away from it, tucking up his legs, so that he came around the corner in the air. He saw it at once but for one pulse of time the black 12 staring upward from the snow was disembodied, inexplicable. Then he saw that it was Malden lying beneath his skis and he flung himself violently sideways into the trees. The impact knocked his wind out. He felt dully a rain of blows as he broke through the branches and rolled over and over to the foot of the slope.

The racing instinct lifted him still dazed to his feet. He felt as if he had been pulled apart—his mouth gaped for air and there was blood upon his face—but he moved, he was all in one piece—and he turned his skis downhill. Then he looked back up the hill. Malden lay sprawled in the trail, face down.

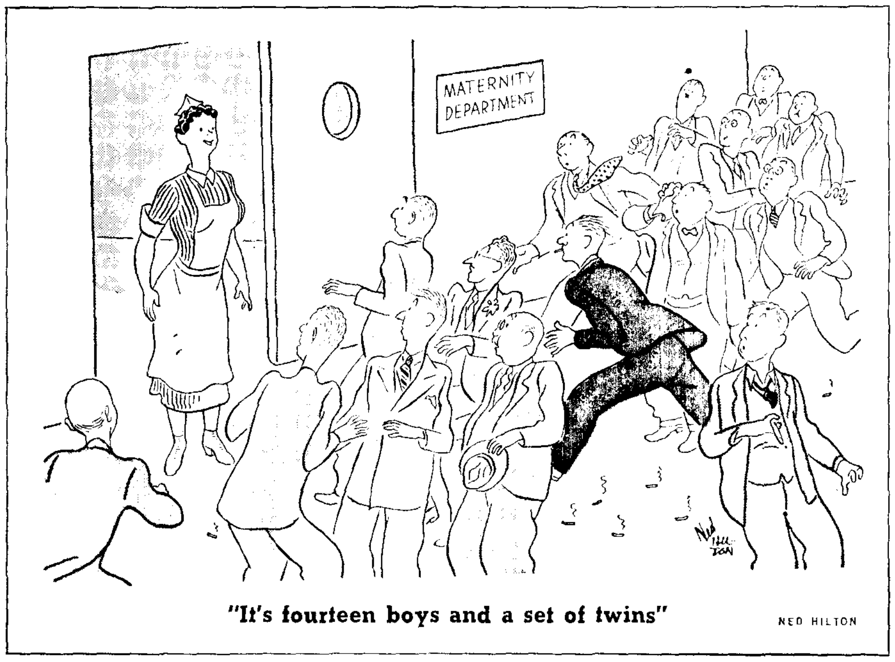
"Malden, get up!"

BUT Malden lay unmoving and Smoky knew what had happened. He had come around the corner out of control, knocked himself cold against a tree and fallen back into the trail. He was lying just around the bend where he could not be seen by a runner coming down and in a little more than sixty seconds another would come booming around that bend and his steel-edged skis would be plowing into Malden before he saw him—unless, like Smoky, he was able to throw himself to one side. And after that, another and another.

"Malden, get up!"

The figure twitched and lay still again. The nearest first-aid station was at the foot of the long *schuss.* Smoky could be there in a few seconds but the boys would take a long time to climb up. In the stillness, he heard a faraway hum, the noise of the spectators down in the valley. They were waiting for him, straining upward to see his figure grow black against the sky, come smoking down on the snow spume, to feel the thrill of his bulletlike passing.

Impatient, he flexed his muscles for

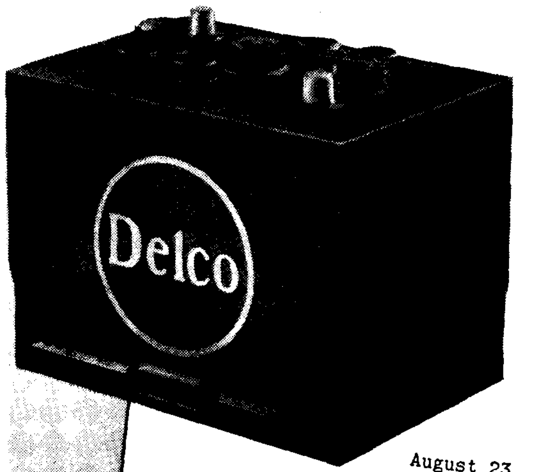


"It's fourteen boys and a set of twins"

NED HILTON

and yet I have
this battery. The other
attendant to check my battery and he
me that the battery was fully charged and in
excellent condition.
This is the first time I have ever
written a testimonial letter of any kind, but I
am so well pleased with the performance of this
Delco battery that I feel the least I can do is
to write and tell you how good that battery has
been.
Yours very truly,
Irving Zitmore
Irving Zitmore
4832 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

There's always a first, Mr. Zitmore, and in batteries, it's Delco



The leadership of Delco batteries cannot be disputed. They are standard equipment on all General Motors cars. This position has been won by proven performance under all sorts of weather conditions—performance that has been *built into the battery* by extreme care in manufacturing. Your Delco dealer will recommend the right size and type of Delco battery to give you complete satisfaction.

August 23, 1938

General Motors Delco Division
Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen:

I purchased a 1936 Standard Chevrolet Coach from Donohoe Chevrolet Inc., 1620 M Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., approximately thirty months ago. That car was equipped with a Delco battery. My car has been constantly in use daily and yet I have never had to service or charge this battery. The other day I had a service attendant to check my battery and he reported to me that the battery was fully charged and in excellent condition.

This is the first time I have ever written a testimonial letter of any kind, but I am so well pleased with the performance of this Delco battery that I feel the least I can do is to write and tell you how good that battery has been.

Yours very truly,
Irving Zitmore
Irving Zitmore

4832 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

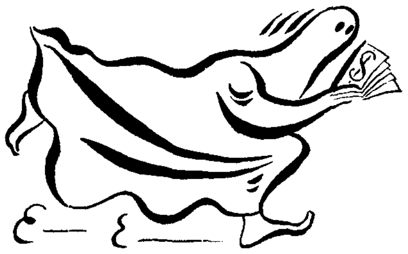
World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Who said it FIRST?

There are certain phrases and slogans which express a thought or truth so aptly, say so much in so few unforgettable words, that they endure as part of the common language. They add friendly warmth to everyday speech, bring forth an affectionate smile when they are spoken. Like well-loved tunes, they play upon the heart strings. A nationally known radio dramatist tells you here how a few of these classic lines started.

"Tomorrow the Ghost Walks"

In other words, "Tomorrow is pay day." Tradition traces this popular saying to London and the days when Shakespeare managed his own company of players. Shakespeare played the Ghost in "Hamlet"; he also acted as paymaster. The actors, with British humor, connected ghost and wages.



"A Man's House Is His Castle"

This statement was made famous, over three centuries ago, by Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of England. Sir Edward was sometimes cranky, cruel, crude; but he was also a lover of liberty. If a man's house is indeed his castle today, it is in no small measure due to the life and labors of Sir Edward Coke.

"A Philadelphia Lawyer"

The high reputation of Philadelphia lawyers in solving complicated problems dates back to 1735 when Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia, in an exciting and dramatic trial, successfully defended John Peter Zenger, Albany newspaper publisher, against charges of political libel. Thus freedom of the press was born along with a phrase now used the world over.

"The Queen Has No Legs"

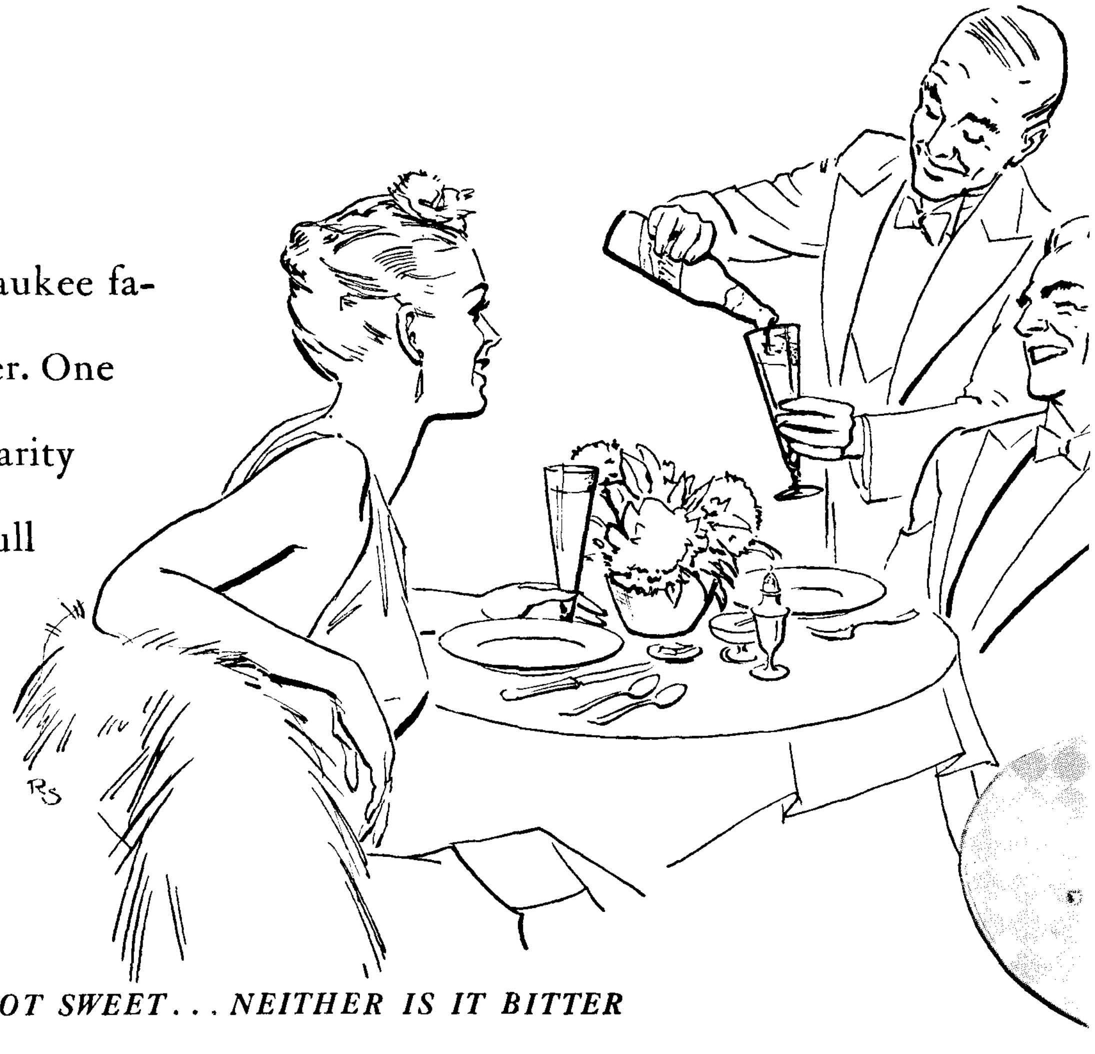
Don't be alarmed. She was a Spanish queen who lived three hundred years ago, and there was really nothing the matter with her. The phrase, a sort of high-light in the history of snobbery, was uttered by a court official when someone dared to offer Her Majesty a gift of silk hose. "The Queen of Spain has no legs," he bellowed; and

---

THAT *Famous Flavor* MADE SCHLITZ *the*

that made Milwaukee

The Beer that made Milwaukee famous is neither sweet nor bitter. One reason for the world-wide popularity of Schlitz is that it achieves the full tang and rich goodness of true beer—*without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt.* Supreme among its virtues is its fresh, clean after-taste.

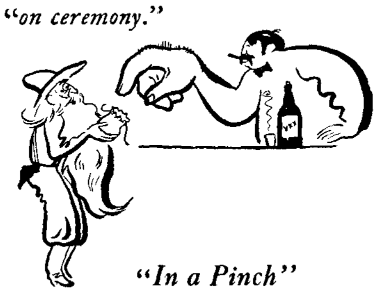


Copr. 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION MEMBER

Dry... NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER threw the stockings in the donor's face.

P. S.—One historian tries to explain, by saying that the lady stood *"on ceremony."*



"In a Pinch"

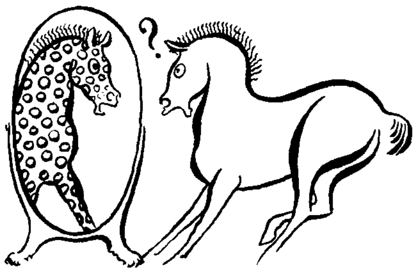
In the California Gold Rush days, gold dust was often used for money. A miner buying a drink would hold out his pouch, and the bartender would take a pinch of dust between thumb and finger. Some bartenders could pick up a lot of dust at one time; and even now, discussing finances, we sometimes ask, "How much can you raise *in a pinch?*"

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success"

These words were uttered by doctors who witnessed the first public use of sulphuric ether in a surgical operation, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, October 16, 1846. Doubts had been expressed as to whether the patient would be rendered insensible to pain. The first public demonstration dispelled these doubts, and the success of ether anesthesia was assured.

"On With the Dance"

This command made its debut in high society when, in 1816, the romantic Lord Byron put it into his poetic work, "Childe Harold," where it appears as "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

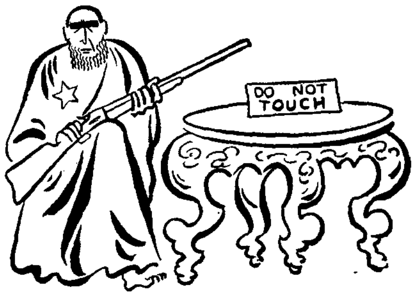


"Horse of Another Color"

This phrase originated more than a century ago. Admiral Nagle admired a cream-colored horse in the stables of George IV. Next day the King delighted Nagle by giving him a horse which had been painted the fashionable color. It promptly turned black when ridden in the rain. "It's a horse of another color," laughed the court. The King followed his joke a few days later by sending the Admiral a cream-colored horse of great value.

"Turn the Tables"

In the days of Cicero, two thousand years ago, men of fashion spent huge sums of money on tables. Cicero's own table cost about five hundred dollars; one rich man had a table worth its *weight in gold.* When such men scolded their wives for extravagance,



the good ladies would say, "Well, what about your tables?" To this day, when we use a man's own arguments against him, it is said that we are "turning the tables."

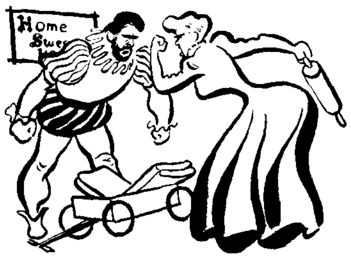
LET GEORGE DO IT!

"Let George Do It"

In other words, "Push the job off on someone else." The original *George* lived four hundred years ago. He was an easy-going French politician whose friends were always getting him to do things for them. Their way of passing the buck was to say, "Let George do it."

"Bring Home the Bacon"

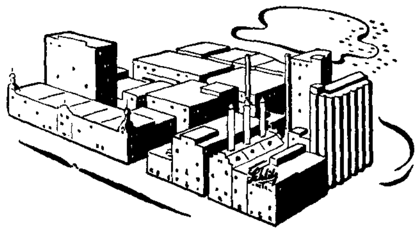
Seven hundred years ago, Robert Fitzwalter established an annual ceremony at Dunmow, England, in which husbands and wives of one year appeared before a magistrate. Those who could swear that they had not quarreled during that time were given a supply



of bacon. The custom is still observed, and the young couples are annually exhorted to "bring home the bacon."

"The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"

Known to your father and his father before him, this is one of the happiest slogans that ever grew out of a fact. Schlitz *had* to be *good* to make a city famous. You have only to open a famous brown bottle and taste that famous flavor to understand.



Beer Famous

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

"Woman, You're Tempting Me" said the train-catcher★

And I was. "Horace," I said, "have another." He said "yep" as above — grabbed the glass (chilled Del Monte Pineapple Juice was in it). Swallowed it (the juice only) — said "Gosh, that's *good*" — kissed the air alongside my nose and ran a dead heat with the 8:10 — whistling louder than the train.

Joy and Del Monte Pineapple Juice — there's a smart combination for *any* morning. And that crisp "come alive" pineapple flavor is so gloriously *right* for breakfast — or *any* time for that matter. Makes you feel like a million, tax exempt!

Be sure, though, you get Del Monte Pineapple Juice — the kind that's pressed *fresh* and *packed* fresh from upper bracket pineapples. Just pure, natural, unsweetened pineapple juice — nothing added, nothing removed. Del Monte never gilds the lily! So tempt yourself — soon! It's a wonderful idea. Because it works.

★Even if your husband drives to work, or rides a bike or the "El," or walks — no matter. You'll still get the same answer.

It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice

flight. Malden was merely out for a moment, he would be back on his feet directly. There was no need for him to throw away his race— He hesitated. Then he turned back up the hill.

It was heartbreaking work, his paraffined skis slid back with every step, the precious seconds flew by. Malden had a big blue lump on his temple, he was as limp as a hose but there seemed to be no broken bones. Smoky heaved him up and the boy rolled down the slope. He caught his arm, intending to pull him off the trail, when Malden began to struggle.

"Atta baby! On your feet!"

Malden revived almost as quickly as he had gone out. He was on his knees, his gaze still blank, trying to get his feet under him. Smoky knew that for him there had been no lapse of time. He had fallen—he was up again.

Smoky heard a wild yell from above him—Number fourteen had finished with Cherry Blossom Lane. He was too late now—the handicap was too big—

He shot from the tops of his poles in a *gelandesprung*. It was as if a current of speed were flowing down the trail and caught him up. He skimmed down the feared Poison Alley—swerved round a group of first-aiders lifting a hurt runner—and tipped over the edge of the *long schuss*, the fastest, smoothest part of the mountain. The course was spread out below him. He saw the two tongues of spectators reaching up to him, small and dark like insects. In a few seconds, they would be life-size with smears for faces. Farther below he saw them making a big oval where the trail turned sharply away from the Rockwell, where an old landslide had bared a band of hard rock and spread a tumbled fan of earth and boulders below it. That was a good place to stand—there was always some spectacular skiing to be seen there, for the *schuss* flung the runners at the turn like missiles from a slingshot.

He whistled down the *schuss*, crouched and compact and, coming into the turn, he straightened, made two neat, close-footed swerves, leaning far inward over his skidding skis, slipping away some of his speed. Then, instead of turning left around the Rockwell, he shot straight over it and heard the scream that was ripped from the crowd.

The Rockwell made a drop of fifteen feet. He landed below it, precisely where he wanted to land, where the snow slanted steeply away from its foot. His skis went *plumpff* and sank deep but the strength in his ankles held him up. Knee-deep he rolled the whiteness down the steps of covered rock and jumped again from the last one. Then his skis were on the packed snow of the home stretch—nothing more to do but crouch forward on quivering legs. The ranks of people closed in on him, the finishing banner flew past. He forced his tired body into a Christiania turn.

HE WAS packing his kit bag in the clubhouse when Laney marched in.

"I've come to gloat," she said. "So the great Smoky bit the dust."

"Sure did. Plowed up half your mountain with my face."

"So I see. I told you it was tough. 'They don't come any tougher than me,' quoth he, 'I'll show these bums.' You showed them all right. Hoppo first, Lehman second—and the great Smoky nowhere."

He chuckled.

"What—no alibis?"

He buckled the last strap of his kit bag and stood up.

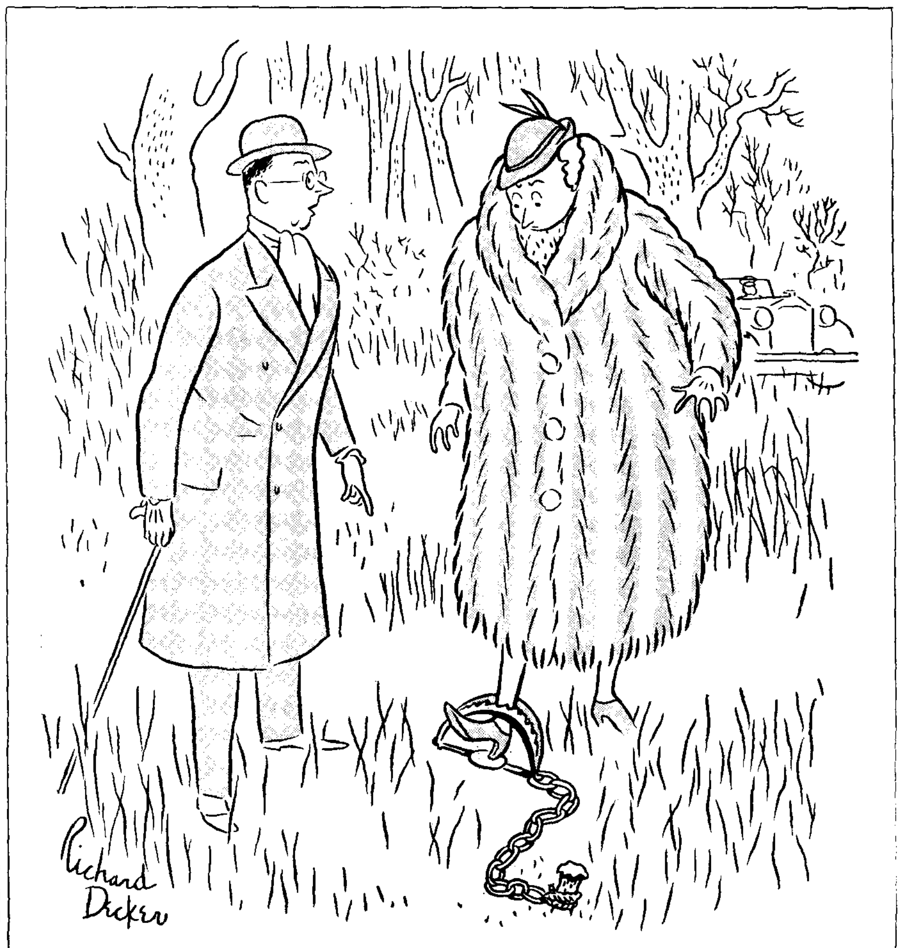
"No alibis," he said slowly, "but you were right about one thing. Sometimes it's hard to lose."

Her eyes were very blue and smiling.

"Would you care to have dinner with me, Smoky? I think you won your bet. I think you won that race by about thirty seconds and broke the record—taking out the time you lost going back up that hill. I was up on the mountain—I saw you through field glasses. So I guess you deserve a bonus. Catch, Smoky!"

Something skimmed through the air into his hands. He heard the clatter of her boots as she ran down the stairs.

Smoky smoothed the nap of the little Swiss hat with his sleeve and put it carefully on the bureau. Then he leaped for the window. He hoped as he jumped that there was lots of snow down there.



"I warned you against wearing a fur coat in the country"

RICHARD DECKER

Dirt Cheap

Continued from page 12

kid him for getting no better than a red ribbon with any of the dogs. But it wasn't a joke—it didn't back up his slogan, "Let me handle your dog—I show to win." He was glad of the chance to stall it off, when he saw the freshly painted sign swinging off the road: *Airedale Puppies for Sale—Cheap.*

Bill was not quite certain about what makes a man want to own the best physically setup specimen of dog. Angus figured it was the perfectly human desire for perfection—and for all Bill knew maybe this was true. He handled all kinds for other people, from salukis to Afghan monkey dogs—but he had never owned anything himself except Airedales. That's why he felt doubly discouraged over Bert Wall beating his Cavalier.

He didn't expect to find anything interesting behind this roadside sign. People with good dogs never advertised them "Cheap." But his sister Ann, who loved antiques, wouldn't even pass up a "Rummage" ad, and dog signs affected Bill like that.

WHAT Bill saw of the place, after he had parked his wagon and walked up the driveway, didn't hearten him. Years back, this must have been a pretty nice estate—but he hadn't lived in Bucks County anywhere nearly that long. Now it was a rambling, run-down house, very big and paintless, with a lot of uncared-for lawn, filled with rusted, fancywork iron benches, and some exceedingly rickety-looking outbuildings. Then he recognized an old car parked near the house—it was that redheaded girl's car. He was heading toward the barn when a man in overalls met him.

"I want to see the Airedale puppies," Bill told him.

The man took him out to a chicken-wired yard. He was like the house—old, run-down and, from the looks of his whiskers, also in need of a pruning.

"These your puppies?" Bill asked, thinking that maybe they belonged to the girl.

"No," the other said, "but I can do business with you." He didn't look like a man up to doing business with anybody. "There they are. A fine lot."

Just for a minute, it crossed Bill's mind that at one time he may have been a butler, or a gardener, or something secure like that. Then he followed the pointing finger.

Bill saw a lot of eight- or nine-months-old, ordinary-looking puppies moving restlessly around, nipping at one another or frolicking. Then he saw something else. It made him stand quite still for a minute. Past experience made Bill start to shake his head. But he didn't actually shake it—he really wasn't mistaken. He moved over quickly to the fence, indicated the puppy nearest the barn door.

"Keeping that one, huh?"

The man shook his head. "You mean Bobby? No—we're not keeping him. He's for sale—all of them are. Would you care to have him out?"

BILL didn't want to make a fool of himself. All the rest of these puppies might be for sale cheap, but of course that couldn't include this one—this Bobby. He came out of his confusion to see the man wrestling with the puppy.

"Here you are, sir. He's a real friendly one. He'll make you a good pet."

Bill scarcely heard him. He had taken the puppy by the scruff of his neck, and was saying, "Haven't you a table or something I can stand him on? Haven't you *anything?*"

They found an old packing case. The dog was licking Bill's hands happily, and it was a job to get him up on top. Bill opened his mouth first, because he didn't want to be disappointed. The jaw-set was perfect; teeth fitted like a bear-trap. That muzzle might have been carved out of a block of hickory. Bill held the puppy's head back, inspecting his eyes—not in the shadow, because he didn't want to fool himself. They were dark as hazelnuts. His ears were small, held high. Bill looked at his back, awesomely short and straight. His saddle was the densest, wiriest, blackest thing Bill had ever seen. And even before Bill looked, he knew his ribs would be well sprung, the legs straight and big-boned as sequoias.

"Yes, sir," repeated the old man, "Bobby would make anybody a mighty fine companion and he's pretty cheap—for a dog Miss Jane likes so much. You could get him for twenty dollars."

Bill said slowly, with something roaring in his ears like the surge of an ocean floor, "You mean you're selling *that* dog for twenty dollars."

The old man explained: "He's got real good breeding. We've got his papers. I'll show them to you. Or you could get the others for ten. Miss Jane likes this one, so twenty isn't too much. I can close the deal now," he urged.

Then the redheaded girl who had almost run Bill and his dogs into the ditch suddenly came around the side of the barn. "Good evening," she said. "Holder, don't haggle. Twenty dollars is a fair price for Bobby."

SHE wasn't merely beautiful in a stupefying way, but like Cinderella, was also poor—and very sure of herself, too. Bill had seen rich girls in old hats before, but never a pretty, rich girl in an old plain hat. This one would have made anybody else look like the Witch of Endor, but only made her look miraculously blue-eyed and red-haired.

Then, all at once, Bill got hold of himself. Dogs were something he knew all about. "I don't think you realize what you're doing," he said to the girl. "I'm Bill Carey, and I run a kennel over on Potato Hill with my partner, Angus MacDuffie. It would be very foolish of you to sell your dog for twenty dollars."

Just for a minute, her blue eyes settled on him. Then he realized that he was talking to the same girl who had almost run into him. "We've always had dogs," she said confidently, "dogs and tulips. You needn't feel afraid of taking advantage of old dog people like Holder and me."

Holder nodded at Bill, uncertainly. Bill could see that neither of them knew anything about dogs—show dogs.

"Look," Bill said determinedly, "I'll give you two hundred for him. Right now, I need a dog like this in my kennel—badly. If he doesn't go coarse, I'll make it an even—"

The girl said, "Holder, you told him the price—I heard you."

"Yes, Miss Jane," said Holder gloomily. "Twenty dollars."

"Very well," the girl told Bill, "you can take it or leave it. We don't want to rob anybody—all we want is what's coming to us." She added, with some thoughtfulness, "I'd think that in these times you'd need two hundred dollars. You ought to hold on to your money—or maybe you're just dog-crazy."

Bill couldn't speak for a moment. He was being driven into this. Later he would get his bearings and figure out how to make up the difference to her. But he couldn't do it now. Everything

TRUE-or False?

Nearly everybody drinks coffee every day...and you'd be amazed at how little they really know about their favorite beverage. And how much they know — that isn't true! Here are a few facts and falsities about the world's most popular drink.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

YOU TASTE COFFEE WITH YOUR NOSE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

The only sensations of taste you get with your tongue are sweet, bitter, acid and salt. The real coffee "flavor" that you enjoy actually comes from the aroma which stimulates the nerves through which we smell, located in the upper part of the nose.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE HELPS YOU SLEEP.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Here is what actual laboratory tests on men and women show. Coffee is a pick-up. It exhilarates. Dispels drowsiness and fatigue. Body and brain both become thoroughly wide-awake. But . . . the action wears off in two hours with 97 out of 100 people. And after this two-hour period coffee neither helps you to sleep nor keeps you from it. You can drink all the coffee you want after dinner, and by bedtime you'll never know the difference.

Statement in headline above* is False.

Coffee Combats Autointoxication

COFFEE COMBATS AUTOINTOXICATION.* True? ☐ False? ☐

From "Coffee: The Epic of a Commodity" by H. E. Jacob . . ."In the joints of the arms and legs it dispels the paralyzing accumulation of the products of fatigue, i.e. autointoxicant poisons. It increases the vigor of the skeletal muscles, promotes the activity of the kidneys. Every cell of the human body is, as it were, renovated as soon as coffee reaches it." Coffee does combat autointoxication.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE MAKES YOUR BRAIN FUNCTION BETTER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Students at examination time, writers concentrating on a plot, psychologists studying mental reactions . . . all know how coffee quickens the brain. Milton A. Bridges, M.D., in his book "Dietetics for the Clinician" says, "Coffee exerts a direct action upon the higher centers of the nervous system. It induces mental clarity, facilitating the reception of sensory impressions and the removal of the sense of fatigue."

Statement in the headline above* is True.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

Copyright 1939, Pan American Coffee Bureau, New York City

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

Cool and bracing as the ocean, Ingram's needs no after-lotion!

Give your face that soothing, bracing Ingram's coolness!

INGRAM'S gives you speedy action, wilts down the meanest whiskers in double-quick time and makes them easy prey for your blade. And all the time you feel that unique Ingram's difference—that soothing, freshening, comforting COOLNESS. Sign on for a new deal in protection from shaving burns and irritation. Get the thrifty tube or the economical jar at your druggist's *today!*

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

was happening too fast for him—and he had to have this dog.

"All right," he said slowly, "I'll take him. Here's my check," and got out the check book and fountain pen.

She went into the barn, returning with a paper. "Here's the bill of sale. I'll send you his pedigree. But first, before I take your money, I want to be honest." She was looking at him seriously. "Frankly, I can't guarantee that there's nothing wrong with Bobby. I hope you understand this."

Bill looked down at the puppy struggling to reach her with his long, friendly tongue.

"For example," said the girl, "if Bobby had rickets. Sometimes puppies have them. It's not at all rare. Puppies, you know, are liable to have anything."

Bill didn't laugh because she was being so conscientious. But he did look down at the legs of that dog, which were like fine gun barrels. If he had rickets they must be invisible.

"But if you take him now, of course anything that may happen later doesn't count," she said. "What I mean is, a sale is a sale. That's only fair—isn't it?"

"Sure," Bill said chokingly. "Yes—that's only fair."

HE GAVE her his check, stuffed the bill of sale in his pocket, and stumbled off to the station wagon. He did not put Bobby in the back with the rest of the dogs. He kept him in front and drove back to the kennels, trying to believe he was not dreaming. He had it at last—*knew* that he had it! All told, he had bred, owned or handled some six hundred dogs, and this was the pick. This dog would not only be a champion, but he would set them on their feet again with gilt-edged publicity and fine stock.

But he also knew that this girl couldn't even guess what a canine bonanza she had given away. She simply didn't know a damn' thing about dogs. Then Bill braked the car, shut off the engine, and saw Angus MacDuffie, sour and leisurely, strolling down the steps to the car.

"Scotchman dies of heart failure," Bill thought, eying his approaching partner. "All right, Angus—here it comes on the chin."

Bill vaguely wished that Angus hadn't come to meet him. He would have liked to put it off, thinking about Angus' expression when he saw this dog. But he didn't intend to be hurried. He called, "Just a minute, Angus. Wait till I get a leash. I've got something to show you."

Angus sat down on a big rock and waited.

Bill took a little time getting the collar on. He didn't bother combing out Bobby's whiskers or any of that stuff. This dog required no help from human hand. Bill was breathing hard when he got out onto the gravel, and hauled the puppy down.

Bill didn't say a word—didn't have to. For the only time in the six years they had known each other, Angus MacDuffie got up to look at something. It was some time before he took his pipe out of his mouth, and Bill could see he was trying not to show his shock. Then Angus cleared his throat. "He will go thick in the head."

Bill didn't even look up from the puppy.

"He will be grizzled in four months," said Angus, but his voice lacked conviction and was shaky, awed. "Besides, he is weak in the hocks. Mind you," he continued, pale as a ghost, "I'm not running the dog down. He is a fair one. I will say that he will be good—if he doesn't go sour. Man, mark me, this dog will do wonders!" Then his tone became very dour, indeed. "Bill, I take it unkindly of you to bring such a superb animal here, when you know he must go back. Never could we afford this colossus. Think of the feed bill we owe already!"

"Angus," Bill said as simply as he knew how, "I bought him for twenty dollars. Here's the bill of sale."

Bill couldn't blame him. Angus was Scotch, but, after all, a man. Bill knew he had bit the stem off his pipe by the way his teeth suddenly crunched.

"Twenty . . . dollars," Angus repeated, and then sat down on the rock again, staring off into space.

"Angus," Bill said, "once I saw Abbey King Nobbler in Chicago, when I was a boy. He couldn't hold a candle to this pup."

Angus raised his hand and waved a stunned gesture. "Don't you think I've got any eyes?"

Bill said, "You told me how Tintern Tip Top looked that day at Cleveland. Remember?" He added softly, and it came out like a long sigh, "Can you see Bert Wall's face when we come into the Garden with *this* dog? Angus, the recession is over!"

After that, they said nothing whatsoever for quite a time. The only sound was the puppy snuffling around in the pebbles, or scratching himself.

"Angus," Bill said at last, "do you know anybody around here named Jane—a girl named Jane?"

Angus gave him a puzzled stare.

"I bought him from her," Bill explained. "She lives in an old house on Cherry Road."

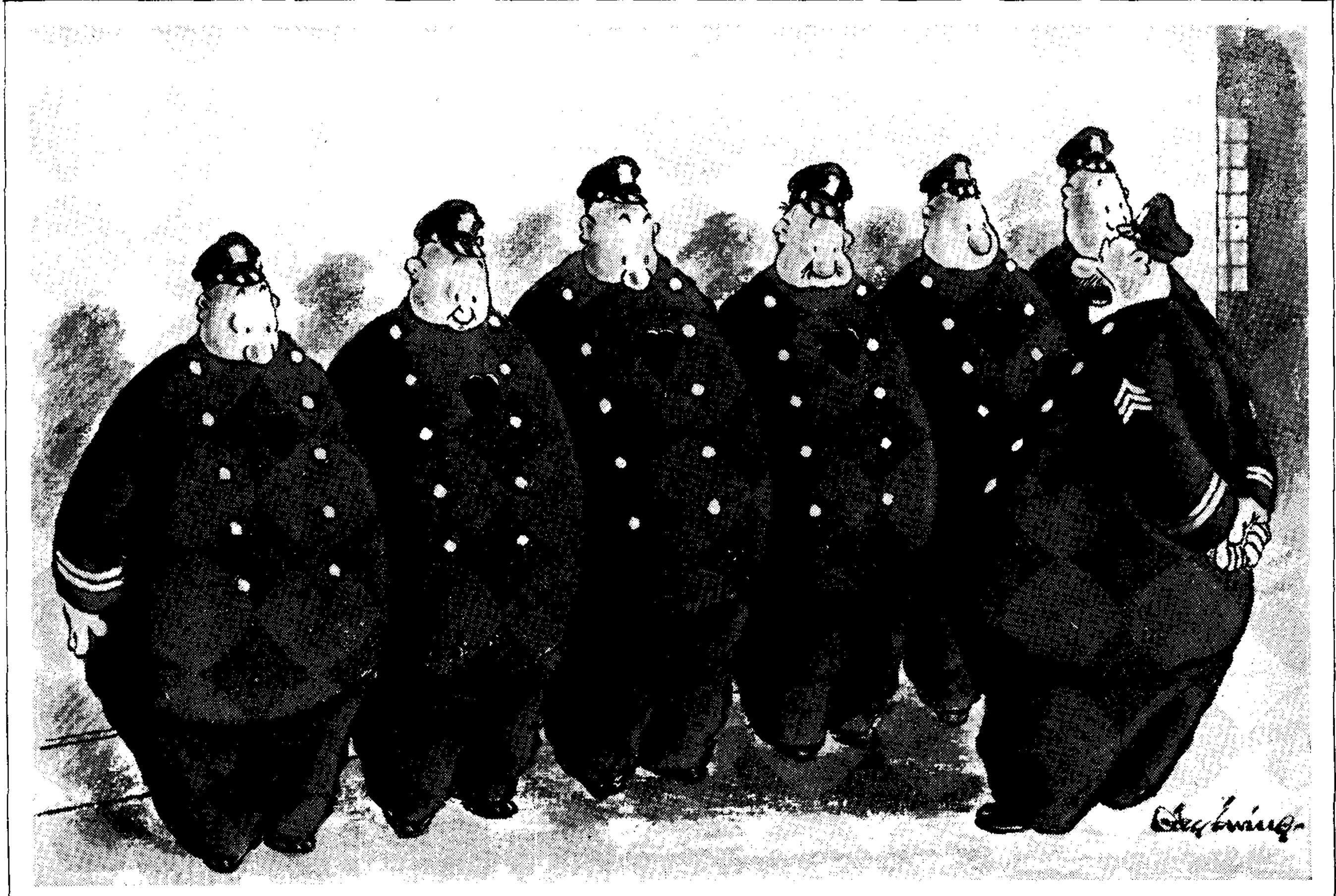
Angus shook his head now. "They were big people when I first moved here. There was this girl's father, Brad Garrick. His brother made a lot of money in the war selling munitions, and left it to him. But this Garrick died broke—he didn't have a nickel. They called him Folly Garrick—he couldn't take care of money or anything else. Now," he said thoughtfully, "I remember they had dogs. Good dogs, I imagine—the way rich people have good dogs, good horses, good everything. Not to sell or show—just to have. . . . So you bought the dog from Folly Garrick's girl?"

"She didn't know what she had," Bill explained. "I tried to tell her."

ANGUS nodded. "She isn't like her old man. He didn't have any mind of his own—you could tell him anything and he'd believe it."

"No, she's not," Bill agreed. "This girl will probably always be on top—because you can't show her where she's slipped up. She doesn't want advice."

Angus said, "Maybe she needs it now. She is in a bad way up there. I guess she knows what a weak sister her old man was. Maybe she's trying too hard to be different. For some years she's been selling everything—first the horses went, then the antique furniture. She got pretty good prices—I guess she really knows something about those



"The chief ordered 'em special, for St. Valentine's Day"

JAY IRVING

ONCE IS ONE TIME TOO MANY!

IF A FRONT TIRE AND TUBE BLEW OUT AT 60!

YOU'D BE SAFER WITH HUDSON'S EXCLUSIVE AUTO-POISE CONTROL

WHY? Because this revolutionary mechanical invention (patent applied for) automatically helps to keep wheels on their course—on rough roads, in heavy side winds, *even when a tire blows*. The operation of AUTO-POISE CONTROL does not require special tires, tubes or extra equipment of any kind. It is a built-in feature—STANDARD AT NO EXTRA COST on all 1939 Hudson passenger cars; no other car has anything like it.

IF HYDRAULIC BRAKES SHOULD FAIL!

YOU'D BE SAFER WITH HUDSON'S EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES

WHY? Because, even if hydraulics should suddenly fail through accident or service neglect, the driver of a Hudson *just pushes farther on the same foot pedal* and STOPS. Thanks to Hudson's exclusive DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES—*two* braking systems (finest Bendix Hydraulics *and* a separate reserve mechanical system) working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. Many letters tell of accidents prevented by these brakes, standard in all 1939 Hudsons.

YOU'RE SAFER IN A HUDSON

HUDSON 112 • HUDSON SIX • HUDSON COUNTRY CLUB SIX AND EIGHT

TRUE . . . a bad blow-out or hydraulic brake failure may come only once in a driving lifetime. *But even that once is one time too many!*

Why take *any* risk you needn't take? It will pay you to investigate—TODAY—the *extra* protection that only a Hudson can give you!

Auto-Poise Control and Double-Safe Brakes (described at the left). The new, exclusive Dash-Locking Safety Hood—hinged at the front so wind can't lift it; and locking from a lever *inside* the car, to keep battery and engine parts safe from theft. Widest, safest windshield vision. Extra sturdy bodies all of steel, combined with the luxury and roominess of new Salon Interiors.

You'll like the mechanical Handy Shift at the steering wheel, too—and appreciate the *full* 3-passenger width of a Hudson front seat.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL NEW FEATURE

Airfoam Ride

Ride on new seats of amazing softness—that leave you fresh and untired, even after hundreds of miles of driving. It's the newest, most thrilling ride in all the world today! Standard in all Country Club and Convertible models; optional at small extra cost in all other 1939 Hudsons. Try it—at the nearest Hudson dealer's.

Hudson's Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control Available in all Models

Model illustrated is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $898; delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes.

NOW! A DE LUXE HUDSON 112 PRICED DOWN WITH DE LUXE MODELS OF THE "OTHER THREE"

$745 and up for 86 H.P. Hudson 112 De Luxe; $823 and up for Hudson Six—96 H.P., 118-in. W. B.; $919 and up for Country Club models—101 and 122 H.P., 122 and 129-in. W. B.

Prices delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. For delivered prices in your locality see your Hudson dealer. Attractively low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C.I.T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO USED CAR BUYERS

Double-Safe Brakes are *standard at no extra cost*—and *Auto-Poise Control* is available at small cost—on all 1936, 1937 and 1938 cars built by Hudson!

Beautiful Beyond Belief

S.O.S.
SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING
I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

things. Now, it's their tulips—they had a prize lot once. And their—"

"Their dogs," Bill finished. "I tried to tell her. But—"

"Yes," said Angus, "I know—you said she wouldn't listen. She would have gypped herself and liked it before she'd let you know she wasn't able to take care of herself. I've heard about her before. She must be sick of hearing what people in town say about her father. She really thought that dog was worth only twenty bucks. She wasn't going to *cheat* you!"

"Yes," said Bill, reddening, "she even advised me to hold on to my money."

He ran into the girl the next day downtown in a grocery store.

"I just wanted to tell you that Bobby is comfortable," he told her. "He misses you, but otherwise is okay."

"I'm glad," she said. "You really did get a bargain. He'll make a fine pet, and is smart—even for a puppy. His mother goes out to the gate every morning and gets the mail."

Bill didn't notice her hat any more. He couldn't seem to see anything, except her eyes—and they were big enough to fall into. Her voice was clear and low, as if she were going to tell him a secret.

Then he realized the grocer was saying to her, "If you could, we'd appreciate a little on account . . ."

BILL walked over and looked at a box of prunes. Behind him he could hear her voice, very confident, "I'm sorry it's dragged on. I have it right here. I'll just endorse this check over to you. It's for twenty dollars."

When she passed, Bill held the door open. He had a sudden idea. "If you'll let me," he told her, "I think I can get a good price for some of those other puppies." They weren't much account, but he figured he had three hundred in the bank, and could borrow a hundred from Angus.

"Thanks just the same," she said, not smiling now, "but there are an awful lot of people after the puppies. It's just a question of deciding who."

"But maybe if I bought another, Bobby would be happier," Bill insisted. "Puppies like some of their own family around. You can understand that. They're like people."

She looked at him a minute, as if trying to decide something about him. "I wish I could," was what she said finally, "but you see they're all promised now. If I don't get rid of them I'll let you know." Then she got into the old car. "I hope you won't be disappointed in Bobby," she went on, smiling once more. "I hope he turns out to be as good as you think he is. Anybody would think you'd bought War Admiral. Don't feel so grateful."

Bill knew that she didn't realize what a terrific mistake she had made. She really was trying hard to do things on her own—and not be helpless like her father. Before he knew it, she was gone.

So he went home again, and walked out to the kennel run. It gave him a thrill to see Bobby standing there—a topflight miracle Airedale, if he had ever laid eyes on one. But Bill couldn't get Jane Garrick off his mind.

"Bill," said Angus, coming up behind him, "I don't think he'll thicken in the head." He said this, as if he had really been thinking it over.

Bill roused himself. "No, and he won't sag on his hocks—you can bet on that."

"Bill," Angus continued, "I'll tell you something: This dog is not the type to grizzle."

"Angus," Bill told him, "go to hell. You know what we've got. Cut out acting like a joke-book Scotchman."

Instead of flattering him, his partner's enthusiasm only made him uneasy. Not a triumph but some kind of disappointment seemed hanging over him. All at once Bill couldn't think of anything but that girl's chalky-blue eyes, the way she said things—as if she meant and believed them—and a confidence that was going to take an awful licking before long.

For days before the Westminster Show, Bill worked on Bobby. He was like the end of a kennel rainbow.

He got plenty of lean beef, vegetable and calcium to build bone. Bill stripped his puppy coat out, and the new one came in like a marvel. With that coat he could have swum a river and never gotten his skin wet. Bill taught him how to stand, head up, forelegs together, hind legs spread, and would keep him poised on his toes by holding a piece of dried liver in his hand. After a while, Bill didn't even have to use the liver. Bobby was a natural-born shower and mover.

That day when Angus and Bill took him into the Garden, they didn't do much talking. This puppy could save their whole dog business—and, whatever happened, Bill wanted it to come as a surprise to Bert Wall. He had always believed that Bert wouldn't know a good dog unless his whiskers were combed—and Bert didn't recognize this one lying down.

He came up to Bobby's bench, and looked him over. Bert wasn't a bad guy—only given to sticking dowagers for handling their lap dogs. He had also done a little faking with rosin and chalk, in his time.

"Carey," he told Bill, "I have an imported terrier I'm handling for Martinson. He will beat yours easy."

Bill said nothing. If his time was coming, it would come later.

But Angus had pushed himself through the crowd in the aisles between the stalls. "Mr. Wall," he said serenely, "I will bet what you like that your dog is put down."

Then he put up two hundred dollars. Bill didn't like it, but couldn't say a word—not with that look in Angus' eye. Yet, after all, they were merely backing their own judgment. Angus, so far as Bill knew, hadn't much more than two hundred dollars in the world. And there was that feed bill. . . .

In the afternoon, Jane Garrick came to Bobby's bench. Bill was dumfounded at seeing her. She petted Bobby for some time. "He looks funny," she said, eying Bill's stripping job. "Why does he have to be bald-headed?"

Bill explained, "That's to show the length of his head."

She let him buy her a glass of beer and a ham sandwich at a stand. He tried to think of things to say that would keep her here—maybe tried too hard. He couldn't think of a thing to talk about except dogs.

She listened, but for some reason didn't seem interested, merely staring at the crowd pushing past the benches. Then, before Bill knew it, she was saying goodby, going off—swallowed in the crowd, and then for a long time he didn't care much about the dog show.

IF SHE had read the sports pages, she would know that the dog experts were talking about Bobby—not by that name but by his A. K. C. title, Potato Hill Pride. Angus had told them his history—and price. Bill wished he hadn't. He wanted Bobby to win more than anything in the world. But if he did win . . . Well, Bill didn't know how Jane Garrick would feel when she learned she had made a fool out of herself—just the way her father had.

Angus and Bill had agreed that Bill was to show Bobby and when the puppy class was called he gave him a final going over with brush and comb, and took him upstairs. They came into the ring, and a steward tied the number card on Bill's arm. Bert Wall was there, holding the imported dog on its leash.

If a terrier judge ever lived it was Mr. Starling—Bill knew that. Of the ten Airedales in the ring, Bobby caught his eye right away. He stooped, felt of him, and Bill could hear him clear his throat. He didn't seem to like Bert's dog much. Bill knew the end, even before Mr. Starling watched them walk back and forth across the ring.

When they went downstairs again, they had taken puppy class, winners—and then best of breed.

Bill didn't see Bert after that, but Angus was very serene as he strolled over, counting a handful of bills.

"I think," Angus said, "that I will get me a new pipe. But the fireworks are still to come."

IT WAS a long wait before the next day when they went up against the winners of the other terrier classes. Bill couldn't feel sure about winning. Once, a long while back, they had won best Airedale with Cavalier when he was young. But they had been beaten in the group by a fine Scottie champion.

He stood around nervously, that last day, watching the crowds passing the benches, people stopping to peer at Bobby and talk about what the sports pages said. But it was like a dream to him. It was the girl he was thinking about, and a lot of things that he wished could turn out differently. He wanted her to like him—not feel that he had shown her up as just another helpless Garrick.

The terrier group was judged about five-thirty. Bill took Bobby in, feeling tired and wishing, more than anything else, that . . . It's funny the way the big things in your life happen. You look forward to them, anticipate them for a long time, and then when they do come they happen so fast they've come and gone before you even realize it. One minute, Bobby and Bill were in there, with the other twenty terrier variety group winners. Then, hazily, Bill was walking Bobby up and down. He heard the judge talking to him. He knew that a lot of time must have passed . . . before he was being waved into No. 1 position.

It happened that quickly.

Afterward, Bill could hear Angus yelling into his ear, and figured he must have gone crazy, because he had never been like that before. It came to Bill, at last, that they were going to the final event of the program—Best in Show. But he kept thinking about the girl.

From the runway he saw the final events taking place—the sheepherding, then the judging of the hound packs. It was ten o'clock when the last huntsman's horn died away. When Bobby and Bill went up for the last time, it suddenly came to Bill how many people were there in plug hats and tailcoats, women in evening gowns, and all that stuff. He had never had stage fright in a ring before, but had never been in a thing like this, either.

He could hear an announcer's voice saying that they were about to pick the best dog, all breeds. All at once he saw the girl. She was standing near the ring, looking for something. . . .

Angus shoved him. "Bill, get started—they're waiting for you."

Now Bobby and Bill were in the ring. There were the five other dogs, each winner of its group. He saw a magnificent borzoi champion, proud and imperious; a setter; a great Dane; a Pekingese; a bulldog.

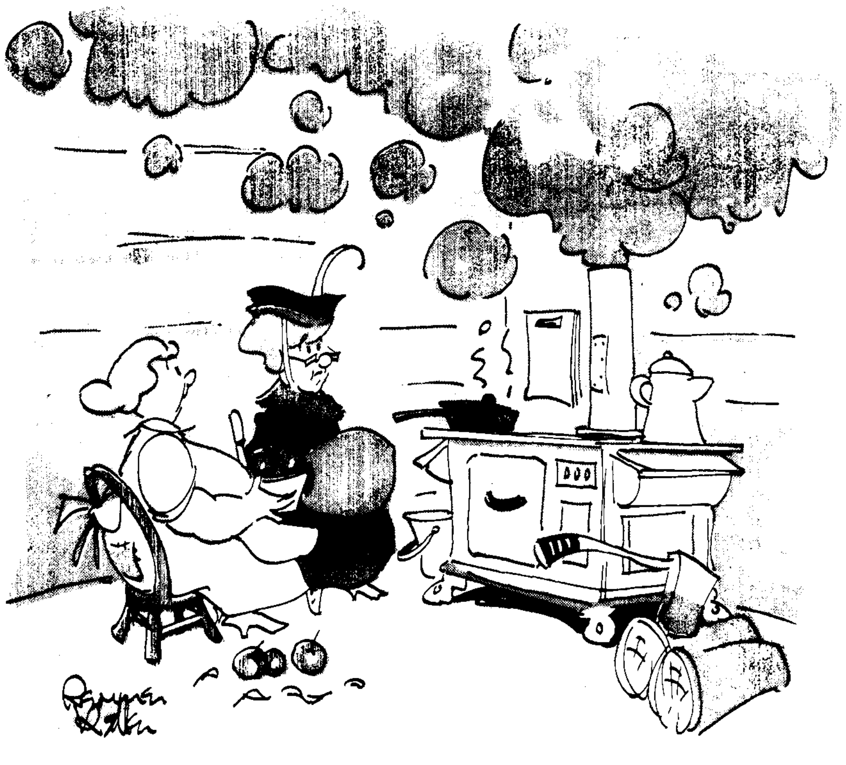
Mr. Barret, the finalist judge, watched them as they filed around the ring in the glare of the spotlight, while the crowd suddenly stopped talking. Bill kept thinking how silly it was for a twenty-dollar dog to be here. Those other dogs had cost real money. The great Dane had been bought for five thousand . . . Now, they had stopped. Mr. Barret was coming down the line, looking into the dogs' mouths, feeling stifles, ribs, backs. Bill heard his voice. "Walk him a little, please."

Bill moved forward, woodenly.

The judge said, "Again, please," then, "Now, faster."

Then Barret had the great Dane up for examination, went from him to the setter, next the bulldog . . .

All at once Bill was afraid as he had never been before in his life. He told himself that if he won the girl wouldn't hate him—but it would make her feel funny having given away a five-thousand-dollar dog. He didn't want to be the one to make her feel foolish. He just wanted her to like him. He wished


"Kennesaw's goin' to fix that stovepipe in the spring when there ain't no fire in the stove. Right now it's too hot to handle"

REAMER KELLER

Look ahead-

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

LOOK into the mirror. Are your temples soaring higher?

Look at your coat collar. Is it littered with dandruff?

How much hair comes out when you comb it?

Take heed. Take care of the hair you have. Once gone, hair is gone forever. Don't let this happen to you.

The regular application of Kreml is a fine investment in your present and future appearance.

Kreml removes every speck of dandruff. It checks falling hair. It feels so refreshing, so stimulating to your scalp, so promising of reward.

Kreml is a marvelous dressing, too. Not sticky or greasy, yet it keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women are equally enthusiastic about Kreml. It gives the coiffure such an alluring sheen, especially after permanents. Ask for Kreml at drug stores, barber shops and beauty parlors.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair easy to manage.

★ Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the comparatively rare disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

DO THIS

TO RELIEVE PAINFUL DISCOMFORT OF A COLD

FOLLOW SIMPLE METHOD BELOW—TAKES ONLY A FEW MINUTES WHEN BAYER ASPIRIN IS USED

1. Take 2 Bayer Tablets—drink a glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore from cold, crush 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/3 glass of water . . . gargle.

3. If temperature does not go down; if discomfort is not quickly eased—call doctor.

Eases Discomfort and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds Almost Immediately

THOUSANDS WILL TELL you the simple way pictured above brings amazingly fast relief from the painful discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then — because any cold can lead to serious consequences — see your doctor. In all probability he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple treatment, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered . . . When you buy, ask for "BAYER ASPIRIN" — not just for "aspirin" alone. Get the *genuine* Bayer article.

PAINS—Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctors' advice for prompt relief of Headache—also for pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

12 Bayer Tablets of Aspirin 5 grs. each Genuine

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

he knew some way to make her take her dog back. Bobby would be a gold mine; the money she could make out of him would help out a lot.

Then Bill heard Mr. Barret again. "That's right—just a minute." He was looking at the great Dane. He looked at him for a long while. Then he walked toward Bill, quickly.

"All right, Mr. Carey," was what he said, smiling, "just back up there."

Then something came up into Bill's throat, because the number behind Bobby was a big "1." He couldn't believe it, but the crowd was roaring, amplifier booming, news photographers letting off their flashlights. So he knew that it was true. Mr. Waterman, the Westminster president, was handing him a silver cup . . .

Bill looked for the girl, and saw her. He could never go over there. Now she would know what a mistake she had made, and that she really couldn't take care of herself. She had sold a five-thousand-dollar dog for twenty dollars.

Suddenly, Bill heard the stewards yelling at him. He didn't realize why, until he looked down—his arms were filled with the cup. Then he saw the leash had slipped. Bobby had seen the girl, and was gone.

Bill followed, feeling very foolish himself—with the crowd laughing, and Angus at his heels, red like a man about to have a stroke.

"Bill," he was yelling. "You'll lose him!"

Then Bill was looking at her, while Bobby licked her hands, and she petted him.

She said, "He really was good, wasn't he? I guess you never can tell about puppies — sometimes they turn out pretty good."

Bill shook his head. "Yes," he said, "sometimes they do."

SHE came down with them to the benches, while Angus fought a way through the crowd. Then, finally, they had Bobby with them, pushing out to the station wagon, the other handlers helping.

"Look," he asked her, "drive back with us, will you? Come on."

Angus sat in the back with Bobby, and the girl and Bill sat in front. Neither of them said a word until they had gotten out of town. The air was very cool and fresh after the Garden.

Bill was trying to think of some way of getting around to the subject of Bobby again, when he suddenly realized she had something in her hand. She held it up for him to see—an oblong slip of pink paper.

"What's that?" Bill asked her.

"A check," she told him. "There was a professional dog man there who had read all about Bobby in the papers—how much he cost, and all that. He was pretty excited about what Bobby did, and asked me if I had any more. I sold him the whole litter—all eight of them—cheap."

Bill stared at her.

"Cheap for brothers and sisters of Bobby, that is," she went on brightly. "I told him he could have them for fifty dollars apiece—sight unseen. He was tickled to get them. He says he can sell them easily."

BILL almost hit a telephone pole, but managed to get back on the road in time. Four hundred dollars for those bum puppies! Then all at once he stopped worrying about any necessity for her feeling foolish. All he could think of was the poor guy who had gotten stuck.

She looked up from the check. "His name," she said, "is right here—Bert Wall."

In the back seat, Angus broke his new pipe.

And after a while, she said something that made Bill know it really had been he that she had looked back at that day in town. What she said was, "Don't you ever talk about *anything*—except dogs?"

Bill looked at her, "Why, sure."

"I just wondered," she told him.

She was smiling now, and it came to him that one of these days he and this girl were going to own Bobby—together.

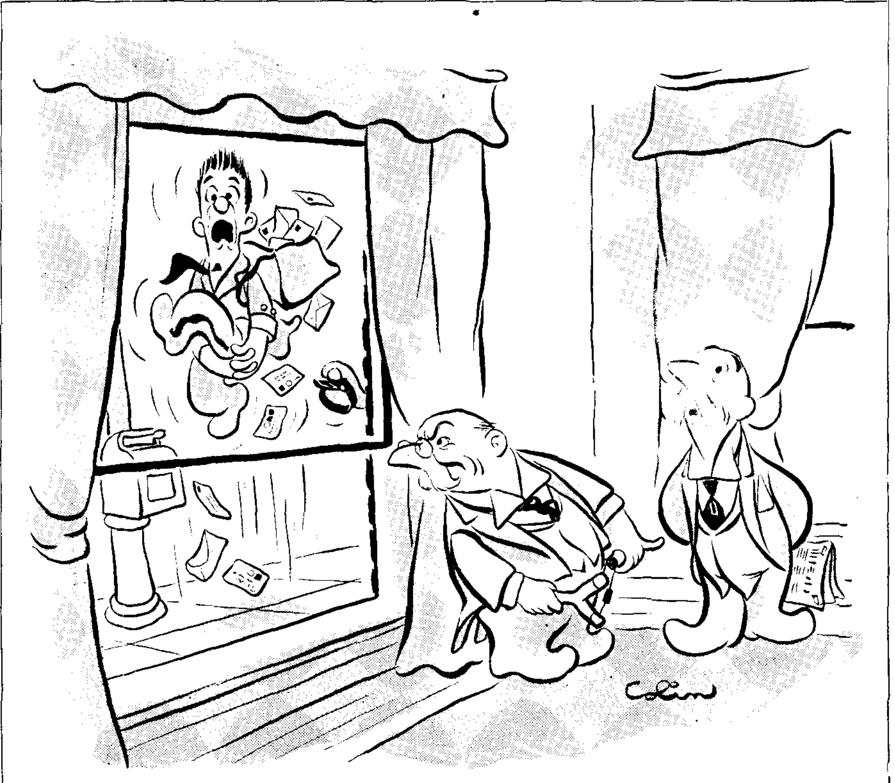
"Yes," he went on, beginning to grin, "I can talk about a lot of stuff—when I get wound up. I've been trying to get around to it for some time."

She moved over a little. He had not seen her do it because he was watching the road ahead—but he could feel her shoulder against his.

"I simply wondered," she said again.

"Sure, I know," said Bill, and his free hand closed on hers.

"Hey—look out," said Angus, from somewhere behind. "Back here we got a five-thousand-dollar dog!"



"Still nursing a grudge against the Administration, I see, Buxley"

COLIN ALLEN

Baa, baa, black sheep

Have you any wool?

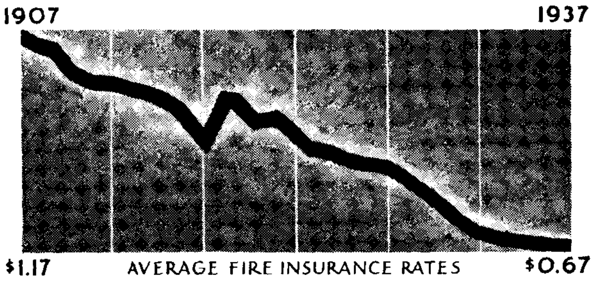
Two brothers were given two lambs each. One brother turned his lambs into chops and presently had nothing. The other brother kept his lambs . . . With care and good management, they grew and multiplied into a flock of sheep. Now he has wool with which to clothe his family, extra chops for all to eat and a sound reserve to meet his every debt.

THERE you have the principle that underlies the dependability of the fire insurance that you buy . . . through a local agent or broker . . . from a capital stock* fire insurance company. Why is this principle of conserving capital so important in fire insurance?

Unlike the human death rate, the ravages of fire are uncertain. While a *life* insurance company can closely forecast its obligations, a *fire* insurance company cannot predict the occurrence of a series of big fires . . . or a devastating conflagration. Therefore, the capital stock fire insurance companies follow the sound practice of maintaining ample surpluses with which to meet abnormal claims.

Like the prudent brother, these companies husband their "sheep." Beginning with paid-in capital and surplus supplied by stockholders, they keep investing and re-investing their assets. From such investments comes "wool" to help pay exceptional fire losses — mayhap some sheep must be sold — but over the years their flocks grow, ever providing stronger guarantees behind policy promises. That is the principle that maintains "standard protection" for American property-owners. That is the principle that enables these companies to maintain a continuous campaign of loss-prevention . . . with these results: human life and property are safer and the average rates for standard protection are today lower by over 40 per cent than thirty years ago!

CAPITAL STOCK
Standard protection
COMPANY INSURANCE



THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS
85 John Street, New York Established 1866

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

PARKING
CUSTOMERS ONLY
22

Three things a parking space can teach you about this year's cars

LOOK AROUND you on any parking space and you'll be struck by three significant things...

FIRST, that of all the 1939 cars, Packard is the only one with pronounced individuality . . . the only one you can recognize at a glance.

SECOND, that among all the new motor car faces, you'll pick Packard's as one of the smartest.

THIRD, that Packard has again kept the faith with its owners. It has made style changes, yes. But these changes haven't made a style orphan out of last year's Packards . . . they haven't dimmed the pride of the man who bought his Packard ten or twelve months ago.

Does this matter to you? It matters tremendously, if you intend buying a new car in '39.

For nobody has to tell you that most cars today are out-styled before they are out-worn. Usually the thing that spurs you into trading in your car is the uncomfortable feeling that it looks entirely different from the latest model.

Ask any Packard owner, and he'll tell you he has escaped this unpleasant experience. He still can drive his two-or-three-year-old car with his chin up and his pride intact. He knows it's still smart . . . that it still looks like a Packard.

And a Packard lets you make *use* of its longer style life—*because there are more years of service built into it.*

You'll sense its Packard quality

You don't have to dissect a Packard to realize it's better-built. The *extra* quality in the car can't be kept a secret. It makes itself known to you on your first ride, in many ways.

So don't miss the experience of driving a new Packard. See your Packard dealer soon. You'll find you don't have to sit around yearning for a Packard—you can have one, now!

There's even an excellent chance that you'll get your new Packard without paying a penny down. For your old car, if of average value, will probably cover the down payment on a new Packard Six. Monthly payments are less than you think, and the low upkeep cost will astonish you!

Econo-Drive works marvels! Brings you a new sense of effortless motion. Lets your engine run 27.8% more slowly at speeds over 30 m.p.h. . . . saves gas, oil, engine wear. Optional at additional cost. Ask about it!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD SIX & 120

•

When you drive a Packard, the whole world knows it's a Packard

The Green Angel

Continued from page 10

"Sometimes not even to your closest friend," the girl said.

"You are going out of my life in a few minutes," William Boone said. "So I feel perfectly free in telling you something I wouldn't dream of telling to anyone else. Everybody is bursting with something. I know I am."

"So am I," the girl said.

"I am about to embark on the most melodramatic episode of my career. I'm not the person I shall pretend to be within the hour. I'm about to practice deception, duplicity and refined sadism. I'm about to try to outfox the smartest fox I've ever known."

WILLIAM BOONE was watching her with expectancy. Her clear, shining sea-green eyes were beautiful, but she did not look at him very often, so that he had the opportunity to study her face and to wonder what it was that made her so fascinating and so mysterious. He considered that he knew a little more about human nature than the average man, and it annoyed him that this girl who was so candid puzzled him so.

She glanced at him and glanced away immediately. "Go on," she encouraged him. "It's fascinating."

"I'm about to risk embarrassment and possibly imprisonment—oh, very possibly imprisonment."

The green-eyed girl listened with an air of enjoyment. "You mean—actually?"

"Indeed I do. If you see my haggard features displayed beneath a very black headline over your morning coffee tomorrow, you'll know that I have muffed it."

He said it lightly, but she didn't take it lightly because, as he had long ago divined, she was a girl of intelligence and discernment. She glanced at him again quickly, and her sea-green eyes were clear and understanding.

"Is that all?" she said.

"The details would take too long," William Boone said, "or I'd tell them to you without hesitation. And that's what I'm bursting with."

He wondered if her color was always so high. She was smiling faintly and her eyes had a faraway look. She said, "What time is it?"

He told her.

"I must go." She started to pick up her purse and her gloves.

William Boone was looking at her mouth. "I'll never see you again, so I'm safe in telling you that for twenty-two minutes I've been madly in love with you. It's a brand-new sensation."

For a moment she seemed alarmed. She turned her head and looked at him steadily. She smiled a little and a curious glow came into her eyes.

"Look," she said softly. "Wouldn't we have time for just one more cocktail? Why don't you trot out to the bar and get two more stingers—and tell the bartender not to put any lime in mine this time."

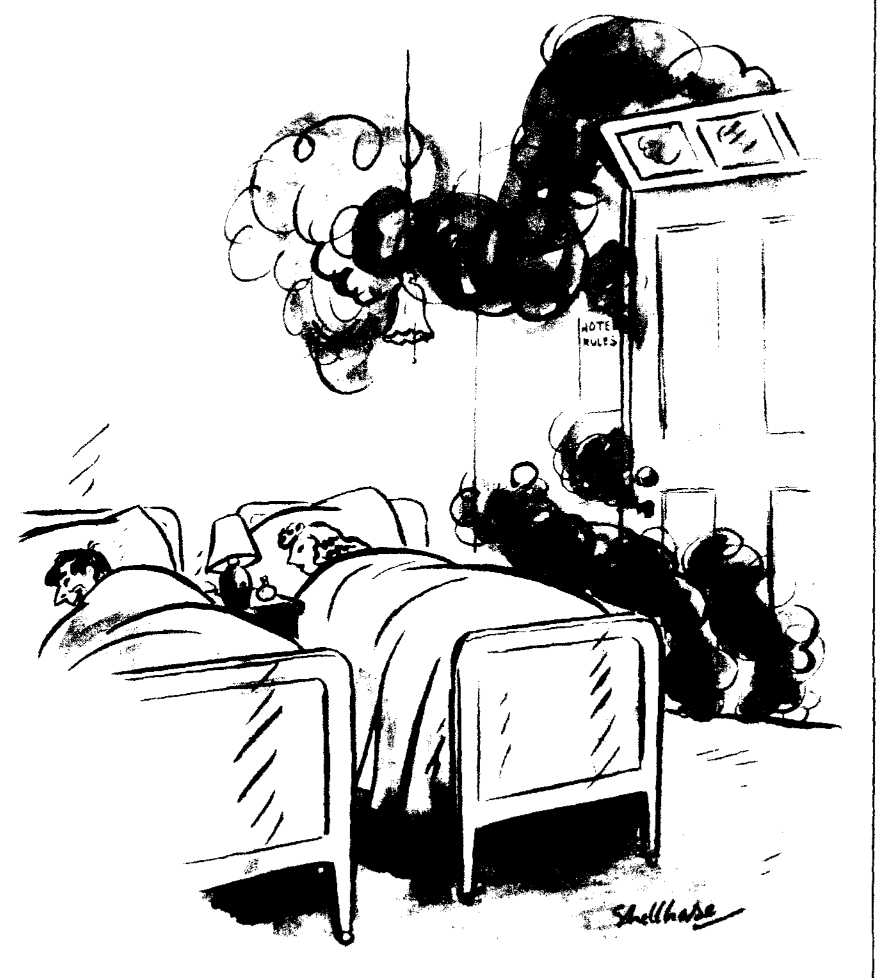
"And a little easier on the crème de menthe?"

"Exactly."

When he returned from the bar with two stingers, she and her purse and her gloves and the little apple-green leather case that had introduced them were gone. He put the cocktails down. He found that he wasn't entirely surprised. She had given the episode its proper romantic ending. She was gone. It was done. It was all over.

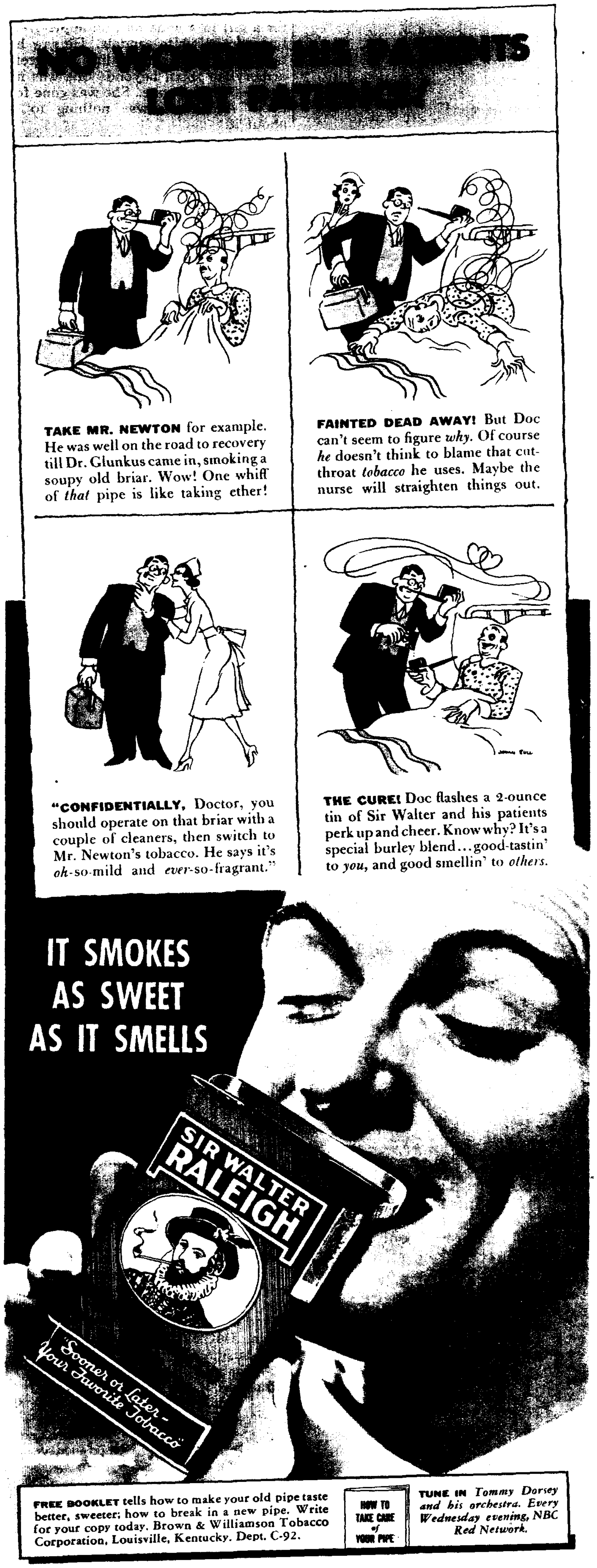
Then he realized that, as far as he was concerned, it was definitely not over.

He tossed a bill on the table. He ran to the door and looked up and down the wide, gloomy corridor. He ran down the



"There goes the fire siren. Boy, I'd hate to go out on a cold night like this!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE


NO WONDER HIS PATIENTS LOST PATIENCE

TAKE MR. NEWTON for example. He was well on the road to recovery till Dr. Glunkus came in, smoking a soupy old briar. Wow! One whiff of *that* pipe is like taking ether!

FAINTED DEAD AWAY! But Doc can't seem to figure *why*. Of course *he* doesn't think to blame that cut-throat *tobacco* he uses. Maybe the nurse will straighten things out.

"CONFIDENTIALLY, Doctor, you should operate on that briar with a couple of cleaners, then switch to Mr. Newton's tobacco. He says it's *oh*-so-mild and *ever*-so-fragrant."

THE CURE! Doc flashes a 2-ounce tin of Sir Walter and his patients perk up and cheer. Know why? It's a special burley blend...good-tastin' to *you*, and good smellin' to *others*.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"Sooner or later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-92.

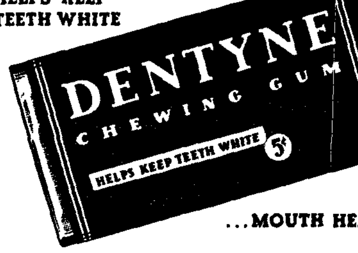
HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening,* NBC *Red Network.*

Warrior Queen wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE. TASTE THAT FLAVOR!

You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

steps into the rotunda. He searched it for a girl in a wide hat, an apple-green linen dress, white sandals. He saw her nowhere. He went on into the great, armorylike room beyond. She was not there. She was gone. She was gone forever. And there was nothing to do about it.

He looked at his watch. He had just time to make the five-five. He had promised Nancy Barnett to come early. He ran for the train and found a seat in the smoker. He sat down with the deflated feeling that always follows running to make a train, and making it. Everything in the car was quiet and unreal and he had the unreal feeling that he'd just had an adventure and now there wasn't anything, just all these people sitting here going somewhere.

He had just met the most fascinating *girl he'd ever seen in his life. Just a* minute ago, she was sitting beside him alive and real and lovely, and now she didn't exist any more than last Thursday.

I can't any more find that girl than I can find last Thursday, he told himself. Think what my chances are of ever seeing her again—a person you see and bump into in Penn Station! A person you see so casually, no matter how much you admire her, is not a person you'll ever see again. I don't know any part of her name, or where she's from or where she's going. She's absolutely fascinating. And it would be very amusing to look back on except that I want that girl.

He was just beginning to appreciate the green-eyed girl, just beginning to realize what he had lost. Call her back! Call back last Thursday!

IN THE car behind the smoker, Suzette Aberdeen put her compact away and looked out at the fog that had rolled in. She was nervous. And when she was nervous, she played the first few notes of Nola with her right hand on anything that would do. She played the first few notes of Nola over and over on her purse.

Sitting there, in the cool hard light that sifted through the fog, Suzette Aberdeen's remote mysterious charm was merely emphasized. Most people look tired when they board a train like the five-five. She looked cool and fresh. She looked alluring and mysterious.

It wasn't really serious, of course. Not at all. He quite definitely wasn't the type she admired But things that you intellectually admire are not always the things that stir your pulses.

She had an awful sense of loss. He was not the sort of man she trusted. He had no solidity, no stability. He was too gay, too romantic and too dangerous. And that peculiar menace was one of the most attractive things about him. *Perhaps that was why she had spent the* better part of half an hour being in love with him. He was a sleeping lion, a slumbering tiger. You lift a paw and it drops down thump—so relaxed! But at any moment the creature may jump up and do anything.

Anything! And she wasn't interested in men who were unpredictable, who might jump up and do anything. For that reason she felt she ought to be relieved because she would never see him again. But she wasn't. This seemed to be a business of the emotions.

It was all so silly. Her mind was behaving as if she were free, a girl who could pick and choose, not a girl whose future was done up in pink ribbons. No, red ribbons. A perfectly horrible shade of red. She couldn't flirt honestly with any other man again but Rodney Barnett. Her husband. My husband. May I present my husband?

Tomorrow. Tomorrow noon, at a little church in Sea Cove. Just the family and a few close friends. Leaving Shanghai, it had been eighteen days. Leaving San Francisco, it had been five days. Now it was tomorrow.

She thought: "Here I've fallen in love with one man, and I'm about to marry another."

A hazy sense of forlornness overtook Suzette Aberdeen. She closed her eyes against the fog.

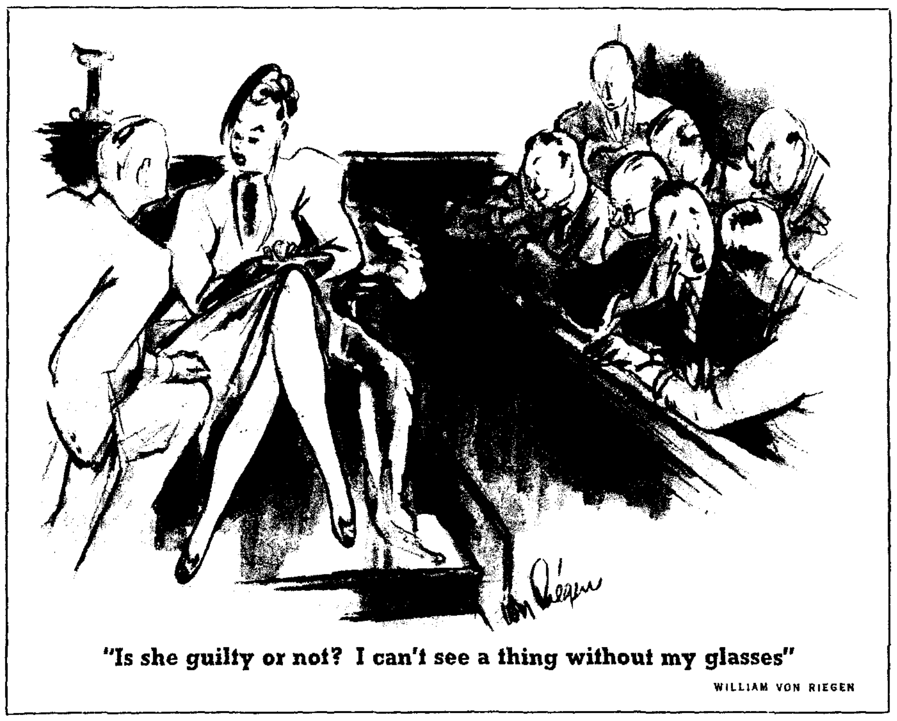
The chauffeur who met Suzette Aberdeen at the Sea Cove station was a cordial young man, but his cordiality was well tempered by his deference. His attitude was that of a young man terribly anxious to make a good impression, and Suzette supposed that all the Barnett servants were prepared to treat her as if she were fragile and precious, because after tomorrow she would be their mistress.

She wondered how many servants there were. She rolled the glass down *and asked the chauffeur what his name* was.

"It's John, Miss Aberdeen," he said.

"How many servants are there, John?"

"Well, I've never added them up, Miss Aberdeen. There's Mrs. Wilkins, the housekeeper, and Jackson, the butler, and the three footmen and the houseman, and there's Mr. Barnett's valet and another valet, then there's the chef and his two assistants and the two kitchen maids and the pantryman and the parlor maids, there's two of them, and the two chambermaids and Miss Nancy's lady's maid and the new lady's maid for you, and there's the gatekeeper and the five gardeners and the head *groom and two other grooms and, of* course, three of us chauffeurs. And then the guards."



"Is she guilty or not? I can't see a thing without my glasses"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"YOU mean watchmen or Mr. Barnett's personal bodyguard?"

"Well, both, Miss Aberdeen."

"How many guards?"

"No one knows. Mr. Barnett gets them personally from an agency, Miss Aberdeen."

"Ten?"

"More than that for tonight, I think, Miss Aberdeen. It's always hard to say. They never stay long. They keep changing before we get to know them."

"I see," Suzette said in a calm voice. Well, this was certainly the kind of household a sensible girl tried to move into. It was every girl's dream, wasn't it? The trouble was, she wasn't feeling sensible. She wanted to make jeering remarks about a household so feudal that thirty-odd servants, not counting the guards, were required to keep it running. She had had as many as six servants in her house in Shanghai, but this was different. It took three Chinese servants to do the work of one good American servant.

She wanted to say, "I suppose they send the laundry out." She wanted to say, "What! No assistant gatekeeper?" But John wouldn't have understood. John was proud to work for a family that employed thirty-odd servants.

THE limousine had been moving for some time along a low brick wall. It turned into a crushed-stone drive, passed between two large wrought-iron gates and then passed a vine-covered gatehouse, nestling in trees. It looked cozy.

The limousine stopped. The gatekeeper, an old man in gray, came over.

"It's Miss Aberdeen," John said without turning his head.

"Oh, yes! Miss Aberdeen!" He looked anxious, as an old man will when he meets someone at whose mercy he is.

Suzette smiled at him and her eyes drifted along his vine-covered cottage as the limousine rolled on.

"I'd rather gamble on my luck in spending my whole life in that cute little place with that man I met in the station than go one foot farther."

That was the trouble with living on an estate so pretentious that it took thirty-odd servants to run it. It wasn't only Rodney Barnett and his ruthlessness and his gaiety that was so contradictory and so disconcerting; it was all the things he represented. In spite of his appearance, everything he represented was so cut and dried; everything was done. There wasn't any romance or adventure. He wouldn't leap up and do something unpredictable.

"How far is it, John?"

"It's just three quarters of a mile from the gatehouse to the house, Miss Aberdeen."

The limousine was gliding over slightly rolling terrain, well landscaped with blue spruce and Japanese shrubbery that, in the fog, gave an impression of symmetry and fullness and gloom.

She wanted to say, "John, when do we cross the Styx?"

The house was suddenly just ahead, a mass of dark reddish-brown stone three stories high. The casement windows with their leaded panes did not diminish its gloomy appearance. It was as cheerless as the House of Usher.

The limousine stopped under a porte-cochere. One of a pair of massive oak doors studded with bronze boltheads opened as Suzette went up the three steps.

A pleasant-looking youngish man in white livery trimmed with blue said: "Miss Aberdeen?" and she supposed that this was Jackson, the butler.

"Yes."

"Your mother and Mr. Barnett are waiting for you, Miss Aberdeen. This way, please."

The way led from the small entrance hall, up a few steps and into the main entrance hall, which had walls of dark paneled oak with many double doors opening into side rooms. There were portraits and tall-backed wooden chairs.

The ceiling was beige-tinted plaster, and the way was lit with flame bulbs in old brass chandeliers.

The butler turned off to the right into a room too small to be the main living room and too formal to be the family living room. It was, Suzette suspected, the receiving living room. Just beyond was the family living room, a comfortable but crisp-looking Eighteenth Century English room with pale blue walls and white damask curtains at the windows. Rodney Barnett and Suzette's mother were seated in the large bay window that faced toward the back over rolling misty country.

They did not see her until she was half across the room. They were looking out at the misty landscape and talking with animation. And Suzette saw that her mother, in a knitted silk powder-blue dress, and with her soft brown hair done in a new way, looked prettier than ever. Laura Aberdeen was forty-seven, but she seldom looked older than thirty-seven. She had a slim, girlish figure and there were very few wrinkles about her eyes, which were blue and beautiful.

Suzette was afraid that Rodney's crooked smile, attractive as it was, would be as ruthless as she remembered it, and it was.

She thought: "I will probably live and die practically in this room, and our children will probably be brought to me here every afternoon and I will wipe their little noses, to prove how democratic I am."

The butler announced her. Rodney Barnett turned and got up quickly. "There's one thing that money can't buy," Suzette reflected, "and that's a face without that look."

It had once fascinated her, it was so darkly tanned, so long and lean, and his nose was so fine and so long and so lean. He was six feet three inches tall, she remembered, but in his white polo breeches, white sweat shirt and long russet boots, he looked taller. He looked taller and leaner and harder. He wore anything with an air of elegant grooming. In boots and riding breeches, there was the look of the hunter about him.

HIS poise was a little sinister because it gave the impression that he invariably got what he wanted.

"You're late, darling. I was beginning to worry."

"I missed the train."

He was going to kiss her. Suzette tried gracefully to keep her hands out of his. His crystalline, pale brown eyes, so steady, so candid, were searching her face and he was smiling gently, as if he understood just how she felt. He kissed her gently, and he made a little murmuring sound through his nose, a sort of cooing sound, as if to betray how sweet the moment was. She felt his strength, and he was as hard as iron.

"Let's go into my study, Suzette, and talk things over."

She said, "Oh, I want to freshen up, Rodney." All she wanted was to escape. "Laura, won't you show me my room?"

Her mother was smiling at her fondly and with indulgence with her head a little to one side, her smile and attitude saying, "Isn't she delicious, really?"

They had certainly been talking her over. They had probably been agreeing that she was a nervous little filly and would have to be ridden with a very light rein.

He was holding one of her hands in both of his, looking into her face with that amiable understanding.

"Nancy wanted to see you first thing. I think she wants to tell you how she's planning to chop me up in little pieces. And here I went and arranged a coming-out party that's supposed to be giving her the kick of her young life—I've even chartered a Ferris wheel to speed up the good work of the champagne, and I've broken my rule about unlimited champagne at these brawls—and what do you suppose? She hasn't spoken to me for days."

"Perhaps I'd better see her right away."

"Oh, don't hurry. I haven't seen you in months. I want to verify my dreams. I didn't remember how green your eyes are. Have you been looking at somebody else's pasture?"

She smiled, and his hand tightened on hers. "I think Nancy's scared about the party, anyway," he said. "She'll be grateful for your moral support. Parties don't terrify you, do they?"

"No, Rodney."

"Does anything?"

She hesitated and said. "No, Rodney." And she thought: "Tomorrow I'm going to marry this man. Tomorrow night we'll be on our honeymoon. I'd like to kill him. I wish I had the courage to kill him. That would solve everything."

AS WILLIAM BOONE'S taxicab skimmed up the crushed-stone drive of the Barnett estate he reflected, "If I get away with this, I'm going to become a professional magician. Perhaps I should have become a professional magician first."

"It's some dump, isn't it?" the driver said as the taxi stopped under the porte-cochere.

"Some dump," William Boone echoed. He got out and paid his fare.

One of the great oak doors swung open as he went up the steps, and William Boone said to the youngish, pleasant-looking butler, "William Boone."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Boone. Mr. Barnett is very anxious to see you."

He took William Boone down the long, oak-paneled hall along which Suzette Aberdeen had walked not more than five minutes before, and into a room that was doubtless Rodney Barnett's study. It was a comfortable room with book-lined walls and the smell of good pipe tobacco.

The butler said, "Mr. Barnett will be here in just a moment, Mr. Boone." He hesitated in the doorway. "Your valet came about two hours ago."

"Thank you," William Boone said. Left alone, he lit a cigarette and moved along the bookcases, reading the titles. He was thus engaged when Rodney Barnett came in. William Boone glanced up and saw him. He was surprised that Rodney Barnett was so tall. He remembered him as a very tall man, but supposed that that was due to his own smallness at the time. But in a white sweat shirt, white polo breeches and tall boots, he still looked very tall. William Boone was a tall man himself. He was accustomed to looking down slightly at other men and this man was looking down slightly at him.

William Boone hadn't seen Rodney Barnett in eighteen years, but he recognized him, and he was not as shocked as he was prepared to be.

Eighteen years had changed Rodney Barnett from an alert, lean, active man of thirty-four to an even more alert, lean and active man of fifty-two. And the changes in his face were the ones William Boone had expected to find. It wasn't a predatory face unless you looked close and far into the eyes. Then

Using his regular office L C Smith (without speed adjustments), Mr. Norman Saksvig won the 1938 World's Speed Championship with total of 41,453 strokes . . . *over 11½ strokes per second for one solid hour!*

And likewise using L C Smiths, thousands of operators every day are saving time, saving energy, saving up-keep costs. Ball-bearing Typebars . . . famous "Floating Shift" . . . Key-Set Tabulator . . . touch and action fast enough to keep ahead of *any* operator.

* * *

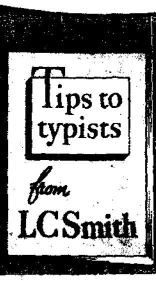
Tests of the straightaway speed of this machine have been made by our engineers . . . tests which far surpass even the record of Mr. Saksvig quoted above. Our engineers say it is a fact

. . . NO HUMAN FINGERS CAN EVER MATCH ITS TOP SPEED

L C Smith
Silent
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

THE NEW *Super Speed*
L C SMITH
makes typing easier

SECRETARIES:
Some of the "Tips to Typists" in this folder will be new to you. Ask for free copy.



L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 25, 705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please mail free copy of your new booklet "Tips to Typists from L C Smith".
Name
Address State
City

you saw it as the face of a hunter.

He was smiling and holding out his hand. "Mr. Boone?"

"Yes. Mr. Barnett?"

"Yes. I'm delighted to know you, Mr. Boone. I've heard so much about you from my daughter. I'm delighted you were able to come in time for her party."

"She's a very charming girl," William Boone said.

Rodney Barnett smiled. It was still that crooked, attractive smile that William Boone remembered, and it revealed the perfect white teeth of a man of twenty. "I doubt if you'll see her until dinner. She's a busy girl. Preparations for this sort of thing are apparently very elaborate. Suppose we meet for cocktails in the bar at seven?"

He rang a bell. Another youngish man in white livery trimmed with blue appeared in the doorway.

"Lang, will you show Mr. Boone his room?"

Gazing at Rodney Barnett's polite and friendly smile, William Boone thought, with a surge of hatred, "It would be a pleasure to kill him—shoot him—stab him—wring his neck!"

THE police commissioner said, "I'll send Inspector Teeple. Terry is one of the smartest men I have. He's the man who solved the Ruskin murder, you know. I'll have him bring a bench warrant."

"Thank you, Mike," Rodney Barnett said. "Will you have lunch with me next week?"

"Love to, Rodney."

"I'll have my secretary call you Monday."

"Fine."

"Good."

Rodney Barnett put the telephone down and crossed the room to the cobalt blue doors of the little wall cabinet. He was pale. His hands were trembling slightly. He opened the doors and poured himself a stiff drink of bourbon.

THE walls of Suzette's bedroom were covered with pale gray satin, which, Suzette supposed, was drawn back here and there in the daytime to expose windows. The satin had been let down and the room was nothing but smoothly flowing draped gray satin. There was a large double bed with a quilted headboard of pink taffeta and no footboard or legs. A pink taffeta spread covered it, falling to the carpet.

The furniture was French antique, painted white and covered with pink taffeta, and there was a chaise longue, in the Empire style, with smart curved lines and covered in pink and gray. A white rug about an inch thick covered the floor. It wasn't a very practical room, but it was marvelous.

Laura followed her into the bedroom and closed the door. She had lost that look of fondness and indulgence on the way upstairs. But even when she was furious, Laura didn't look hard or grim or dreadful, as most women her age do when they are angry. About all that happened was that her eyes lost their merriment and her mouth became smaller and the lips thinner, and her hands became restless. They were beautiful white hands and she was so proud of them that she never wore rings or bracelets, not even her wedding ring.

"Suzette, why were you so rude?"

"I didn't mean to be rude."

"But you were rude."

"Laura, I'm sorry."

"You're not sorry."

"Then I'm not sorry."

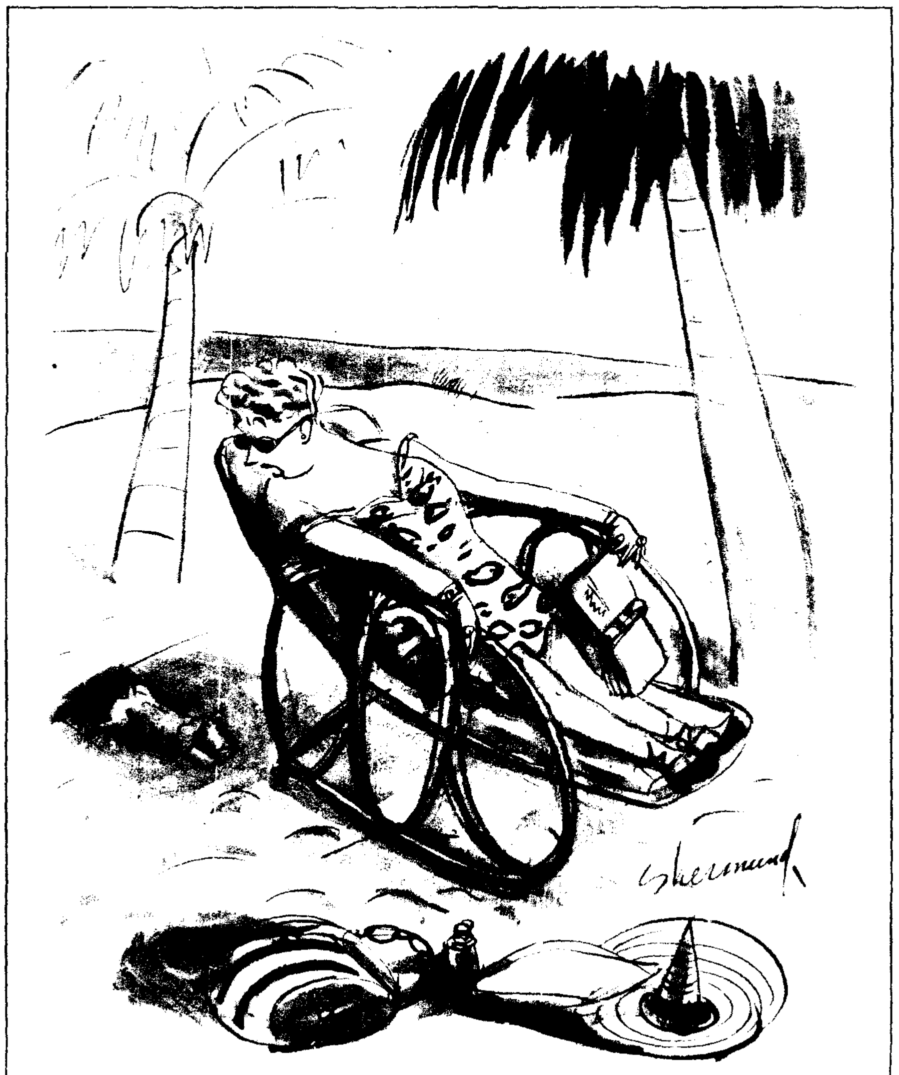
"Suzette, I don't understand you. I suppose it's a girl's privilege to be temperamental before her marriage. But you did accept Rodney, and if I happen to approve, I can't see why that should upset you. After all, it is an eminently sensible idea. Rodney is eligible, attractive, fabulously rich."

"I'll get over it," Suzette said. "I feel jittery. I'd like to go for a dip."

Her mother's expression lightened. "Of course you will, dear. By all means take your dip and pull yourself together and be your charming self. He's so anxious for you to be nice to him."

"All right. I'll be nice to him."

"That's better, dear. He's bought you an Irish hunter that you can ride on a finger tip. He's the most gorgeous gray brute you ever saw, and as gentle as a kitten. Oh, yes; Nancy wanted you to pop in and see her the instant that you came. She's in her room resting for the party. But you must see Rodney first."



"Here I bring you out in all this nice sunshine, and look at you—"

SHERMUND

"All right."

"What did you do about Dorothy?"

"I got her a job as a governess with Kang Fong. He owns that Fifth Avenue shop. They're terribly nice."

Laura smiled. Her mouth had lost its thin look. It was a small, pretty mouth when she wasn't displeased. "How perfectly grand! You understand, of course, why Rodney didn't want you to keep Dorothy. He felt it would be so much wiser to start your life completely fresh with him, and he doesn't like Oriental servants. He claims they're not trustworthy."

"Let's not discuss Dorothy any more," Suzette said. "Where's the pool?"

"There's a side stairway at the end of the hall to the terrace. Cross the terrace and go down the steps and take the path to the left. Shall I go with you, dear?"

"No, thanks. I'll just dash down for a dip."

Laura went to the door. She had the look of a woman on sure ground once more. She was her handsome self. She had a beautiful figure and she carried her shoulders with pride. "I'll send your maid in. I'm sure you'll like her. She's French, although she has hardly any accent, and she's the cutest thing. She used to work for Mrs. Vanderbilt."

"I'm sure I'll adore her," Suzette murmured.

WHEN William Boone came to America in 1935, his English valet refused to accompany him on the grounds that he detested the United States. On his arrival in New York, Boone had secured the services of an American valet named Harmon, who was highly recommended by a good agency. He had employed Harmon, not, however, on the strength of his credentials, but because of his eyebrows.

When William Boone told Harmon, as he at first did, that he was afraid he wouldn't do, he had been arrested by the peak of anguish immediately formed by Harmon's black eyebrows. They swept up in a pair of arcs from the outer edges of Harmon's eyes and into a tentlike formation. He was so delighted with Harmon's eyebrows that he decided to employ him. With his eyebrows, Harmon expressed worry, woe and anguish poignantly and for almost three years he had been a perfect valet. He was self-effacing and he either had no interests beyond his work or, if he had, he never mentioned them.

HARMON was sitting just inside the door, and his eyebrows were in their tentlike formation. He was a thin man of about fifty, of medium height, with a sharp, thin face and quick gray eyes. His hair was gray and thin and he kept it brushed down flat with a part in the middle. His eyebrows had remained black.

William Boone said, "What are you worried about?"

And Harmon said quickly, with the air of a man backing down, "Nothing, sir. Nothing at all. I expected you a little earlier."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Mr. Boone."

"I missed the train. Is there a pool here?"

"A beautiful pool, Mr. Boone."

William Boone took off his coat, then sat down on the bed and started to unlace his oxfords. He looked up at Harmon and said, "Get it off your chest."

"Thank you, sir. As a matter of fact, if you will pardon me, Mr. Boone, I don't know what we're doing here but I do hope you're not planning anything too risky. Now that I've had a glimpse of Mr. Barnett, I really feel he's a dangerous man."

William Boone took off the shoe and started to unlace the other one. "I know he's a tough nut. But don't worry."

"I can't help worrying, sir."

William Boone sat up straight and looked at Harmon heavily. "I know you're curious. I know that what you want is for me to tell you all about everything. You'll have to wait, Harmon. Before tonight's over, I expect to have a big surprise for you. And for everyone else who can read a newspaper."

Harmon made a sound like a groan. "You're not planning any harm to Mr. Barnett, are you?"

"That depends on what you mean by harm. But don't worry. I am laying my plans very carefully and I shall proceed with the utmost caution. Did you put in my swimming trunks?"

"Of course, Mr. Boone."

"Where's the pool?"

"There's a side stairway to the terrace at this end of the hall, sir. Cross the terrace and go down the steps and take the path to your left."

WHEN William Boone reached the terrace, it was busy with preparations for tonight's party. A refreshment stand had been erected in each of the four corners. In the center was a dance platform covered with a brightly colored canopy. On the slope below the terrace a Ferris wheel was being assembled.

It was, William Boone thought, a very romantic setting. A soft warm breeze was pushing the fog in from the Atlantic and the trees were like motion-picture shots through soft lenses and layers of chiffon.

"What a perfect setting to make love to that girl in!" he reflected, and then amended, "What a perfect girl to make love to in any setting."

The pool was an enchanted spot, reached through the gardens. The long ellipse of turquoise water was enclosed by a lawn as green, as closely trimmed, as a putting green, and this lawn was, in turn, enclosed by a high box hedge. Sprinkled about over the lawn were shiny white benches, chairs and tables, and along each side of the pool was a long bed of flame zinnias.

William Boone tossed his robe over a white bench, kicked off his espadrilles and went out on the springboard. He had reached the end of it when he saw a girl in a white bathing suit and a white bathing cap preparing to dive in at the other end of the pool. She was slender and rather tall and the mist and the dusk made her, as she dived in, a slim and lovely water sprite.

It was a beautiful dive. He watched the easy thrust of her arms for a moment, then dived in himself. He started down the pool in a lazy trudgen and he met the girl about halfway. The white bathing cap made her face look dark.

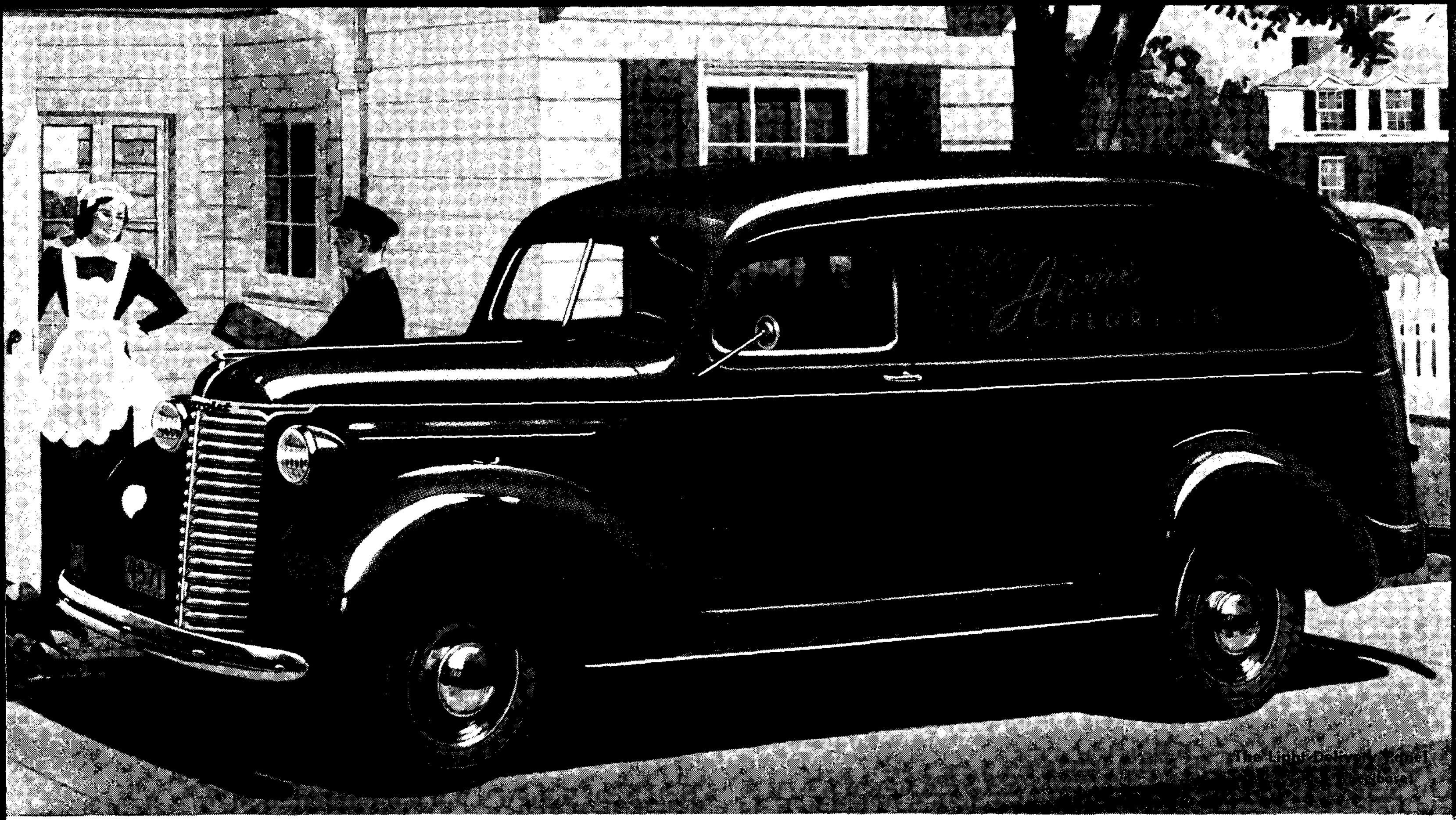
Suzette Aberdeen started to smile, and the smile seemed to freeze on her wet face.

"You!" she gasped. "Why! What are you doing here?"

(To be continued next week)

NEW 1939 CHEVROLET TRUCKS

QUALITY MAKES VOLUME — VOLUME MAKES PRICE



The Light Delivery Panel
[illegible]

THE NATION'S LARGEST BUILDER OF TRUCKS

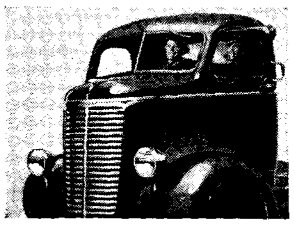
brings you higher quality trucks . . . lower prices . . . greater value for your money

FEATURES

NEW LONGER WHEELBASES • MASSIVE NEW SUPREMLINE TRUCK STYLING • FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCK ENGINE • NEW SUPER-COMFORT CAB • VASTLY IMPROVED VISIBILITY • POWERFUL HYDRAULIC TRUCK BRAKES (*Vacuum-Power Brake Equipment optional at additional cost.*) • FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE, on Heavy Duty models only. (*2-Speed Axle optional at additional cost.*)

Volume leadership always means value leadership! It is only natural that Chevrolet, *the nation's largest builder of trucks*, should be able to give you the greatest truck values on the market today. That's exactly what Chevrolet *does* give you in these new 1939 Chevrolet models! They're bigger, sturdier, more capable trucks, with every modern feature, and they sell at the *lowest prices* ever quoted on trucks of such outstanding quality. "*Haulaway via Chevrolet*," and you'll get better all-round delivery or haulage service, while saving money on first cost, operating costs and maintenance. See your nearest Chevrolet dealer—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments. A General Motors Value



New Chevrolet-Built
CAB-OVER-ENGINE MODELS

Entirely designed and entirely built by Chevrolet . . . offering amazing new *triple* savings . . . the threefold economies of *extra big load space*, Chevrolet's *new lower prices*, and Chevrolet's *exceptionally low operating costs*. Ask your Chevrolet dealer for a demonstration—today!

THE THRIFT-CARRIERS CHEVROLET FOR THE NATION

OLD FORESTER

ITS FAMOUS LABEL STILL CARRIES
THE SIXTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD ASSURANCE

"There is nothing better in the market."

AMERICA'S "GUEST WHISKY" SINCE 1870

BY BROWN-FORMAN

BROWN-FORMAN
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
KENTUCKY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Bottled in Bond under U. S. Government Supervision. This Whisky is 4 Years Old—100 Proof.

"By Brown-Forman"
NO FINER NAME IN WHISKY

BROWN-FORMAN
EARLY TIMES
KENTUCKY
OLD TUCKER

EARLY TIMES
The Whisky That Made Kentucky Whiskies Famous

A name that is famed through the years to lovers of fine whisky. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 90 Proof.

OLD TUCKER
4 Fine Whiskies in One

Selected for particular qualities to meet the taste of those who prefer fine blends. The straight whiskies in this product are 3 years or more old. A Blend of Straight Whiskies 90 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED, At Louisville in Kentucky . . . Since 1870

Cooked the Way You Like It

Continued from page 18

teaspoonful of Mexican chili powder. Simmer the mélange for ten minutes in a little water, drain it, then start on the pancakes, as exciting as French crepes but minus the rum and sugar. The pancakes are made with a flurry of flour—two cups, sifted, with three eggs, half a cup of melted butter, a pinch of salt and enough water so that when you whip the batter with a wooden spoon it is smooth and thin. Fry them in olive oil in a five-inch pan so hot it takes only half a minute for each side to brown. When the little miracles are wrought, spread them like huge polka dots on a wooden board, and place a tablespoon of the meat in the center of each. Roll them and put them in the oven. This is enough for six hungry diners.

The sauce, as typical of a nation as its language, is a riot of chili peppers in Mexico; in Hollywood it's made of plain tomato sauce out of a can, enlivened by an onion and a carrot that have been braised in oil, two bay leaves, two cloves, and simmered for about an hour. The mixture is then thickened with two tablespoons of flour. The Victor Hugo sometimes adds a ham bone for flavor, and as a final gesture sprinkles Parmesan cheese and chopped black olives over each serving.

No national cookery is immune from John's sleight of hand. Take *gnocchi,* that Italian standby. A pleasant variant of spaghetti, Isa Mirandi prefers it to the original. In its American rendition it is lighter by far than you will find it in dear old Naples:

2 cups flour
2 egg yolks
1 cup of mashed potatoes (very dry)
½ teaspoon of salt
Dash of pepper
Dash of nutmeg

Knead this mixture with your hands till it is so well mixed you can roll it into a tube a quarter of an inch in diameter. We use more potatoes than the Italians do, so the dough won't be heavy. Cut it into half-inch pieces, place it in boiling salted water, *whisk it out after* three or four minutes. For the sauce, take half a cup of dried Italian mushrooms, soaked in hot water for fifteen minutes or boiled for ten, then drained, skinned and chopped; braise in oil one small minced onion and a slice of ham, diced; add half a clove of garlic, chopped; two tablespoons of olive oil; a bay leaf; salt, pepper, half a can of tomato purée and a little rosemary, to insure a flavor you'll remember. Mix them all together and let them cook slowly for half an hour. Just before serving, add the *gnocchi* to the sauce, rather than the sauce to the *gnocchi,* and sprinkle grated cheese on top of each serving.

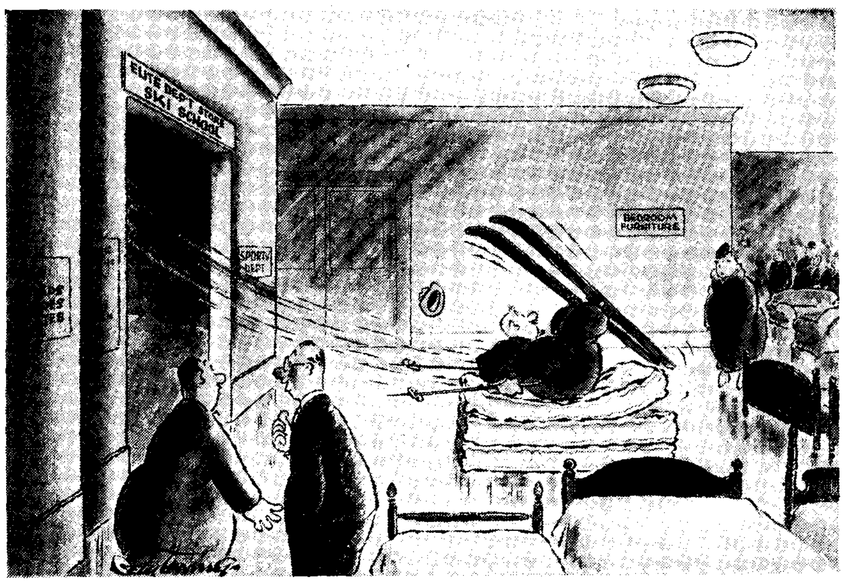
Knowing the world and its saucepan as he does, John would not neglect typical American dishes. Imagine a top-flight restaurant without Baked Alaska on its menu, for instance.

Energy-needing stars on location rarely stint themselves. And that is another branch of John's business, feeding the players on location. Huge trucks take tremendous metal containers full of roast turkey, green peas, mashed potatoes and apple pie forty or fifty miles into the country—John usually sticks to the simplicity of American dishes on these occasions—and actors are fed at a lightning speed of 1,000 in twenty minutes! Twelve men and a driver, who is converted into a waiter when he gets there, do the whole job.

Even on location John says it is possible to get away with naturalized food now and then. But it must be of the wholesome sort, not opulent. Speaking of opulent food, there is one dish for which everybody goes at the Victor Hugo itself: chopped chicken livers. The initiate recognizes it as an appetizer treasured in Jewish homes. It is traditionally made with chicken livers, onions, salt, pepper and chicken fat. John's chopped chicken livers—subtle changelings—are a blend of Jewish and French ritual.

Chicken livers reproduced at the Victor Hugo are pâtés, minus the truffles which makes foie gras too exotic for everyday taste. Take a large Bermuda onion, slice it thin, and cook it in three or four spoonfuls of chicken fat until it is gleamingly golden. Sauté separately a half pound of chicken livers, using very hot chicken fat instead of butter, so they will cook quickly. Mix the onions and livers together, season with *salt, pepper* and one quarter of a teaspoon of nutmeg, one tablespoon of sherry, and grind them through your grinding machine. When the paste has cooled, serve it with two grated raw beets, mixed with a teaspoonful of horse-radish sauce.

"Brian Donlevy, the Irish film muscle man is our chief rooter for naturalized chicken livers," mentioned John, mischievously.



"Suggesting that got me a five-dollar raise"

JAY IRVING

The Road to Cariente

Continued from page 19

mud-spattered yellow poncho concealed her figure, and the brim of a small sombrero cut down over her eyes.

When I reached her, I saluted her. "Captain Hughes of the federal army," I said in the best Spanish I knew, "and at your service, señorita."

"You are the comandante?"

I moved closer to the rider's stirrup, and looked up at her. She was young—about eighteen—and she had the same dark-lashed, brooding black eyes you see all over the republic. Her face was white and drawn.

"I am in command here," I said.

The girl leaned toward me. "Captain Hughes," she said—her voice sharp, eager—"I am told that you are holding a boy here, in this village. A prisoner—a rebel. I am told he is to be taken to Cariente, in the morning, and—and shot. Is that not so, Captain?"

"That is so, señorita," I said.

She leaned far down from the saddle and brought her face close to mine. "May I have five minutes with that boy, Captain Hughes?"

I drew back a step. "No, señorita," I said. "I have definite orders on that point. Until General Rivas, who is to be in command, arrives in the morning, I can permit no one to speak to that boy. *No one!*"

She was silent, biting her lips.

"Señorita," I said slowly, "at the court-martial this morning the boy would not give us his name. He still refuses to give it; he will tell us nothing about himself. *Why?*"

Her eyes were holding mine hard. "Perhaps he has his reasons. I will tell you this, though, Captain Hughes: He is a rebel, as they charge; but he is not guilty of espionage. That I know."

"How do you know?" I said.

She pushed her sombrero back, and leaned forward again. "Because he slipped through the lines *to see me.*"

"Without his uniform?" I said.

"Without his uniform," she said.

"Then, señorita," I said, "he is a spy. At least, according to the law, he is a spy."

She stared at me. *"Madre de Dios!"* she whispered. "He goes to the woman he loves; he does no harm to anyone—and they shoot him! And there will be peace so soon!"

"Within two or three days, I hope, señorita," I said, and hesitated. Then I said: "You are his *amante?*"

"I am his wife," she said simply.

I STOOD there, not quite certain what to say or do. I thought of my orders. As I had told the girl, they were definite: To keep the prisoner *incomunicado* until General Rivas' arrival. I thought of those orders. Then I thought:

"What the hell! He'll be dead by ten o'clock tomorrow." And I called Perez over, and I said: "Have this lady searched, carefully, by your *patrona.* Then escort her to the prisoner, and give her five minutes with him. Alone. Five minutes, Perez—no more!"

Perez nodded. The girl said softly: "*Gracias,* Captain. You are very kind." I said: "It is nothing, señora," and turned and walked to my room.

When I reached my room, I lighted a candle and went over my orders again. They were brief: The prisoner would be escorted to Cariente (a fairly large town about eight miles from the village) and there shot by a firing squad, "as an example to others of his kind." General Rivas, stationed in San Marcos, would arrive at the village at five-thirty in the morning, to take command. I would be ready, with the prisoner and eight of my men, to receive the general and accompany him to Cariente.

It was ten o'clock when I blew out the candle. All night, I could see the face of that young Mexican, as he sat on the edge of his cot in that bare adobe room and faced us; I could feel his eyes fixed hopelessly on mine. I didn't sleep much.

In the morning, when I went to the adobe where we held the boy, the sun had risen. It was a quarter past five. The fog had gone; the day was cool and clear. I felt like hell.

Perez had eight men, mounted and with rifles swinging from their saddles, ready for me. They were lined up in front of the adobe when I got there. There were two extra horses—one for the prisoner and one for me.

I climbed on my horse, and Perez stepped into the adobe and brought the prisoner out. He was a fine-looking young Mexican—slim and graceful, with curly black hair and gentle dark eyes. His head was bare. As Perez led him to me, he showed no sign of fear.

His horse, the sorriest nag we had, stood to the left of mine—in front of the squad. When he was in the saddle, I glanced at my watch. It was five-thirty. The general was not on time.

I KEPT my eye on my watch. At sixteen, two riders, both in uniform, came trotting down the street. I brought the squad to attention. One of the riders I guessed to be Rivas; he was much older, and he rode slightly in advance of the other.

When the two men reached us, I saluted them. The insignia of the older proved that I was right: he was the general. An enormous man, he sat his horse like an old cavalryman. His eyes, under shaggy gray brows, were deep-set and shrewd. His nose was straight and sensitive; his mouth full-lipped, firm. His skin was so sun-baked it was almost black; it made his white, close-cropped mustache seem whiter than it was.

"A good soldier," I thought, and gave his companion a quick once-over. He was a colonel—a pudgy little Mexican about half the general's size, with a fat poker face and glasses fixed firmly on the snub of a nose.

The general and the colonel returned my salute. The general said: "My apologies, Captain, for having kept you waiting. Let us move out at once." His voice was sharp and clear, with a fine military snap.

I saluted, called out an order. And we started. The general and the colonel led the way.

We rode slowly. No one spoke.

We had jogged along a mile or more when I heard a sharp report from up ahead of me. A hawk was circling above us; and the colonel had fired at it with his pistol. I watched him as he fired five more shots—all misses.

The general said something to the colonel. I was too far away to get what he said; whatever it was, it made the colonel laugh.

The hawk was still wheeling above. The general slipped his pistol out of its holster, took careful aim at the bird, and fired three times, very quickly; faster than I had ever seen anyone fire a revolver. The hawk came tumbling down, and fell within a few feet of my mount.

After that the only sound, as we moved down the road, was the slogging of hoofs in the mud. . . .

We must have been five miles from the village when we reached a stretch of open country—flat meadowland, a foot deep in fresh, green grass—that

You're out in the Cold-

...till you get a Barbasol Face

IF you think women don't notice, just shave with Barbasol for 10 days or so and see how your wife or sweetheart warms up to the improvement in your face.

Here's why:

A Barbasol Face is a smoother, younger-looking face because Barbasol does a whole lot more than give you the sweetest shave you ever had—

Its beneficial oils help to prevent razor-irritation, while you shave—and leave your skin soft and smooth and supple, after you've shaved.

Why keep on torturing your skin with old-fashioned methods that bite and burn, tending to roughen and wrinkle your skin? Why be content with some other methods that leave a half-cut stubble?

Turn to Barbasol today and know the thrill of the quickest, smoothest shave in the world, plus fine protection for your skin.

Your druggist sells three sizes, large tube, 25¢; giant tube, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.

Barbasol
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather No Rub In

For modern shaving... No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

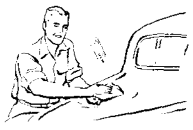
NEW EASY WAY TO SIMONIZ

You probably know how important Simonizing is to any car. You've seen how it restores, protects and preserves the paint . . . yes, keeps the cars sparkling for years. And now Simonizing is easier! Try this new way of using Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener today . . . you'll like it!

ON WET

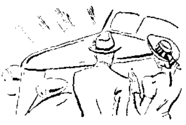
Clean entire car with Simoniz Kleener on a wet cloth, taking easy strokes as in washing. Let Kleener dry white on the finish.

OFF DRY



Wipe off Kleener with a dry cloth. Presto! The finish sparkles in all its natural lustre. Your car looks new again!

APPLY SIMONIZ



Spread Simoniz on with a damp cloth. Rub lightly . . . your car has lasting beauty and protection!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ

These world-famous products sold at hardware and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere . . . never under any other name.

stretched before us for two or three hundred yards to a small wooded hill.

We halted there, on the edge of the grass, for a rest. The prisoner dismounted with the rest of us. When he had tied his nag, the general stood on his right, the colonel on his left.

I told the men they could smoke; and they were just lighting their cigarettes when the general called us to him. I stepped over and stood near the colonel. The men formed a ring around us.

When the last man had taken his place, the general said—to me: "The thing I shall do now has been ordered by headquarters. It is not to my taste, Captain." He turned to the boy. "What is your name?" he snapped.

The boy's eyes, locked with the general's, did not falter. But he made no answer. There was a silence.

The general motioned to me. "Very well, Captain," he said calmly. "Have your men cover this man. But let no one fire until I give the word."

I SENT the men for their rifles. While they were walking to their horses, the general led the boy to a spot, a few feet away, where the grass was only two or three inches tall. I saw him point to the hill across the meadowland; I heard him say: "Over there lies safety—if you can get there."

The men had straggled back, with their rifles. I said: "Keep the prisoner covered. But hold your fire until the general gives the order."

The general slipped his pistol from its holster. He prodded the boy with the pistol. "Now," he said. *"Go!"*

I heard a man at my side swear softly, and the boy leaped forward. He ran a few steps, zigzagging. He was fast and agile. When he had gone about fifty yards, cutting first to the right, then to the left, the general raised his pistol, aimed quickly, and fired. The boy pivoted, ran on.

The general shook his head. He took a long, steady aim. The boy had covered more than a hundred yards—a long distance for even the best pistol-shot, with such a target. The general fired. The boy stopped abruptly, threw up his hands, then ran on a few stumbling paces, and fell.

The colonel said: "Shall I take a look, General?"

"Very well, Guiterrez," the general said. "But I think it is a waste of time."

The colonel stepped out into the grass. He walked quickly. He reached the boy; stood, for a few moments, staring down at him. He leaned over, touched the boy. Then he straightened, and walked back to us.

When he reached us, the general said: "Well?"

The colonel shrugged. "It was a good shot."

The general shoved the pistol into its holster. My men were fidgeting nervously. No one spoke.

The general tightened his pistol belt. "A burial detail is waiting in Cariente, Colonel. Ride there, quickly. Order the detail sent out here at once. I will wait for you in San Marcos."

We got on our horses. The colonel set off for Cariente. The rest of us rode back to the village.

My men were hard-boiled; but they didn't talk much going back. When we reached the village, the general said: "I leave you here, Captain. . . . And by the way: Make no report on the matter. I will attend to everything." His eyes cut hard into mine. "This is an order, Captain. You understand?"

I said: "I understand."

And he rode away.

A few days later, the revolution blew up—as I had thought it would. I was pretty well fed up with army life; so I chucked my commission, as soon as I could, and went down to Mexico City.

Across the street from the hotel where I registered, there was a restaurant. It was a swanky place, with a very fine orchestra and an excellent cuisine. I remained in Mexico City for nearly a year; and I dined in that restaurant almost every evening.

The evening before I was to leave, I went there. The place was unusually crowded. I managed to find a small table, alone. A waiter took my order, hurried away. And I glanced about me.

At a table almost touching mine was—General Rivas. He was in full-dress uniform; but there was no mistaking that enormous body, those shrewd, penetrating eyes.

For a time, I avoided his eyes. Then I met them. I was in civilian clothes, of course, and I wasn't sure he would recognize me. But he did; he smiled and bowed.

I returned his bow coldly, and looked away.

My waiter had just returned when Rivas heaved his huge bulk out of his chair, left his table, and walked to my side. "So," he said affably, extending his hand, "we meet again, my friend."

"Yes, General Rivas," I said, "we meet again." I pretended not to see his hand.

"I am waiting for some guests," the general said. "I trust you do not mind if I join you?"

Before I could reply, he drew out the chair at my side and seated himself.

There was a small dance floor in the middle of the room. We were near it. For a time, we watched the señoritas and their partners moving through a slow tango. Neither of us spoke until the general turned to me and said:

"You do not like me, Captain Hughes. And you do not even know my name!"

"No?" I said, and kept my eyes on the dancers.

"No," he said. "My name, Captain Hughes, is not Rivas." I turned from the dancers, and faced him. "My friend," he said slowly, "upon the occasion of which you are thinking, you did not meet General Rivas. You met me—General Gomez."

"Well, what of it?" I said. "All I know is that those damned orders I got—"

THE general held up his hand. "Yes," he said. "Yes, Captain Hughes, I read those orders. General Rivas — with whom I dined in San Marcos, the evening before we took that ride—was good enough to show them to me."

He leaned as close to me as he could get. His eyes were flashing. "It was imperative that I, not Rivas, ride to Cariente with that rebel. The wires were down, so there was no alternative—"

He paused and glanced at his wrist watch. Then: "There being no alternative, Rivas and I had a wonderful party. With plenty of good wine. Too much for General Rivas. So Colonel Guiterrez—you remember him, Captain?—and I put the general to bed. And I got that rebel!"

I threw my napkin on the table, and stood up.

"Yes, you got the rebel," I said shortly. "It must have been great sport—shooting that helpless boy. . . . I bid you good night, General Gomez."

Gomez caught me by the sleeve. He threw back his huge head, and looked up—straight into my eyes. "It *was* great sport," he said, and smiled. "Because, thanks to you, Captain Hughes, who let my messenger see your prisoner; and my good friend, Colonel Guiterrez, who made a false report, that poor boy did not die—you only *thought* you saw him die. . . . Now do you understand?"

I stood there, thinking it over.

"*Amigo,*" he said gently, "he was my son."

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
86 PROOF

Teacher's definite personality is built upon its smooth, just-right *taste*, its tangy, *balanced* flavour. Teacher's consistent, unvarying quality makes it the Scotch that men favor.

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Mail-Order Government

Continued from page 15

tolerate even an abuse of that freedom. Responsible and sober-minded citizens can only pray that the power so grossly abused in this instance will not, in the future, be exercised by reckless men and women who, in seeking to destroy the prestige of a great popular leader, will not hesitate to undermine the very democratic institutions that they pretend to revere and uphold. Dorothy Thompson, who is capable of calm and sane reflection, and Father Coughlin, whose capacity in this regard is to be doubted, should not overlook the fact that what they have done in this instance others may do on other occasions and perhaps even more effectively. America would indeed be in a sorry state if grave national problems in the future were to be decided in favor of those who could shed the most and the wettest crocodile tears; who could emit the most irresponsible and shrillest shrieks for the purpose of deliberately stirring up a surging and vindictive mob.

To Eliminate Duplication

The strangest thing about this whole free show was that the mock heroics, the posturings, the thumping of chests and the false alarms indulged in and stimulated by these political Holy Rollers who pretended to save America from a "dictatorship" were professedly for the purpose of preserving a mythical system of checks and balances. I say "mythical system," because whatever predilections the Founding Fathers may have had for a well-balanced distribution of powers among the three branches of government, there is little evidence that they favored an impotent, checkmated government. It was to get rid of that sort of impotent, checkmated government that they scrapped the Articles of Confederation for the Constitution.

The Constitution plainly provides that "the executive power shall be vested in the President of the United States," and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The primary purpose of the reorganization bill was to make it possible for the President to take care that the laws be faithfully executed.

Although the bill was pictured by the reactionary press as a most novel and unprecedented measure, the powers it proposed to give the President were no greater than those given to President Hoover in 1932, and to President Roosevelt in 1933. In fact, they were in some respects less. Although the bill was portrayed as giving to the President dictatorial powers, it proposed to give the executive branch of the government no right over any private citizen or over the property of any private citizen that the executive branch did not already possess. The bill did not enlarge or diminish by one iota the rights of any private citizen under existing law.

The reorganization bill merely gave the President the authority to shift and consolidate powers now vested in over a hundred different federal agencies so that these powers might be more effectively administered in the public interest. In making shifts and consolidations, the President was authorized to eliminate unnecessary agencies, but their powers could not be abridged or destroyed although they might be transferred to other agencies that might more effectively exercise them. The bill did not authorize the President to transfer any power from any of the independent establishments of the government such as the Federal Reserve Board or the Interstate Commerce Commission. It did nothing more than authorize the President to organize the work of the executive agencies so as to eliminate overlappings and duplication. With executive powers haphazardly distributed among a hundred-odd agencies it had become difficult if not impossible for the President as Chief Executive to perform his constitutional duties.

The straightening out of this hodgepodge is opposed only by those having vested bureaucratic interests to preserve, or having a greater interest in embarrassing the President politically than in aiding him in his constitutional duty to take care that the laws are faithfully administered. This becomes the more obvious when we remember that there was no shift or consolidation of powers that the President might have made under the proposed reorganization bill which could not almost immediately have been undone by duly enacted legislation. Had the bill passed, the power of the Congress to check the Executive by repealing or changing the laws that it is his function to administer would have remained unaffected and undiminished. However, few citizens on the mailing lists of Frank Gannett's committee of circumferential "Constitution savers" would ever have gleaned these simple facts from his hysterical alarums.

The Founding Fathers contemplated that the President should have power to see that the laws were faithfully administered. Certainly laws duly enacted by the Congress should be enforced until they are duly amended or repealed by Congress. Certainly laws should not be nullified or their enforcement obstructed by indirection. The power of the Congress to make, amend and repeal its own laws is fully safeguarded under the Constitution, and the reorganization bill could not and did not purport to take from Congress any part of this power.

Local and Special Pressure Groups

But the Constitution never contemplated that the President should be hamstrung in the faithful administration of the duly enacted laws of the land. This despite the fact that the Congress may and frequently does obstruct the exercise of the executive function by refusing or limiting necessary appropriations for the carrying out of his statutory or constitutional duties. In practically every appropriation bill the Congress strikes out items requested by the Executive; it inserts new items against the wishes of the Executive; it limits or varies the purposes for which money may be spent by the Executive; it decreases the sums urged by the Executive for effective administration. And yet the Congress holds the Executive responsible for effectively carrying out the laws.

The Congress has, in fact, frequently obstructed the administration and enforcement of its own laws, the outright repeal of which public opinion would never have sanctioned. The Congress may also obstruct the exercise of the executive function by the enactment of laws incapable of fair or intelligent administration. Just so, the Congress may obstruct the exercise of the judicial function by circumscribing the jurisdiction of the courts.

There may be some unusual occasion when the irresponsible exercise of executive or judicial power might excuse or justify such actions on the part of Congress. But certainly the normal check which the Constitution contemplated that the Congress might exercise over the executive and judicial

NOTE: Walter O'Keefe has just started a new radio series over CBS on Thursday nights. We asked him to tell you about it—and here's the story hot off the O'Keefe griddle.

"Okay! O'KEEFE! ...TAKE IT AWAY!"
CBS

"HOWDY, FOLKS. I've been Master of Ceremonies for every kind of show from a night club to a clambake. But this is the first time that I ever MC'd an advertisement. Nice work if you can get it. Come along with me a minute and I'll take you behind the scenes of my new Thursday evening radio show, 'Tune-Up Time.' That's me up there at the mike. See that script in my hand? There's an interesting story about that. I'll give you the low-down later. But now—here comes music. Let's listen...

"IT'S ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and his orchestra in the smoothest arrangement that ever set toes a-tapping. Notice that Andre has a script, too. Did you think we ad lib those wisecracks between numbers? Not on your life! Every word is right there in black-and-white. So the scripts *must* be clear and easy to read.

"KAY THOMPSON and her Rhythm Singers also follow the script... What's that?... Of course, they can *sing* without one. Just listen to them. Friends, that's singing that is real swing! But where do they get their cues? You're right—from the script.

"HELLO, WHO'S THIS? It's Vince (left), the chap who mimeographs our scripts. You never hear him on the air, but he's mighty important to the show. Sometimes scripts are revised half an hour before broadcast time. Suppose they were blurry and hard to read (like this), 'Not a chance,' says Vince. 'We do them on Hammermill Mimeograph Paper. Then I'm sure they'll be clean, easy to read.'"

CHALLENGE TO BUSINESS MEN! Test Hammermill Mimeograph against the paper you're now using. See for yourself its fine performance through the machine. Examine the clean, sharp copies. Write on them with your pen and notice they don't feather or blur. Others making this test vote 99 to 1 in favor of Hammermill Mimeograph. Mail coupon now for free 100-sheet test packet and booklet, "Good Mimeographing"—suggestions to help you get better results from your stencil equipment.

100 SHEETS FREE
GOOD MIMEOGRAPHING
HAMMERMILL MIMEOGRAPH

Send this coupon!

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa. C-2-18

Please send 100-sheet packet of Hammermill Mimeograph and booklet, "Good Mimeographing." We operate model__________ Stencil Duplicator.

Name____________________ Position__________

(Please attach to your *business* letterhead)

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

FASCINATING, ISN'T HE? BUT, GAD, SUCH A SQUIRMER!
Peter Arno
Y-FRONT. PATENT OF COOPERS, Inc.
OPENING
Jockey UNDERWEAR
NO-GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

A QUICK TRICK FOR COMFORT!

SWITCH TO Jockey UNDERWEAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JOCKEY IS A twin to your skin—and a foe to squirming. It's masculinized to fit *everywhere.* Exclusive, patented Y-front construction gives mild, restful support. Prevents hiking, bunching, sawing, grabbing. Convenient, angled opening that won't gap. Not a button anywhere! Start your wardrobe of Jockeys now. Various leg lengths in cotton and cotton-wool mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. For the children, Jockey in sizes down to 6 years. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Illustrating Jockey in the Midway length. Modern two-piece underwear

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and Distributed
In Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In the British Isles by Lyle and Scott, Hawick, Scotland.

Copr. 1939 by Coopers, Inc.

Independence

TO DIG down in your purse and pull out a roll of bills—that's Independence! And that's what just about every woman of today wants. Money for trips, and the movies, and pretty clothes. Money to spend that doesn't have to come out of your budget. Just—pin money!

"The Club has helped me to keep my independence," writes a California member. "As I pocket each dollar I earn in the Club a new light enters my eyes—shoulders straighten and I could hug the world. It's a wonderful feeling and I hope the Club will always be there to help someone who needs it."

A New York member also wrote this pleasant letter:

"I never dreamed I could make so much money. Each day since I joined the Club I am happier. In such a little while I earned $13.70 and it helped so much."

"A Boon to Mothers"

"When mother's job reaches out beyond her home to keep pace with education for her children then what a boon to her is the P.M.C. She can be her own timekeeper. She sets her goal according to her requirements. With taxes and life insurance both due you can imagine how little there would be for extras without the Club's aid," writes a Utah Club member.

YOUR place is here in the Pin Money Club, and you'll enjoy claiming membership—also pocketing the extra dollars that will be yours for giving just a portion of your spare time to our pleasant and easy work.

Send for our free booklet, "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents." Don't delay. Write a letter or send a card today to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 82
250 Park Avenue New York City

branches of the government was to be exercised through its affirmative lawmaking power. The legitimate lawmaking authority of Congress makes it, as it should be in a democracy, the strongest of the three branches of government.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the Founding Fathers ever contemplated that the President should have no hand in lawmaking. The Constitution expressly directs the President to give to the Congress information on the state of the Union and to recommend such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. The Founding Fathers knew the dangers that come from local and special pressure groups. They knew that the President, elected as he would be by the whole nation, could be expected to take a national point of view of the people's problems and difficulties. With statesmanlike foresight they deliberately provided that the President should have the right of veto over all legislation.

Hitchhiking Riders

It is strange that Frank Gannett's committee, which parades under the grandiose title of the "National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government," has not concerned itself with the pernicious practice frequently indulged in by the Congress to deprive the President of his constitutional power to veto legislation. This practice consists in annexing riders to, or inserting jokers into, legislative acts in such a manner as to make them practically immune to a probable veto. It is doubtful whether this practice of enacting legislation by trick is ever in the public interest; and certainly it is contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

At the first session of the 75th Congress, a senator, who had already distinguished himself by inveighing against the President because of the latter's supposed assumption of or intention to assume "dictatorial" powers, offered a bill known as the "Uniform Price Bill," the effect of which was to permit the manufacturer of competitive products to control the price of those products when sold by retail merchants. The President announced his opposition to this proposed legislation before it came to a vote in the Senate. Thereupon the bill promptly died.

Subsequently, toward the end of the fiscal year, when legislation to provide revenues had to be passed in order to permit the government to function, the District of Columbia Revenue Bill, which provided for the collection of revenues needed to carry on the government of the District for the ensuing fiscal year, passed the House. The bill was late in reaching the Senate. In that body, the senator, who had not been able to get his uniform price bill through on its merits, tacked it onto this revenue bill as a rider.

There was not the slightest connection between the bill and the rider except that the rider had a usurped seat in the saddle, from which vantage point he could use effectively both whip and spur. One was ordinary fiscal legislation and the other sought to establish a new principle in the law, which should have been discussed and passed on its merits unless a trick was to be played upon the people. When the bill with its incongruous rider reached the President, he literally found himself at the business end of a legislative gun. The District of Columbia was in desperate need of funds for the next fiscal year. The President could not veto the rider to which he had already expressed disapproval without vetoing the revenue bill at the same time, and if he did this, the government of the District would seriously have to curtail its essential activities unless its police, fire and health, waterworks and other employees were willing to go without pay or unless those responsible for the administration of the District were content to assume an unbearable deficit. So the President, virtually under compulsion, signed the bill.

Here was a nullification of the veto power of the President which did not consist in the overriding of a veto by the vote of the representatives of the people in Congress as provided in the Constitution.

Many additional examples could be cited, but one other that occurred at the same session of the Congress will suffice. The appropriation bill of the Department of the Interior, as presented to the House of Representatives, with the approval of the Bureau of the Budget, carried an item of three million dollars for vocational training. One of the most powerful lobbies in the country is the vocational education lobby. When this bill emerged from the House, eleven million dollars had been added to this item, making a total of fourteen million dollars. In the Senate, these additional eleven million dollars were elided and the bill went to conference. It emerged therefrom with the eleven million dollars restored. In this form it passed both the House and the Senate and in due course was presented to the President.

We were already in the fiscal year of 1938. By a bit of administrative legerdemain the Department of the Interior had managed to keep going but it could not function much longer because it was out of money and the executive officer who contracts obligations in the absence of legislative authority violates the law. He lays himself open to impeachment and to dismissal from office. He may even have cause to regret that he had not cultivated the friendship of certain prison wardens.

The Right to Confirm

Here again the President was up against it. If he vetoed the bill, it might come back to him in precisely the same shape or it might not come back to him at all, in which event important duties of government would have to be suspended indefinitely. He was as effectively under duress as is a person who is forced to sign a contract under threats of physical violence. Yet he was without the legal redress of which a man who enters into a contract under compulsion can avail himself. He could not go into court and have this item in the appropriation bill set aside because it was not the expression of his own free will.

Here again Congress, at the instigation of a powerful lobby, ruthlessly, if deviously, rendered ineffective the veto power of the President. Yet the right to veto is the greatest, and, in effect, the only power that the President has under the Constitution to check acts of the legislative branch of the government.

Such acts as have been cited constitute an invasion by the legislature of the powers and prerogatives of the Executive. The Congress ought to make it possible for the President to veto any extraneous provision that is not germane to a bill. But Congress is so jealous of its own prerogatives that it is not willing to surrender any of them even if some that it clings to constitute an invasion of the rights of the Executive and are contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Also, in a spirit of sportsmanship and fair play, the Congress ought to undertake to give the President power to veto separate items in an appropriation bill. It is interesting to note that at a recent session of the Congress the House of Representatives inserted such a provision in the Independent Offices Appropriation Act, but the Senate refused to concur. On the contrary, Congress uses appropriation bills as a ruler with which to rap the Executive over the knuckles.

The Constitution quite properly reserves to the Senate the right to confirm certain nominations made by the President. The Founding Fathers would probably be astonished if they knew that this right had been fashioned into a club with which to beat the President over the head. It is certainly arguable that the intention was that this power should appertain only to certain officers of highest rank or to such as are charged with important executive or policy-forming powers, or both. It may be doubted whether it is for the good of the service that relatively unimportant executive appointments should be made subject to confirmation by the Senate. Yet more and more is the Senate reaching farther down into the executive branch of the government and building up its patronage privilege, and therefore its power to interfere with executive acts, under its right to confirm. It is of interest that, apparently, the House of Representatives has not yet awakened to the fact that in agreeing to an ever-widening exercise of this power on the part of the Senate it is giving to senators ever greater rights with respect to patronage.

The right to confirm, as it works in practice, is, in effect, the right to dictate to the President whom he shall choose to help him perform duties with which he is charged by the Constitution. Thus the President is burdened with full executive responsibility, while at the same time he is denied complete authority in many instances to select even minor officials. Executive appointments not subject to civil service may be reconciled with the merit system by responsible executive action, but executive appointments subject to confirmation may be an assurance of the use of the spoils system in its most vicious form. Appointments so made are dictated by senatorial courtesy at best, by irresponsible local machines at worst.

Another striking example of the too-ready disposition of the Congress to interfere with and hamper the Executive in the performance of his constitutional duties was offered when the office of the Comptroller General was established. Whether the law intended it or not, the Comptroller General, who constitutionally ought to be under the Executive, has come to arrogate to himself powers that set him above even the President himself. Thus an independent executive officer was created who, on frequent occasions, without consulting the President or the principal law officer of the government, the Attorney General, undertakes to tell the executive branch what it may or may not do under laws passed by Congress.

For Greater Efficiency and Economy

It would be interesting to know how such usurpations of executive power by the legislative branch of the government as have been enumerated have escaped the all-seeing eyes of those who have been so keen to detect even an imagined move on the part of anyone connected with the executive branch to assume powers that are lodged by the Constitution in someone else. Can it be that those valiant "defenders" of our Constitution—Frank Gannett, Dorothy Thompson, Mark Sullivan, Hugh Johnson, "Croak" Carter, and the chief of the clan, Father Coughlin—can see out of only one eye, or are they special pleaders under a retainer to their own passions and prejudices?

To what meed for fairness or impartiality are these people entitled when even a cursory glance at the record discloses that as to constitutional violations by the Congress, as to encroachments by the legislative and the judicial branches of the government upon the executive branch, they are myopic, while as to the supposed reaching out for powers of distatorship on the part of the Executive they are astigmatic?

It was to correct the indefensible system that has been built up by the legislative in the executive branch of the government that the reorganization bill that had been drafted by nonpolitical experts was introduced before the last session of the Congress. The handicaps imposed upon the Executive have been recognized for many years by Republican as well as by Democratic executives. But Congress was not willing to give the Executive the power to shift existing bureaus, to combine, to co-ordinate, to refine and to build up the executive branch of the government in a way that would have meant greater efficiency and economy. Yet it is safe to say that a large majority of the members of both branches of Congress recognize the reasonableness of the President's request. I know of my own knowledge men who attacked this bill on the outrageous charge that it meant a "dictatorship," while they privately admitted that a reorganization of the executive branch of the government was long overdue and that it could not be effected except under such a law as was proposed.

A Panic of Fear

These gentlemen were statesmen in private conversation but politicians of a low order in public debate. They denied to President Roosevelt, merely because he was Franklin D. Roosevelt, powers which, as intelligent men, they knew that the Chief Executive must have if our government is to do anything about the overlappings, the inefficiencies and the waste that permeate the federal service and which are preventable.

Some of the congressmen who voted against the reorganization bill knew what they were doing; they were out to weaken the President's leadership. Having failed to do so on vital human issues that the people could understand, they hoped to accomplish their purpose on a false issue relating to the internal operations of the government, which the people did not understand. Other congressmen who voted against the reorganization bill did so because they were thrown into a panic of fear by the false propaganda of the mail-order and wire-order brigades. Reassurance has come to these latter since they have learned that many of the letters and telegrams with which they were bombarded were signed with fictitious names.

Let there be no misunderstanding. As vigorously as I may attack the pressure groups within and outside of Congress, I yield to no man in my championship of the important functions that Congress has exercised and must continue to exercise in a constitutional democracy. The power and effectiveness of Congress as an essential instrument of democratic government must be preserved and strengthened. But just as a truly representative assembly is essential to a democracy so is a responsible and nationally accountable leadership.

Twentieth-century democracy cannot rest upon political logrolling or the dissipating diffusion of executive responsibility. Nor can it go confidently forward if it is to be exposed, at increasingly frequent intervals, to hijacking by selfish and venal pressure groups. The Constitution wisely vested all legislative powers in the Congress, not in loose-talking and loose-writing individuals whose purity of purpose may be doubted when they resort to reckless misrepresentation and heated vituperation. The Constitution wisely vested national leadership and executive power, not in a hundred-odd executive agencies, but in the President of the United States.

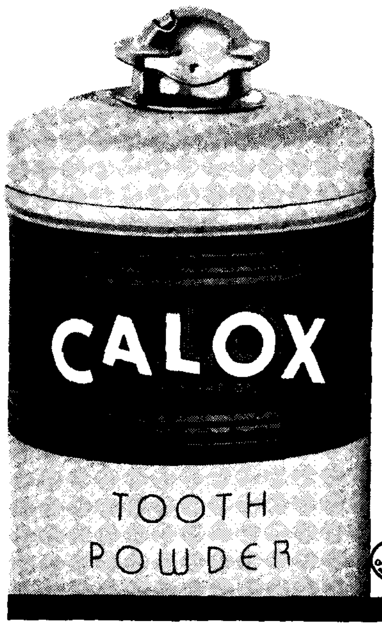
Madeleine Carroll
Co-starred with
Fred MacMurray
in Paramount's
"Cafe Society"

For teeth that "Shine like the Stars'" use Calox Powder★★★

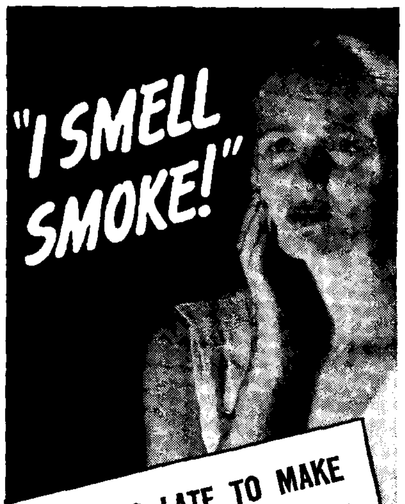
Add charm to your smile. To enhance the beauty of your smile... to bring out the natural lustre of your teeth, take a tip from Hollywood—use Calox Tooth Powder, the same soft, smooth dentifrice so many screen stars use before they face the camera.

Important Note: Calox is made specially to polish teeth to a brilliant, sparkling lustre—a real beauty polish, without harm to precious enamel. Calox contains five tested, pure ingredients blended with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

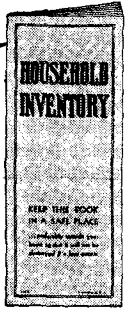
Millions of people know cleansing teeth with Calox Tooth Powder is a refreshing, delightful, wholesome experience. Help your teeth to shine like the stars'. Get Calox today at any drug counter. Three convenient, long-lasting, economical sizes. Trial size, Handy size and Family size.



© 1939, McKesson & Robbins, Inc.


"I SMELL SMOKE!"

IT'S TOO LATE TO MAKE THIS NECESSARY LIST AFTER FIRE STRIKES



WHETHER you realize it or not, every fire insurance policy that you have requires that all lost and damaged property must be named—before insurance is paid.

That's a hard thing to do *after* a fire. But it is easy to make an inventory of your property, and be prepared in case of fire.

Send for this free Household Inventory Booklet. In it you can list everything—room by room. The booklet helps you by suggesting many things that are often overlooked. Mail the coupon today. There is no cost or obligation.

FREE

THE AMERICAN INSURANCE GROUP
15 Washington St. (Dept. 0214)
Newark, New Jersey

Without charge or obligation, please send me your Household Inventory Booklet.

*Name*__________

*Street*__________

*City*__________*State*__________

BECOME AN EXPERT
BOOKKEEPER

New, *better* bookkeeping opportunities opening every day. Jobs that pay well—and lead to still better jobs. We train you to get them—and keep them! Previous training not necessary. C.P.A. instructors cover everything from the ground up. Inexpensive. Write for free book and special terms. No obligation. Address:

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 240-HA, Chicago, Ill.
A Correspondence Institution

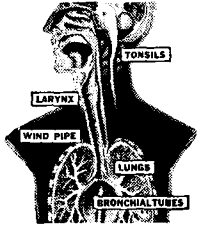
COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough . . .
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.

2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.

3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.

2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.

3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

Who's a Bum?

Continued from page 13

young, the gentleman can only be counted a menace because he has never through this lengthy period trained for a fight in any but the most sketchy fashion. He neither drinks nor smokes but his training for most of his fights was done in night clubs and so far as mortal man knows he has never in his adult life been in bed before two o'clock in the morning. He can boast of only eight knockouts through his long career and has been knocked out once—by Jimmy Adamick two years ago in Detroit in a bout that occasioned the lifting of eyebrows in circles more cynical than sappy.

To give you an idea of how Maxie achieved his effects as a pugilist, we may tell you of the time we saw him fighting a very good heavyweight named Hoffman. The contest began with Hoffman plodding earnestly forward, throwing punches from all angles. For a minute or two Mr. Rosenbloom contented himself with picking these blows off in midair, making no attempt to answer them. Just when it seemed this would continue through the long winter evening, there was a flurry of gloves and Maxie hit Mr. Hoffman with 834 blows all at one time.

When the cyclone abated Mr. Hoffman was faced entirely away from Maxie, completely mystified and befuddled and intent on hitting a ring post in his desire for revenge. With that accomplished, Maxie went back to his game of allowing Hoffman to do the work while he looked on.

Maxie won the light-heavyweight title from Jimmy Slattery in Buffalo in 1930 and lost it to Bob Olin in Madison Square Garden in 1934 in a fight that is still regarded as one of the worst battles ever recorded, having about it such an odor that the management spent a week fumigating the building.

Fun and Big Money

In those days Maxie was managed by Frank Bachman and it was a combination noted for everything but neighborliness. For years they would only speak to each other through a third party, but the association continued. Maxie never made any money out of his title but he had some big-money fights before winning it. He had two fights with Larry Johnson that grossed around $75,000 and others with such notables as Jim Braddock, Ace Hudkins and Mickey Walker.

The procedure with Maxie after a fight never varied. He got into his clothes, took his share of the proceeds and hunted up the nearest crap game. What he didn't lose there he invariably used in buying a car—always a "new" second-hand car and preferably purple in color.

On one occasion when he was three months in arrears with salary he gave his chauffeur the car. At another time when he and Bachman were barnstorming and glad to pick up a two-hundred-buck purse, Maxie bought a car when Bachman wasn't looking. At the explosion that followed Maxie was shocked.

"Listen," he explained. "When we drive up to a back door in this, they'll be handin' us out beefsteaks."

Outside of the ring Maxie is afraid of his shadow. Once inside the ropes he isn't afraid of wildcats, earthquakes or government liens. When he challenged Joe Louis several years ago he meant it and the chances are he would have made a sucker out of the great man for ten rounds. The coast ballyhoo now for a Max Baer-Rosenbloom fight is all bran mash and undoubtedly publicity for Rosenbloom's assorted careers but Mr. Baer with all his goofiness is too wise a man to get into a ring with Maxie even at his advanced age.

This Rosenbloom paragon was born on the East Side of New York in 1906, acquired such an antipathy for education by the time he reached the fifth grade that the authorities could only cope with it by shunting little Maxie off to Hawthorne Reformatory, where he spent two years and lapped up so much school spirit that he now regards it as his Alma Mater and speaks of it with as much pride as others bring to the mention of Yale or Harvard.

When he was twelve he was sent to work on a Connecticut farm and got enough of the outdoors to last him for life. Back again in the city, he started fighting and has been at it ever since. Since getting his first purses he has been keeping the family, which consists of Mamma and Papa and assorted brothers and sisters—the total still being a matter of mystery to Maxie.

But his tough days are over now. He is the darling of the night clubs, important personages are glad to let others know Maxie is their pal and he is making money in two spots—clubs and movies. He loses it with the same accuracy as of yore, betting each day on horses at every active track in America.

In Hollywood Maxie is threatening the Samuel Goldwyn championship for pure and fancy English. Playing with Kay Francis, he said: "I'm playing an honest man this time—not a brogue!" When he heard a tough kid on the set call Miss Francis "Toots," he bawled him out: "When you address a skoit like Miss Francis here, say ma'am!" he ordered. In getting himself in shape for his night-club work he took a few lessons in diction. One night he called his mother on the phone in New York.

"Hello, Mother," he said. "How are you?"

"Put Maxie on," answered Mamma, angrily.

Maxie has a 40-week-a-year contract with Warner's that is reputed to bring him $750 a week but actually gives him about $300 (those figures are always hoisted in the public prints and as a matter of fact Maxie would be worth $750 or even $1,000 a week if operating as a free lance). What he drags out of the Slapsie Maxie dump is unknown but it must be sweet sugar by this time, the entertainers working themselves into a trauma trying to get one gang of chumps out and another in.

Their top number for a long time was a Snow White burlesque entitled "Rifka and the Seven Schtoonks," meaning Rebecca and the Seven Dumbbells. The routine ends now with a football game taken part in by Maxie, the orchestra and all the waiters in a space no larger than a waffle.

Maxie weighs 200 pounds, is rather opposed to playing fight roles in his pictures because it shows he has a tummy.

It Isn't the Altitude

But in the ring it is another matter; nobody bluffs him there. If his fight with Pastor was really his last it will be a tragedy. Surely nobody will ever fight that way again. His friends were convinced that Pastor was going to dislocate that one cell that passes for Maxie's brains but Maxie never worried.

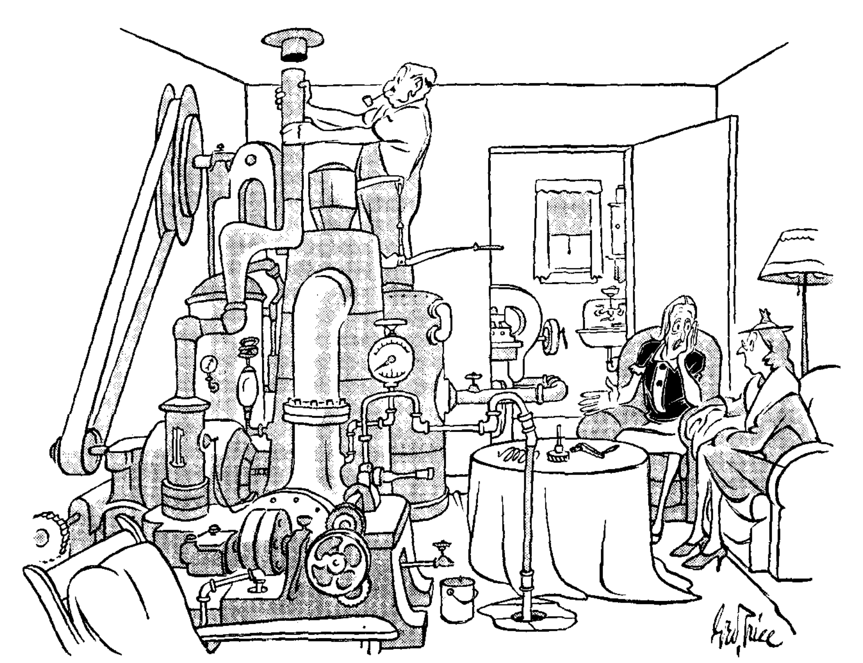
"I'm trainin' fatefully," he assured the reporters who called him up. The old gag about Maxie is that he thinks he has done enough in the way of training if he sleeps with his window open the week before a fight. In view of this they looked with care into this faithful training he was now doing. He went to a gymnasium, yes. He also got into his trunks and shoes and took a stray whack at a punching bag. Then he went over and made a few phone calls. After that he started road work, jogging down the block and turning the corner. Around the corner was a friend in a car, headed toward Hollywood Park.

They always managed to get out in time for the third race. If other reporters saw him out there Maxie would begin heaving his chest as if he had just finished a flat thirteen miles chased by a wild goat.

"Runnin' in this attitude," he gasped "Don't let anybody tell you it ain't tough!"

"What do you mean—altitude!" demanded the reporters. "This is the lowest altitude you can get. It's sea level."

"That's what I mean—low," said Maxie. "It gets me. . . . Down here." He pointed to the direction of his solar plexus, proving that Mr. Rosenbloom resembles the fox, as you may have discovered long before this.



"Sometimes I even wish he'd get interested in another woman"

GEORGE PRICE

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 24

interrupted. "I'm trying to remember what I said that you might have construed as an invitation to come barging into my innermost boudoir."

"Maybe you'd better scream," Lane said. "That'll save racking your memory. Scream, and I'll probably be locked in the *calabozo* before the echoes die away. Go on, scream."

"I never scream," the girl said. "I argue. Shall I begin appealing to your better nature, or will you go quietly?"

"I'm not going quietly," Lane replied, "and I have no better nature."

"And no sister?"

"No."

"Well, I can always be a sister to you. . . ."

"See here, I'm here on business, not pleasure."

"I must say I'm relieved, although a little hurt. I—"

Lane seized the girl's shoulders. She could feel his strong fingers sink deep into her flesh.

"Why do you have to shout?" he demanded, still in an undertone.

"Because I feel like it," the girl said. "It does me good."

"And because you're hoping someone will come in and surprise me here?"

"No. Nobody's coming in. We're alone in the house."

"Oh." Lane sat down on the edge of the bed but he did not take his hands from the girl's shoulders. She had the impression that he was staring hard at her, trying to read her eyes in the darkness. He demanded: "Do you know why I've come sneaking into your room like a second-story man?"

"Well, I had an idea, but apparently I guessed wrong. I—" She stopped. The pressure of Lane's grip increased until it hurt. She was suddenly ashamed of trying to be funny, because she realized she was in the presence of a man who was desperately serious. She was ashamed of being funny anyhow, after the tragedy of the evening. It was just that she felt suddenly buoyant and alive and inexplicably lighthearted to be talking to Lane. She said: "Yes, of course I know why you came, Walt. You're in a jam. You think I got you there so you've come to insist that I get you out."

"I'm in a jam, yes. But you didn't get me there. At least I don't think so now. That's why I've come to you. Did I make a mistake?"

The girl reached out in the darkness and touched his cheek. It was cool and rough beneath her warm fingers. She said: "I hope not, Walt."

"You were at the comandancia tonight, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"They were looking for me?"

"Yes. The comandante thought it was strange that you should disappear so completely if you didn't have something on your conscience."

"What did you tell him?"

"The truth. I told him I was with you all the time except two or three minutes while I was opening the safe the first time. He seemed to think two or three minutes was ample time to stab a man."

"Was anything taken from the safe?"

"Yes. The hundred thousand dollars the company sent down on the Bonaca for the Minister of the Interior."

LANE whistled softly. "Wasn't that connected with the river-mouth leases at Liberica?" he asked. "The ones the Germans are so burned up about?"

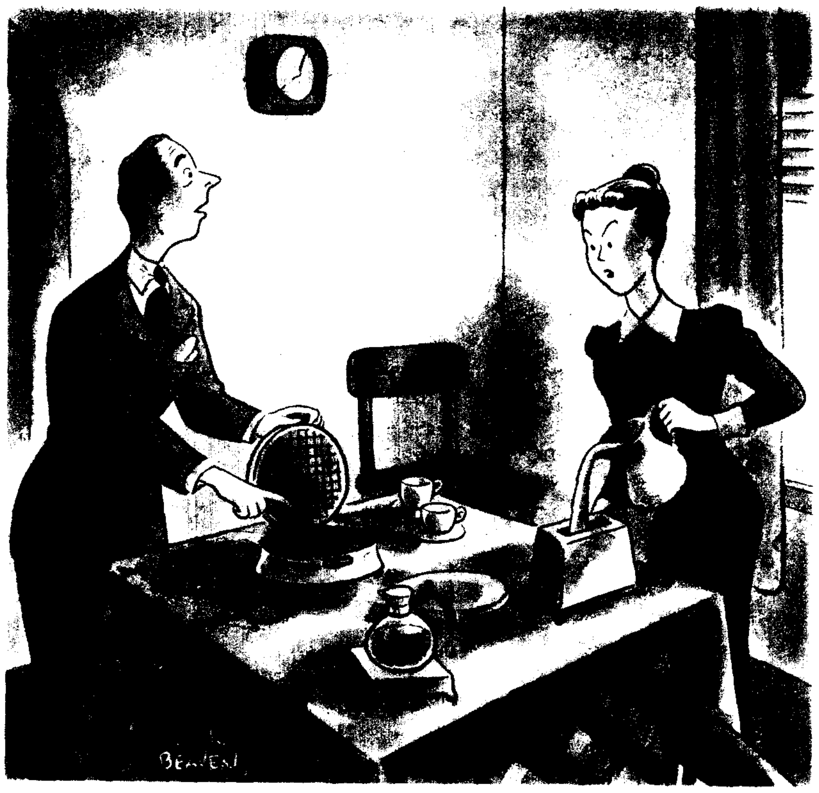
"Yes, that's the general opinion."

"And the comandante hasn't thought of sending for Adolf von Graulitz, to ask him what he knows?"

"He's only thought of it all right, I guess. But he doesn't seem to be in any hurry to send for Graulitz. Mr. Perry was furious about it at first, particularly as Mr. Stilton was stabbed with a German screw driver. He very nearly accused the comandante of deliberately giving Graulitz time to hide the money and cover up his guilt."

"But he isn't furious any more?"

"Well, he's got other things to worry about. He's got to get an alibi for himself now. The comandante thinks Dave might have killed Mr. Stilton because Stilton ran away with Mrs. Perry."



"No, dear; pour the batter in this one!" FRANK BEAVEN

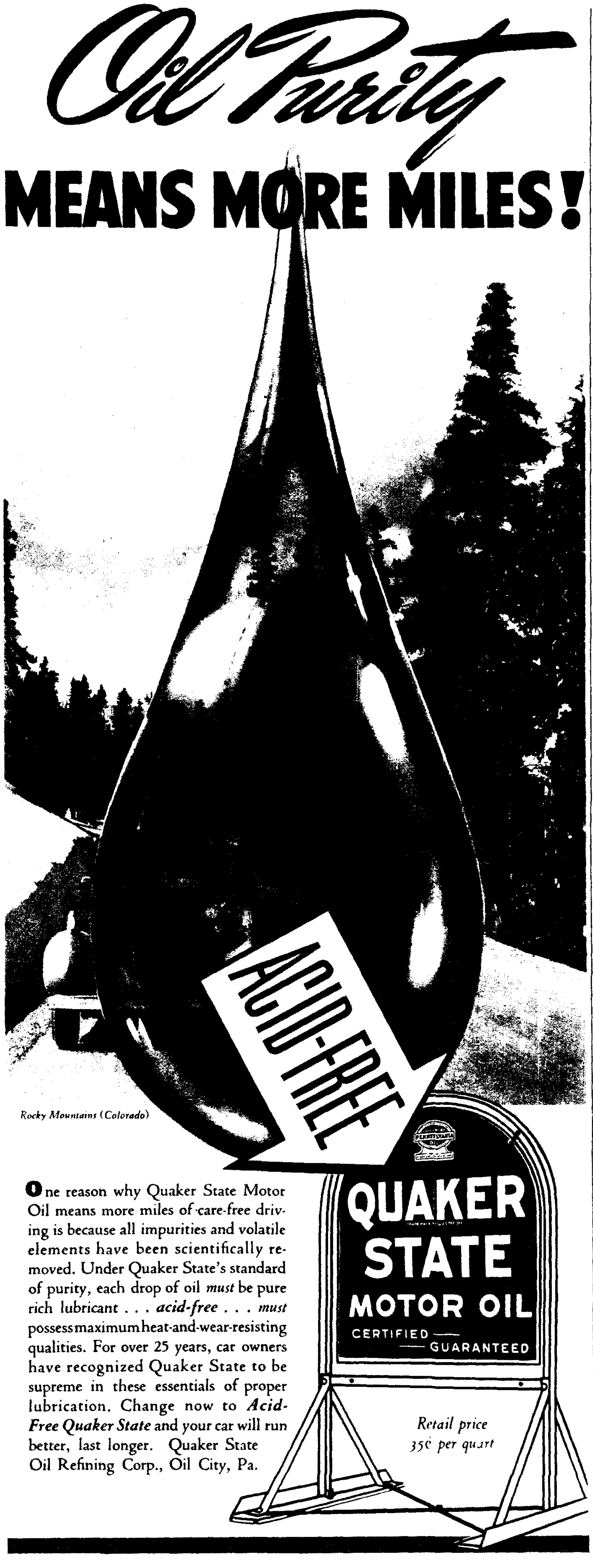
And Velvet...
first in the pipes of
the country...Men!
Velvet
Velvet
AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
...S TOBACCO CO.
Velvet
Better
smoking
tobacco

—*the* **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—*the* **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both

Copyright 1939,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.



Rocky Mountains (Colorado)

One reason why Quaker State Motor Oil means more miles of care-free driving is because all impurities and volatile elements have been scientifically removed. Under Quaker State's standard of purity, each drop of oil *must* be pure rich lubricant . . . *acid-free* . . . *must* possess maximum heat-and-wear-resisting qualities. For over 25 years, car owners have recognized Quaker State to be supreme in these essentials of proper lubrication. Change now to ***Acid-Free Quaker State*** and your car will run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

"Stilton did? When was that?"

"Eight years ago—but the comandante just found it out. And the ex-Mrs. Perry is flying down to claim Mr. Stilton's body and is going to make it even more fun for Dave—for Mr. Perry."

"What about the hundred thousand dollars, in that case?"

"That was just a false clue to conceal the real motive for the murder, the comandante says."

"Tell me more," Lane said.

The girl told him how Cecil Holliday had established an alibi for Henry Alcott, and how the wives had come down to the comandancia to swear that Ed Bannister was busy taking them home at the time when Stilton was probably killed.

"Did you tell the comandante about my seeing a man climbing over the hedge back of the office?" Lane asked.

"No, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Well . . . you said you weren't quite sure who it was, and—"

"And you were afraid it might have been someone you didn't want to incriminate. That it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Who were you protecting?"

"I wasn't *protecting* anybody. Only I was afraid it might have been Cecil Holliday."

"What reason would Holliday have had for killing Stilton?"

"Plenty. Mr. Stilton was very easy to hate anyhow. And he happened to be responsible for an accident that wrecked Cecil's career as a pianist. I can't picture Cecil as a murderer; he's such a gentle person; but he was very drunk tonight . . ."

Lane was silent for a moment. He reached in his pocket, pulled out a soggy pack of cigarettes, put it back. "You couldn't lend a guy a dry cigarette, could you?" he asked.

"On the table behind you. And light me one, Walt."

SHE watched the flare of the match paint vivid orange highlights on his rugged face. The flame went out. A glowing spot of light was passed toward her. She caught his wrist, guided it, took the cigarette from his fingers with her lips.

"What color nail polish do you use?" he asked suddenly.

"Coral. Why?"

"And the other girls in the house?"

"Well, Della uses coral, too. Katherine doesn't use any. Fay uses rose, and Nita cardinal. What—"

"What about the married women?"

"Dr. Janvier's wife always buys plum red. Mrs. Bannister uses rose sometimes. The rest of them don't approve of painting the fingernails. Now would you mind telling me why you want to know?"

"I've been with Adolf von Graulitz tonight," Lane said.

"Oh. Then that swastika—?"

"Has nothing to do with it. Graulitz had me brought to him by a couple of armed thugs—who'd been instructed to bring someone else. I don't know yet whom they mistook me for. At any rate, I visited Herr von Graulitz on one of the cays, several miles down the coast. You go to the cays quite frequently, don't you, Muriel?"

"Not frequently, exactly. I go out once in a while on a fishing party."

"With Mr. Perry?"

"He's usually along. But there are always six or eight of us."

"Do you know a cay with a manaca hut on it—about halfway down the coast to Liberica, I should judge?"

"There are several along there with fishing shacks on them," the girl said. "Some of the boys go over for the week end sometimes."

"Ever see von Graulitz there?"

"No, never," Muriel replied at once. "Never saw Dave Perry talking to Graulitz on one of the cays?"

"Graulitz knows better than to try to crash one of Dave's parties."

"It's a funny thing," Lane said, "but I picked up a nail-polish phial just inside of Graulitz's hut tonight. It must belong to either you or Della. It's labeled 'coral.' "

"Washed up by the tide, probably," said the girl.

"It was above the high-water line. Besides, it was half full. It was probably dropped from a woman's handbag. And there was an American label on the bottle."

"So you *are* a detective?"

"For the purpose of argument let's say I'm a detective."

"A company detective?"

"Is that what Perry thinks?"

"He thinks you're down here to spy on him. Aren't you?"

"Not unless he's the man who poisoned Bill Bossert."

"Bill Bossert wasn't poisoned. He had—"

"He was poisoned—probably by the man who killed Stilton tonight."

"But who—?"

"LET me ask questions for a while," Lane said. "What about this young wireless operator who was here tonight? Does he come here often?"

"Bob Neptune? Fairly often. He grows faint at the sight of Nita, it seems. Only Nita can't see him."

"How long has Nita been in Puerto Musa?"

"About a year. Her job is practically fireproof. She's the niece of J. B. Fenwick who owns Westchester Fruit Distributors—a big customer of the company."

"Tell me! Has Nita ever put out that honeyed drawl of hers for the private delectation of Dave Perry?"

"Nita's drawl is broadcast on all wave lengths."

"Has Dave Perry tuned in recently?"

"Dave has better sense—now."

"Now?"

"Well, he let one woman make a fool of him. I don't think he'd do nip-ups over anybody as obvious and as . . . well, as indiscriminate as Nita. She's a charming person, but something of an opportunist. She—"

"You're pretty fond of Perry, aren't you?"

"I'm devoted to him."

"And if you ever found out that he had been guilty of skulduggery in the first degree?"

"I'd still be devoted to him—because I know there'd be good reason for whatever he did."

"In other words, you love him."

"Of course I love Dave—but I'm not in love with him, if that subtle distinction means anything to you."

"We won't quibble over definitions."

"But I want you to know how I feel about Dave. I admire him tremendously, I love the grand person that he is, I have a deep and affectionate respect for him, and I have every reason in the world to be grateful to him. . . ."

"What do you owe him—your job?"

"Dave Perry *is* my job, really . . . a sort of responsibility. . . . Dave practically brought me up. His wife, Geraldine, was my stepsister. Jerry and I never did get on particularly well together, but we were on our own since I was twelve, and she sort of looked after me for a few years until she married Dave. . . ."

"And then he took care of you?"

"He put me through school and bought my clothes. I worshiped him, of course. It was only a schoolgirl crush, and I know I didn't mean anything to Dave—then. But Jerry used to stage terrible jealous scenes, even though I was only sixteen. When she ran away from Dave, I thought, in my romantic girlish egotism, that it was because of Dave's attention to me. I didn't know about Stilton until after the divorce.

"Well, I wanted to take the first boat for the tropics and look out for Dave but he wouldn't let me. He made me finish school, then got me a job in the fruit company's New York office for a while. By that time, the company was beginning to send quite a few office girls to the tropics. It was less of a pioneering life. So three years ago I came down to be Dave's secretary. I'm glad I did. Dave had never really reorganized his life after Jerry pulled out, but in three years he's pretty well straightened up again. At least I thought so until a few weeks ago. He's been awfully jittery lately."

"And what do you owe to Cecil Holliday?"

"Nothing—except sympathy, and the duty of an involuntary goddess not to hurt her worshipers."

"I don't know whether to be more jealous of Perry or Holliday," Lane said.

"Why should you be jealous of either?"

"Because I know you'd break your neck for both of them, separately and collectively," Lane said. "Loyalty in a woman has always moved me to warm and wistful admiration. To how many men can you be loyal at once?"

The girl's reply was a soft, elusive laugh in the darkness. Lane reached for her hand, lifted it, turned it until he could kiss the inner curve of her fingers. The touch of his lips was like an electric contact that charged the room with a strange, sudden tenseness. A sense of impending storm surged up from nowhere, intangible, yet as exciting and as real as the exquisite fragrance of jasmine stirring in the warm night. An unreasoning tightness gripped Lane's throat. The girl, too, was affected; her fingers trembled against his lips, yet she left them there, as if powerless to withdraw them. The whole horrid nightmare of Stilton's murder, the ugly presence of death, seemed to drop abruptly from between the two, leaving an acute awareness of life and youth, of physical closeness. His lips brushed the palm of the girl's hand, caressed her wrist, pressed against the soft angle of her elbow. Then, suddenly, he sprang up.

"I'm going into the next room," he said when he could find his voice, "so you can get some clothes on."

"Why, Walt?"

"Because I was on the point of forgetting what I came here for. I want you to do something for me, Muriel. Get dressed."

"At this time of night?"

"Right now. Unless you're accustomed to go walking in your nightie."

"I'm not going walking."

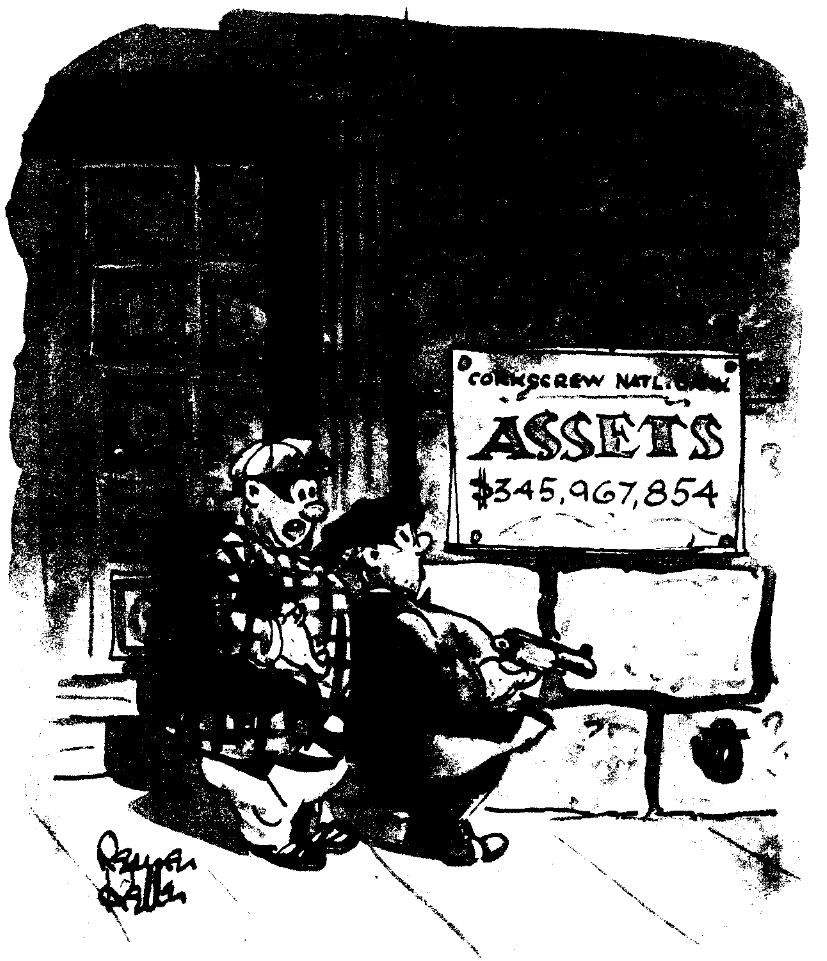
"Yes you are. You owe it to Perry. Didn't you promise Perry you'd find out all about me tonight?"

"I didn't tell you that."

"You didn't deny it, either."

Silence. Then, "All right, I'll get dressed."

LANE sat in the living room, smoking a cigarette. He could hear Muriel moving about after her clothes. After a while he thought he heard her voice, as though she were talking in low, not unmusical tones. He got up, went to the door of her room, listened. He did not know in which room the telephone was, so he went silently to the two other doors. When he heard the girl's voice again, she seemed to be humming snatches of a song. Relieved, he went back to his chair—but he did not sit down. Framed in the door from the veranda was the silhouette of a man, a tall man with bushy hair. A shorter, slimmer silhouette slid into view beside him. Then Lane blinked into the blinding glare of a flashlight.



"—of course, you can't always believe those figures—that's the chance we take"

REAMER KELLER

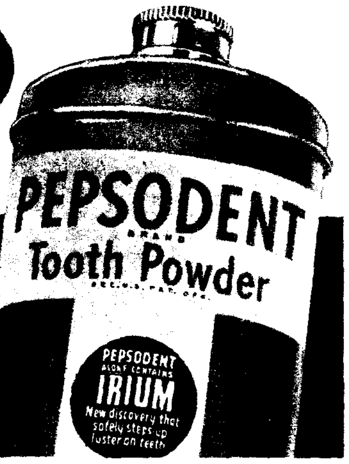
LAND SAKES!
AREN'T ALL TOOTH POWDERS JUST ABOUT THE SAME?
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT ...TILL I DISCOVERED PEPSODENT CONTAINING IRIUM

IRIUM . . . is why America Swings to PEPSODENT POWDER!

● Why have sales of Pepsodent Tooth Powder skyrocketed to over the 32 million mark? The answer is easy . . . IRIUM! Remember, *no other* tooth powder but Pepsodent has remarkable IRIUM!

So why don't *you* "make a change for the best"...to Pepsodent Powder? See how speedily Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM brushes away unsightly surface-stains that *hide* the full natural luster of your smile! See how it helps you gain that "Come-Closer" smile you've always longed for! And remember — Pepsodent works gently, SAFELY! For Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Try it today . . . and see what *dividends* IRIUM will pay!

25¢ and Larger Economy Size


PEPSODENT Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM New discovery that safely steps up luster on teeth

"Make a Change for the Best"

START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY WITH PEPSODENT POWDER

A SWEETHEART OF A FLAVOR!

When we say "you'll like Teaberry" we mean it—for thousands are switching to this better flavor every day—it's fast becoming America's most popular gum. Buy a pack today.

REAL TEABERRY

TEABERRY

CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

ALWAYS PURE

TEABERRY

CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

ALWAYS FRESH

TEABERRY

CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

LASTING FLAVOR

TEABERRY

CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

REFRESHING

IT TASTES BETTER!

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

"Don't move, Lane. We don't want to hurt you." Lane didn't recognize the voice. He tried unsuccessfully to see the faces of the men behind the dazzling lamp.

"I had a hunch we'd find you here," said a second voice, which Lane knew instantly as Dave Perry's. He chuckled briefly and without amusement.

"The hunch didn't come by telephone, did it, Perry?" Lane asked.

He heard a door open behind him, then the click of a switch. In the sudden flood of light Lane saw that Perry was holding the flashlight and that the man next to him was dark and dapper, with a quiet air of authority about him. The fact that he kept his right hand in the pocket of his white uniform did nothing to destroy the effortless poise of his military bearing. He was the comandante of the port, obviously.

"They came in a hurry, didn't they, Muriel?" said Lane without turning around.

"Muriel has nothing to do with this," Perry said.

"No, of course not," Lane said. "This is just a social call, and you brought the comandante along to make a fourth. What do we play for—tenth of a cent?"

Then the girl walked into the center of the room. She turned her back on Perry and the comandante, and looked at Lane with strange intensity. Her face seemed very small and white, and, Lane thought, frightened. Her eyes, however, were not in the least frightened. An incredible succession of changes flashed and faded in their clear blue depths—bewilderment, defiance, uncertainty, pleading. Her lips parted, but before she could speak, Perry ordered, "Get out of here, Muriel. This might not be pleasant."

"I'm enjoying it immensely," Lane said. "Why not let her join in the fun?"

"Let's get down to brass tacks," the comandante said testily. "You were at the American consulate tonight, Lane."

"Was I?"

"You were seen coming away from there half an hour ago. You admit, of course, that you were at the consulate, talking to Mr. Roland tonight?"

"In case you're trying to trap me into an incriminating admission," Lane said, "may I point out that it's no crime for an American citizen to address his consular representative . . . ?"

"Then you do admit you saw the vice-consul tonight?"

"Not half an hour ago. Not even an hour and a half ago. Not—"

"Dr. Janvier saw you leaving the consulate half an hour ago."

"I may have been passing near the consulate," Lane said, "but I wasn't inside. I was coming back from a little boat ride. I—" He stopped; something in the ominous set of the comandante's lips gave him a crawling sensation at the base of his scalp. "Say, what is all this?" he demanded. "What's happened to Bill Roland?"

"He's dead," Perry announced grimly. "You ought to know—you shot him!"

THE Puerto Musa jail was an annex to the comandancia, built out over the mangrove-choked inlet in back. Walter Lane was locked in the rear cell—the best room in the jail, since it had a window on the sea, which allowed the occupant a breath of air. It also allowed him choice tidal smells and whatever nocturnal insects could find their bloodthirsty way through the gaping holes in the screen. There were no bars on the window, the common knowledge that the waters below swarmed with hungry tropical fauna being considered sufficient deterrent to escape.

Lane stood at the window, watching the night sift stars into the sea, listening to the howls and profane jabbering of the payday drunks in the other three cells. He was standing because both the rudimentary cot and the rickety chair that constituted the furnishings of his cell had an inhabited look about them. Moreover, he could think better on his feet, and he had a lot of thinking to do—particularly about the peremptory manner in which he had been jailed. There had been no questioning to speak of, and no chance for explanation; it had been Perry who convinced the comandante that the interrogation could wait until morning.

LANE had been standing at the window for ten minutes when the alcoholic noises in the neighboring cells ceased suddenly. In the unaccustomed quiet he could hear the gentle slap of the sea against the pilings of the prison. Then he heard a brisk, authoritative step in the corridor, and the grating of a key in the lock. The door opened and the comandante came in, carrying a lantern in one hand and two folding canvas chairs in the other.

"I guess you think this is one hell of a jail, Lane," the comandante said, snapping open one of the camp chairs, "but it's the only one in town, even if it's not equipped for de luxe prisoners. I've never bothered much about the equipment. My own people find it quite comfortable, and I've never had any prisoners like you before. The fruit company always sneaks its bad boys out of port before I get a chance to throw them in the jug. Better take this chair, Lane. The standard equipment is probably lousy."

"I'll take it standing," Lane said. "Why do you suppose the company broke precedent with me?"

"You picked on the wrong people," said the comandante. He put the lantern on the floor and sat down in one of the chairs. "The company big-shot from the Capital, and then the American consul. That's bad, Lane. And then that hundred thousand was company money. Might as well sit down, Lane. You won't sleep with those drunks yelling in the next cell. And there's no use of my going to bed either; it'll be daylight in an hour or so. I thought we might have a drink together."

So that's it, Lane thought. *He's going to try to get me pie-eyed to see if I won't tell my right name—and where the hundred grand is buried.*

The door opened again and a soldier came in with a pitcher of some very yellow liquid and two glasses. He put them down on the floor next to the lantern. When he had gone, the comandante poured some of the yellow stuff into each glass. It foamed a little.

"Have a dog's nose," said the comandante.

"Pretty hot night for a dog's nose," Lane said.

"I SEE you're a Dickens scholar," the comandante smiled. "Only this isn't a Pickwickian dog's nose. That's warm porter and sugar and gin, isn't it?"

"And nutmeg," Lane amended.

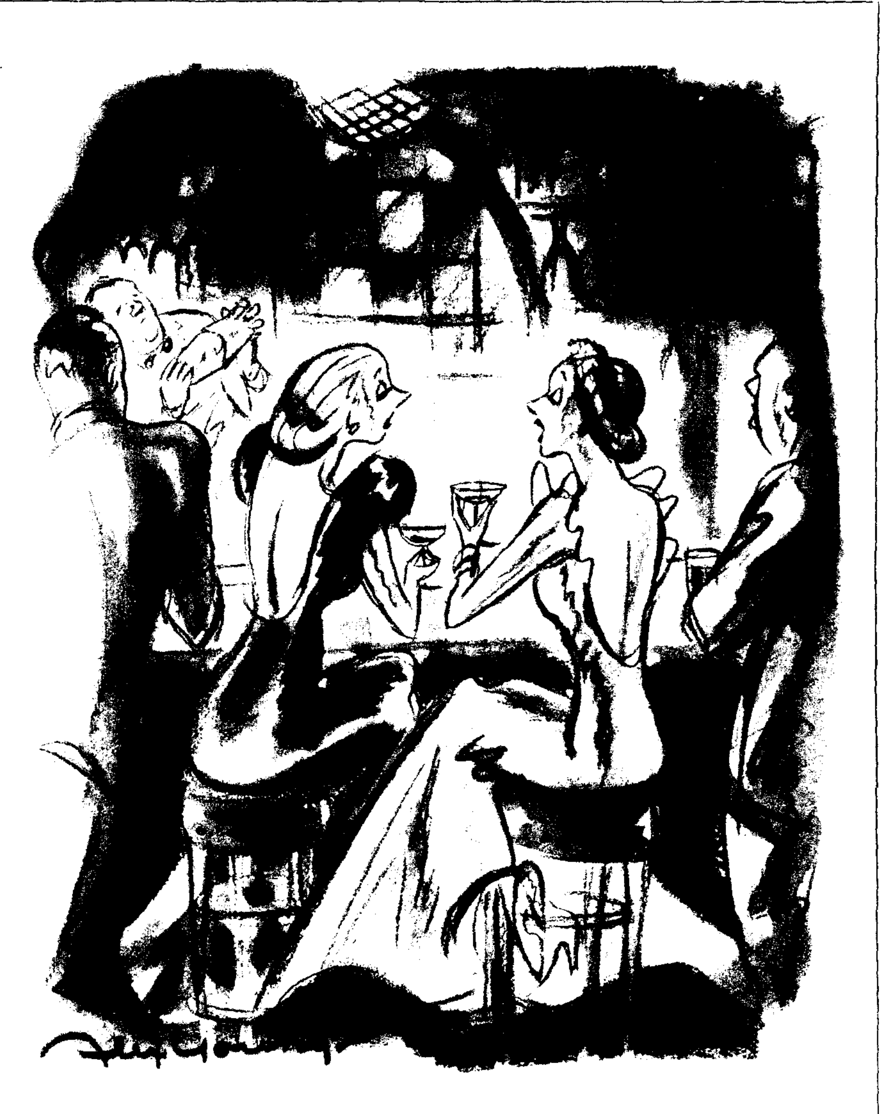
"Yes. Well, this isn't Pickwickian. It's a Yorkshire dog's nose. Cold beer and gin. It's Holliday's recipe. Better have one."

"I'll have the other," said Lane. He sat down and reached for the glass the comandante was keeping for himself. He might as well play the comandante's game. He had an idea he could outdrink the dapper little Latin. And if they drank the spiked beer glass for glass, it might be the comandante who did the talking.

"Here's how," said the comandante. "You know, I think I like you, Lane. If I have to stand you up against a firing squad, I'm going to hate it like hell."

"So am I," Lane said.

"Of course, I'm glad it's you, in a way



"It's made out of vintage, and things" ALEX YOUNG

Welcome the Mutual Life Representative who calls

THIS YEAR The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York celebrates its 96th Anniversary. The first policy in this long established Company was issued February 1, 1843.

Mutual Life Representatives now, as throughout the year, are available for advice and counsel to policyholders and prospective policyholders. Welcome the one who may call on you. Learn from this Representative more about The Mutual Life's 96 year record of Security and Service.

Since its first policy was issued The Mutual Life has *paid to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries or accumulated for them* a total of well over *Five Billions of Dollars* (which is over 600 million more than it has received in premiums).

On December 31, 1938 this Company had assets, attested to by the Insurance Department of the State of New York and the remaining 46 states in which it transacts business, of more than One Billion Three Hundred Million Dollars and insurance in force of nearly Four Billions represented by more than a million policies. No company is better able to meet its life insurance obligations.

• • •

OUR 72 PAGE HISTORICAL BOOKLET "*Security and Service since* 1843" IS AVAILABLE THROUGH MUTUAL LIFE REPRESENTATIVES OR SEND FOR IT TO THE ADDRESS BELOW.

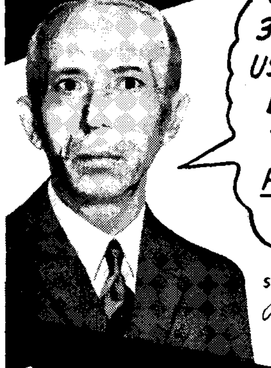
The Mutual Life
Insurance Company of New York
DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*
34 Nassau Street, New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...

USE COLGATE LATHER"



2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER... THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed Robert Hefter
Head Barber, Hotel Pierre, New York City

1. QUICK because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTH because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. ECONOMICAL because you get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40¢ tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. For shaving at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c. And you get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube.

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

—on account of the vice-consul. If one of my compatriots plugged Roland, there'd be hell to pay—plus an indemnity. Roosevelt doesn't ferry the marines down this way much any more, but just the same our national treasury couldn't stand much of an indemnity. . . ."

"By the way," Lane said, sipping his drink cautiously, "just how am I supposed to have killed the vice-consul?"

"You shot him through the neck."

"Did anybody hear the shot?" Lane asked.

"Nobody," said the comandante. He wiped off a white mustache of foam.

"I see. And what did I do with the gun? Chuck it in the bay?"

"No. You put it in Roland's hand. Only you were in a hurry and put it in the wrong hand, so even a hick cop like me could tell it wasn't a suicide. You used a Luger."

"That's a German gun, isn't it?"

"It is. Too bad we haven't any fingerprint experts around here, or I might find your prints on the gun. Have another dog's nose?"

"After you," Lane said. "And where did I get the Luger?"

"As a matter of fact," the comandante admitted, "the Luger belonged to Roland. I don't know where he got it, but I'd seen it before and knew he always kept it handy. He was a timid soul, Bill Roland."

"Do you recall what my motive was for killing the vice-consul?"

"It's not quite clear in my mind," the comandante said, "but you broke open Roland's desk with an ice pick and the handle of an iron skillet for jimmies."

"There didn't happen to be a fountain pen among the effects, did there?"

"No, there wasn't. As a matter of fact, I think you were after some state documents or something. There were three or four blank passports scattered about on the desk—you know, the emergency passports issued abroad to American citizens who get theirs lost or stolen. What did you want with those passports, Lane? Do you collect 'em, like Bossert?"

"Just a whim," Lane said. "Who found the body?"

"I did. Doc Janvier came for me. He'd been over to see Roland but couldn't get in or raise anybody."

"WHAT was the doctor doing at the consulate at this time of night? Was Roland sick?"

"No. The doc said Roland had been after him for some dope about this fellow Bossert who was knocked out by fever a while back."

"What was it that Roland wanted?" Lane asked. He had a sudden uncomfortable feeling that he might be in a way responsible for the vice-consul's death.

"Janvier didn't say," the comandante replied.

"This Dr. Janvier, is he French?"

"Well, he's French and he isn't," said the comandante. "He's really from Alsace, but his people were French Alsatians—born there before the Franco-Prussian War—so they moved to Paris when it was time to put the boy in school. He was just finishing his medical course in Paris when the World War broke out. He voted for France, as was his right as an Alsatian under French law, and joined the French army. The Germans captured him at Verdun. Under German law, he was a deserter from the German service, but they were short of doctors so they didn't shoot him. They put him in a field-gray uniform and let him saw off gangrened legs at a base hospital for the rest of the war."

"And he stayed on in Germany, after the Armistice?"

"No, he went back to Paris, but he didn't get a chance to practice. A wounded French prisoner who'd been treated at Janvier's hospital saw the doc in a German uniform, or what he thought was a German uniform, and reported him as a deserter from the French army. There was going to be a court-martial, but Janvier came to Central America instead. He practiced in Guatemala for a while, then he came here to run the fruit-company hospital about seven years ago."

"He's friendly with Adolf von Graulitz, I suppose?"

"Not particularly. Of course Janvier learned German while he was a prisoner, and once in a while he spouts a little Boche with Graulitz. But after all, he's a company man, and you probably know there's no love lost between Graulitz and the fruit company."

"Yes, I know," said Lane. "How long did Janvier say Bill Roland had been dead when you found him?"

"He didn't have to say," the comandante replied. "I know Roland was alive ten minutes before Janvier knocked at the consulate, because I talked to Roland by telephone."

"I SUPPOSE it's none of my business what you talked about?"

"On the contrary. It's very much your business. We talked about you. Have another drink, Lane."

"Thanks. What did Roland say about me?"

"Well, when I thought I might have to pinch you, I figured to avoid diplomatic complications by finding out whether you were an American agent or not. I asked Roland. He said you weren't. Never heard of you, he said."

"Where did you get the idea that I was an American agent?"

"From Graulitz," said the comandante, passing a full glass to Lane. "Graulitz warned me against you. He said you were an *agent provocateur* sent to stir up trouble here so Washington could intervene and maybe land a few marines to take the situation well in hand. The murder of an important American used to turn the trick, all right. He said I'd better get you out of the country somehow, and not have you shot, because—"

"Did Graulitz tell you this *after* Stilton was murdered?"

"Yes. About an hour ago. He said he'd heard about Stilton and came back from Liberica in case I wanted to question him."

"In other words, he was in Puerto Musa about the time Roland was killed."

"Yes. But he didn't kill Roland."

"Didn't he?"

"Well, he could have, but what would he kill Roland for? The guy that killed Roland probably killed Stilton, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do. But why didn't Graulitz kill Stilton?"

"Because he has a perfect alibi. He walked down to the small-boat landing with Stilton. Therefore Stilton was alive when Graulitz left port in his motorboat."

"How do you know?"

"A fisherman saw them. He told Perry."

"Is that the same fisherman who furnished Perry with his own alibi?"

"It is. I talked to him myself. I—what are you grinning at, Lane?"

"Nothing," said Lane. He was beginning to feel the effects of the spiked beer. Aside from its sudorific action, the drink was proving not at all as poisonous as he had feared. His mind was unusually clear and alert, and he found himself thinking with surprising perspicacity, drawing deductions, making analyses he would not ordinarily have made without hesitation. If only he could ward off the inevitable dulling depression without drinking himself into

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians

IT CLEARS UP A STUFFY HEAD FAST!

It Helps PREVENT Colds Developing, Too . . .

Here's *specialized* medication for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start. Used at the first nasal irritation, sniffle, or sneeze—a few drops up each nostril—it helps *prevent* many colds from developing.

Even when your head is stopped-up from a neglected cold, Va-tro-nol clears away clogging mucus, shrinks swollen membranes—helps to keep the sinuses from being blocked by the cold—lets you *breathe* again.

You can feel its tingling medication go to work!

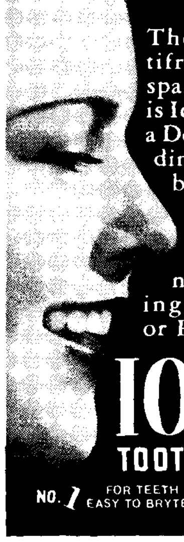
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED MEDICATION OF ITS KIND

WE don't promise a miracle "cold cure." BUT—a good "clearing out" is a wise step in fighting colds, and FEEN-A-MINT is a wonderfully pleasant, easy means to that end. FEEN-A-MINT tastes *good*—and you get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Try it *yourself!*

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

Teeth *hard* to Bryten?



There's a famous dentifrice that gives new sparkle to your teeth. It is Iodent No. 2—made by a Dentist to SAFELY clean dingy teeth and remove brownish smoke stains, or money back. Have you tried it? Thousands have and use no other. Get refreshing Iodent Toothpaste or Powder today!

IODENT
TOOTH PASTE *and* POWDER
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

a state of complete befuddlement, he was sure he would get somewhere before dawn.

"How about another nose of the dog, Colonel—or Coronel—which should I call you?"

"Call me Joe," said the comandante. He too was showing the effects of the Yorkshire beverage. Two red spots glowed on his cheekbones and his dark eyes were unusually bright. He poured the last of the golden liquid from the pitcher.

"Here's how," said Lane. "You know, I think I like you, Joe. And if you ever had to stand up against a firing squad—on the wrong side, I mean—I think I'd hate it like hell."

"Haven't I heard that phrase before?" said the comandante. "Or is it the echo?"

"They would shoot you, wouldn't they, Joe—if they caught you stage-managing a coup d'êtat? I mean if they caught you before the curtain went up?"

The comandante did not comment at once. He drained his glass, then stared at the cyclonic cloud of insects whirling about the lamp on the floor. At last he said:

"Your language is kind of flowery, Lane. I don't think I get it."

"Sure you do," Lane said. "You're a smart young officer, with plenty of education and background—too much to spend the rest of your life running a third-rate banana port like this. You belong in the Capital."

"Maybe I do," the comandante admitted.

"As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you were sent down here for the very purpose of keeping you away from the Capital—where a young officer is either friendly to the regime or ambitious. The two terms are mutually exclusive. And I wouldn't be surprised if you were a little sore about the whole business."

"I begin to see your point," said the comandante. "But you're wrong. When I was a kid, the banana companies used to start revolutions when taxes got too high. But those days are over. William Walker and Lee Christmas and Guy Molony are all dead."

"You're not dead," Lane insisted. "And you'd probably make a first-rate Minister of War—you wouldn't care who was President as long as you gave orders to the government. Of course the new government would have pro-Fascist, pro-Nazi leanings, because you'd get co-operation from the totalitarian states in putting over your little putsch. . . ."

"NOW listen," the comandante said. "I'm going back to the Capital all right, but not the way you think. I'm no Mussolini."

"Mussolini was a Socialist before the march on Rome and the Age of Castor Oil. I don't blame you, Joe. I'd get hot under the collar, too, if I had your set-up and watched the punk politicos take all the gravy in the Capital. I might want to sidetrack that hundred thousand dollars, too—for three good reasons: To keep it out of the maw of the present government, to help my overseas friends keep their river open, and to buy a few rounds of ammunition for my own private army. Only I don't think I should have killed Stilton, Joe. And certainly not Roland."

"Lane, old man." The comandante stood up. He was not very steady on his feet, and his handsome face was quite flushed. "You argue very well, Lane," he said, "but your premise is fallacious. I didn't kill Stilton. You did."

"But I didn't," Lane countered.

"You didn't?"

"No, of course not."

"That changes everything," said the comandante pensively.

"Then how about letting me out of this hoosegow."

"Now?"

"Right now."

"No," said the comandante. "I can't let you out. Perry wouldn't like that a bit. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"Listen, Joe—"

"Good night," said the comandante.

The comandante held out his hand. Lane, grasping it, noticed that his white uniform sleeve had pulled back slightly along the forearm, revealing three parallel scratches on his wrist—deep, angry-red scratches that might have been freshly made by a claw.

The comandante caught Lane's stare. "I see you're looking at my wounds," he said. "My *pisote* scratched me. Well, good night."

As the door closed behind him and the key turned in the lock, Lane wondered if he would be able to get out in time to take scrapings from under Bill Roland's fingernails; and whether Dr. Janvier would let him use the hospital microscope to examine them; and what would happen if the scrapings should show skin fragments that matched the pigmentation and pore pattern of the comandante's skin.

EVEN the morning after payday, life in a banana port begins at sunup—headaches, high water and sudden death notwithstanding.

When Dave Perry walked down the fruit-company pier, the sun had already burned through the opalescent sea mists, adding a fringe of fire to the green-tasseled cays offshore.

The captain of the *Bonaca* pounced on him the moment he set foot on deck.

"I'm grateful to see you, Perry," the captain said. "I was about to send for you to get that flat-bottomed politico of yours off my ship. I'm sailing in an hour."

"I'll do my best," Perry said. "Does he know Stilton is dead?"

"Not that I know of."

"In all the excitement, I forgot to send word to him. Did anybody wake him up to tell him the news?"

The captain made a face. "Don't look at me when you say that," he grumbled. "Nobody instructed me to play nursemaid to the little fella. I know the comandante didn't say anything to him, because he didn't even go back to see him. The comandante didn't talk to anybody but me. He wanted to know how long after the rest of you Dr. Janvier left the ship. I told him I didn't notice."

"Anybody else come aboard?"

"You did," said the captain.

"Did you tell the comandante that I came aboard?"

"He didn't ask me," the captain replied.

"Not that it makes any difference," said Perry quickly. "If he does ask you, you can tell him the truth—that I came to find out if the New Orleans office gave you a list of the numbers of those bank notes."

"Well, they didn't."

"I suppose I should have spoken to Señor Manzana when I came aboard, but I was pretty much upset. Señor Manzana didn't go ashore by any chance?"

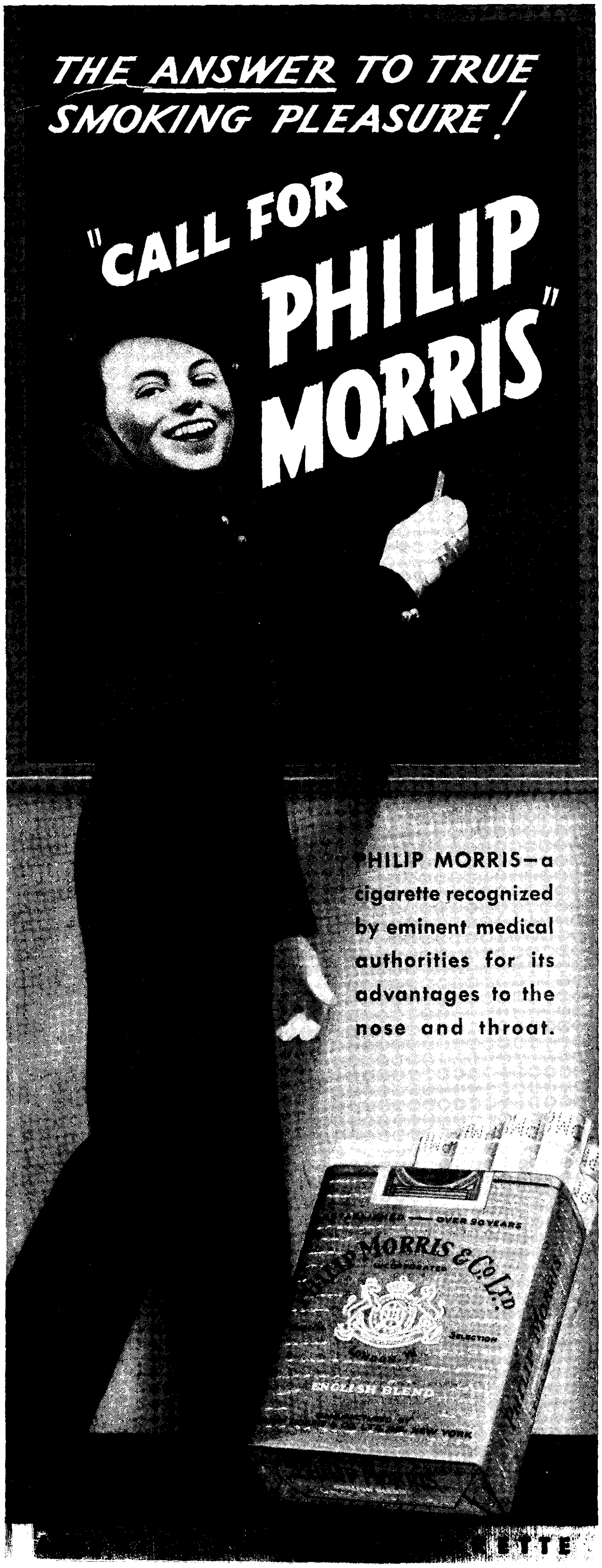
"By no chance whatever, what with all those guards on the pier. Nobody can get on or off this ship without an X-ray examination, practically. We did have a little trouble with one of your damn' fool overseers, now that I think of it."

"One of my overseers? Who was it?"

"That old-timer from up the river. What's his name? Pinky Hind?"

"What was the matter with Hind?"

(To be continued next week)



PHILIP MORRIS—a cigarette recognized by eminent medical authorities for its advantages to the nose and throat.

The West Throws a Party

Continued from page 23

"No," said Mr. Vandeburg. "A catalyzer is a sort of agent in chemistry that starts things moving."

Just about this time a pretty, dark, energetic girl showed up looking for a job and on the spur of the moment Van asked her if *she* would like to be a catalyzer.

"Anything," said the girl, "just so long as it's honest."

So that's how Zoe Dell Lantis, of Yamhill, Oregon, became the famous Pirate Girl of the Fair. She dressed in *pirate costume and flitted around* Western states, rolling logs, jumping the Grand Canyon—where it's seven feet wide—spearing salmon, riding outlaw horses at rodeos, felling Douglas firs, making speeches to chambers of commerce and getting herself photographed.

Zoe Dell had only one embarrassing moment. She turned up in New York one morning and called on Mayor La Guardia in her brief pirate outfit—only to learn that the mayor was in the midst of a campaign for greater coverage in New York revues. Somebody tossed a fur coat around Zoe Dell—and that was that.

Exit the Pirate Theme

Having the preliminaries out of the way, San Francisco sat down to figure out just what sort of fair the West wanted. *For years most of the emphasis* has been on modernism and mechanics; architecture had been futuristic and the "theme" usually had been somebody's idea of civilization in 1989. Under this theory American fair-goers were supposed to be breathless about ball bearings and intrigued by functional frying pans and streamlined tractors.

About this time some practical person in California pointed out that, speaking of themes, Zoe Dell Lantis was busily theming piracy, and added that perhaps this might get a wrong impression spread around. So Miss Lantis got another job and the pirate theme went out like a light. It's hard in San Francisco today even to get a picture of the Pirate Girl—they're sort of collectors' items.

Along with the pirate idea as a theme, out went modernism and futuristic architecture. Romance and pleasure came in as the main ideas. Architectural styles from all around the rim of the Big Pond were combined in a new style and called Pacific architecture. You might think this would turn out to be fairly horrible, but actually it is quite harmonious and graceful. The Fair today is a combination of walls from China, temples from Far Eastern lands, buildings running all the way from South Seas grass huts to the pillared federal building.

But darn' little chromium plating or "functional" design.

Of course, there are modern things at the Fair, but you can take them or leave them. They don't hit you in the eye. Newest thing, perhaps, will be a model of the University of California's atom smasher. There was almost a crisis over this. The real machine weighs twenty-two tons and smashes atoms with great abandon. At one time it was proposed to have the atom-busting done right on the fairgrounds, but some university scientists announced discreetly that the machine, in operation, sterilized everything and every living thing around it. Working at the Fair, it probably would depopulate California.

For the first time, the American Indian is going to get a break at the Fair. Hitherto, most Indian exhibits at fairs have been of trade goods made in Germany, Czechoslovakia or Connecticut and merely peddled by the redskins. But George Creel, United States commissioner at the Fair, says the Indian is really a craftsman and what he produces is usually suitable for the luxury trade. So thirty or forty Indian workmen are being brought to Treasure Island and put to work making blankets, furs, carved-wood objects, silver and copper ornaments and so forth.

It is Mr. Creel's hope that, with this start, the Indians may get going again on their arts and crafts and so build up some business for themselves.

It's also claimed that, at the Fair, the usual governmental exhibits will be made interesting. At most fairs, a government department gets, say, $25,000 to spend. The department head at once sets up an exposition bureau and allots $22,500 for salaries, with the idea of making as many jobs as possible last as long as possible. The rest of the money goes for pie charts showing what happens to a dollar spent on raising reindeer in Alaska, or graphs depicting the ravages of hookworm along the lower Mississippi. The sodden disinterest of fair-goers in these charts and graphs is practically stupendous.

Anyway, at San Francisco, there are real exhibits by government departments, with emphasis on recreational opportunities in the West, model camps, tiny forests, miniature mountains and *shows by the forest service.*

One of the biggest and hardest jobs was turning almost a square mile of salty black sand from the bottom of San Francisco bay into a garden. It cost $1,500,000 and is the work of Julius L. Girod, California's No. 1 horticulturist. When Mr. Girod started, the land was so salty it would kill any planted thing in a day. A combination of irrigation and rainfall leached out the salt and chemicals and most of an island up in the Sacramento River was barged in for topsoil. Then more than four thousand trees were ferried over and planted. Some of them weighed thirty tons and stood seventy feet high. After the trees came seventy thousand shrubs and millions of bulbs and seedlings for the flower beds and borders.

The whole exposition is done in pastel shades and at night it will be pastel floodlighted. Not only that, but each court and avenue will have its own floral symphony, extending to a definite flower perfume for each unit. One court of flowers will have around fifty thousand blooms of forty-six varieties. Another will be all red; a third, blue and white. The whole show is an amateur gardener's paradise.

Pan Your Own Gold

The West being the West, there's a model mine and a replica of an old mining town. Both are in operation and visitors tramp through tunnels lined with "picture rock"—the West's name for high-grade ore—and see how gold, silver, copper, zinc, lead and other minerals are extracted. As a matter of fact, you can pan gold out of the black sand of which the island is constructed. It's been done.

West Coast Chinese have built an entire walled city of their own, with pagodas, tea houses, eating places, paddies and everything. It cost more than a million dollars, is manned by Chinese in native costume and expects to outdraw the Japanese exhibit. The Japanese have a feudal castle and Samurai house, which they built in Japan, tore down, brought over and reconstructed. There was a bit of a hitch because the Japanese reckoned ten inches to the foot on everything, but it came out all right.

PIPE SMOKERS
ARE OPEN-MINDED

When you hear a "loud-mouth" battling to win an argument with sound and fury, make a bet, it won't be a *pipe smoker. He listens* to reason, discounts rash statements.

And that open-mindedness has been a boon to Crosby Square. This master blend of choice tobaccos has depended entirely upon pipe smokers. Their friendly praise raised Crosby Square to national prominence.

Now advertising is spreading the message of Crosby Square farther afield—bringing the news of its fragrant, mellow smoothness to you. Try Crosby Square. We rest our case on your judgment.

Crosby Square
Pipe Mixture
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Only 15¢ A Package

Special Offer

We will send a generous sample of Crosby Square Pipe Mixture for 6¢ in stamps to help cover packing and mailing. Address CROSBY SQUARE DIV., 102 Delmar Bl. 23

CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

SPECIAL WORK FOR WOMEN

Earn up to $23 in a week and your own dresses Free. No canvassing, no investment. Write fully giving age, dress size. FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. BB-150, Cincinnati, O.

FALLING HAIR
DANDRUFF, PATCHY BALDNESS?

Give your scalp the stimulating benefits that follow the regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and massage. See how it helps check Excessive Falling Hair, remove Dandruff and aids new hair growth in Patchy Baldness! Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded to blend with the Medicine. Get both at your Druggist's. Ask for a *professional* application of Glover's Mange Medicine every *time you visit* your Barber.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

TAKE A TIP, GUY!

Poisonous FATIGUE ACIDS Cause that Muscle PAIN

For Quick Relief:
—Flush them out!

SAY, STOP "NURSING" those throbbing muscles—do something about the poisonous fatigue acids that made them swell and ache when you overworked. **Absorbine Jr.**'s a straight tip! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. Absorbine Jr.'s a ***fast*** worker when you need to limber up! **Splash it on** after exercise and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE—address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for Athlete's Foot—Sprains—Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

For Sonny's Cough (due to a cold)
PISO'S
Pure and Pleasant

Get There For Less!
Auto-Glide

Travel 125 MILES PER GALLON, at speeds up to 35 miles per hour! Cheaper than shoe leather, safe as an auto! Ideal for business, school, trips, etc. Built extra rugged for hard use. Powerful 1½ or 2 H.P. engine for fast get-away, zip on hills. Big brakes stop machine instantly. Handles like car in traffic. Genuine comfort on big cushioned seat. Easy to park. Standard model, right, lowest priced ever. 3-Wheel Delivery model, left, has 400-lb. capy.

$92.45 and up

DEALERS: Get Spl. Offer Now!

WRITE! See your dealer or send for Free Booklet showing 5 models!

THE CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, Dept. R-2, Lincoln, Nebr.

FOR MORE FUN AND MORE FISH
LONG CASTS
NO BACKLASHES
NO THUMBING
WIND-PROOF
FREE Catalog

NEW Shakespeare's Wondereel

Now anyone can be a good bait caster without practice. Make long smooth casts. No thumbing! No backlashes! Ideal for night fishing. Read about Shakespeare's amazing new Wondereel in Free Fishing Guide.

Thumb the reel only to stop bait in accuracy casting.

SPECIAL OFFER SPORTSMEN'S LIGHTER

☐ Sure fire in wind and rain 20¢ postpaid (limited supply)
☐ FREE 96 pg. Fishing Guide and Catalog. Write today.

SHAKESPEARE CO.
481 N. Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Shakespeare's Wondereel

For those who simply can't live without science there are such things as electric farms and that lately invented system of growing things without soil, in baths of chemicals. There's an exhibit showing life from mountaintop to ocean floor—you have to climb a hill and go down a shaft for this one. And there are soundproofed rooms to demonstrate how to shut out the neighbors' radios and the noise of the drunks upstairs.

Then there's a model of the new 200-inch telescope that's going to bring Mars within a few miles and the moon down into anybody's back yard when it gets working in 1940. And a streamlined bank —they let chromium plate in for this one—in which modernistic bankers will say No in double shifts.

Focal points of the show are around the Hall of the Western States and the lagoons around which are clustered the exhibits of nations of the Pacific rim. The states are displaying, among other things, a huge relief map of the West, so big that state boundaries are used as footpaths. The lagoons are roughly shaped like the Pacific Ocean and the various exhibits are located geographically around the border.

Relief for Hot Dogs

Biggest problems at fairs are what to do with the kids and—gosh, my feet hurt! First problem is solved at Treasure Island by a complete children's city covering four acres. It includes a model railway, a kid's theater, ice-cream mountains, candy trees and a soundproof dining room. There's also a complete baby parking station that offers feeding, changing and entertaining.

The great "hot dogs" problem was solved by compacting the Fair into about half the space usually taken by such expositions. Everything's there, but there are no long hot walks between exhibits. As a matter of fact the island never gets hot, even in midsummer, due to its position and the constant trade winds. Although it's a walk-around show, there'll be busses, wheel chairs and rickshas, too.

And, of course, a fun zone. Treasure Island's originally was to be called the Barbary Coast. This got the evil eye from a lot of people—as a matter of fact, San Francisco would just as soon forget about "the Coast," which was romantic only to other cities. So a contest was held to name the recreation zone and the name finally picked was Gay Way.

Everybody was saying what a nice name that was when Southerners began calling up to say that what San Francisco had called the Barbary Coast was called, in nearly every Southern city, the Gay Way. So the town gave up and let Gay Way ride.

Main feature of the Gay Way will be a pageant of the Pacific, running eighty minutes three times a day, depicting the story of the West and the Big Ocean.

Curious thing about world fairs is that, despite the million-dollar exhibits and the ain't-science-wonderful shows, it is usually some insignificant little feature that puts the fair over and hauls it out of the red. Very often, to the great chagrin of the scientists and forward lookers, this little feature consists entirely of a young woman with very little on. But not always.

The mortgage lifter at a former San Francisco fair in 1915 was an oil painting of a young lady named Stella. Stella outdrew everything, including an educated horse—and, as realists pointed out, they had to feed the horse.

In 1851 the Koh-i-noor, a hefty piece of ice, put over the first international exposition in London. Two years later the sewing machine did the same thing for a New York show, with some help from the first passenger elevator.

Just what will be the mortgage raiser at Treasure Island no one knows. Veteran showmen say you just can't tell. It might be a little girl with very little clothes and a way with her. It might be the model atom smasher. They're not betting very heavily on the smasher, though.

When it comes to a showdown between atom and Eve, Eve always wins.

"If anyone is crazy in this house, it'll be me!" WILLIAM STEIG

GUESS WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST!
THAT'S EASY... HORMEL SPAM AND EGGS
WHAT'S THE LATEST ONE-PLATE LUNCH?
HOT SPAM-WICH
LET'S HAVE SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR DINNER
RIGHT! BAKED SPAM
THE MEAT OF MANY USES BY HORMEL
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ
Recommended 3979 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
THE NEW HORMEL MEAT OF MANY USES

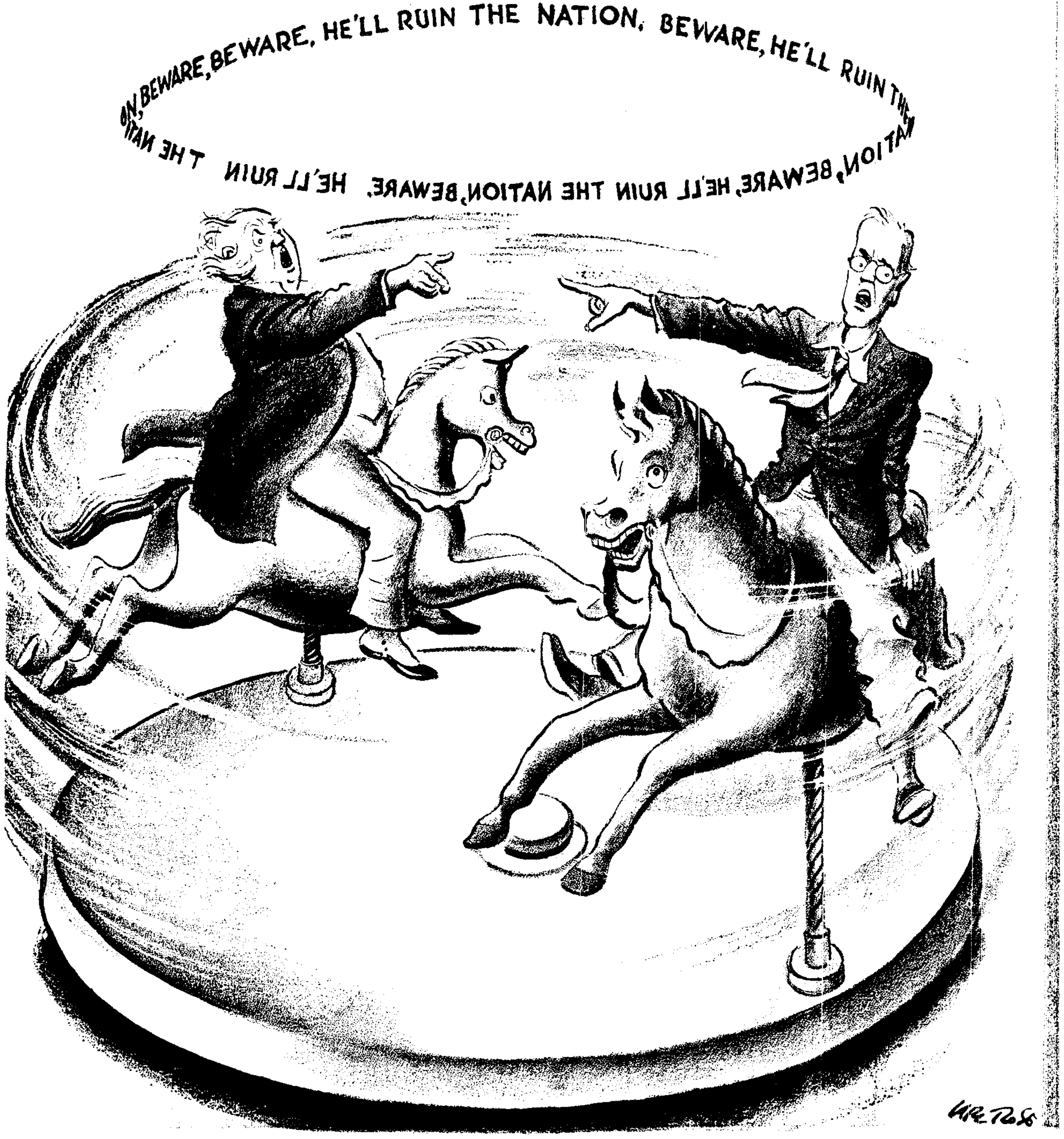
Again... SPAM hits the spot!

At long last, a brilliant new idea for breakfast . . . SPAM & eggs! Let your eye linger on that bountiful platter of crisp, tangy meat and friendly sunny-sides. Then picture yourself tomorrow morning sitting down before this cheery feast. If you're a man, you'll say SPAM! to your wife right now. If you're a loving wife, you'll pass the good word along to your food store.

But remember: if it doesn't come in a can, it isn't SPAM. SPAM is pure pork, purely made by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

Human Nature on Parade

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director


ON, BEWARE, BEWARE, HE'LL RUIN THE NATION, BEWARE, HE'LL RUIN THE NATI
THE NAT HE'LL RUIN THE NATION, BEWARE, HE'LL RUIN THE NATION, BEWARE, HE'LL RUIN

MANY progressives, liberals and radicals began to say, immediately after last November's elections, that the country would be grievously hurt if not plumb ruined by any revision of the New Deal reforms.

The complaints had a familiar ring to us, but it was quite some time before we could hook them up with anything tangible in the memory.

Ex-Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania (made ex at those same elections) solved the puzzle for us when he boiled down the progressive, liberal and radical complaints into this simple, concise paragraph:

> We face the most serious situation in the coming months because of this conservative bloc of Democrats and Republicans that has been elected. If there is a crash, the people should know that it was not the fault of the President, but of the Rightists. This swing to the Right, with the possibility of drastic cuts in spending, is the most serious situation we have ever had.

When that one jumped out of a newspaper page and smacked us in the eye, memory clicked or flashed or whatever memory does, and we knew when we'd last heard that line.

It was in 1932, of course; along in July or August, that all the Republican leaders except President Hoover came to perceive that President Hoover was not going to be re-elected. Humanly—and with entire sincerity, we believe, on the part of most of them—the Republican leaders began to hammer their chests and shout that Roosevelt, if elected President the following November, would lead us into horrors undreamed of, into an abyss without a bottom.

Roosevelt was elected, and in due time he was inaugurated, and some five or ten minutes later he scrapped that 1932 Democratic platform promise of Government Economy. He struck out on a bold and novel campaign to blast the depression which then seemed to be smothering us all. And the Old Guard, whom we qualified voters by a whacking plurality had just tossed out on their ears, redoubled their efforts to scare us out of our socks.

Mr. Roosevelt was not doing things the Old Guard's way. Hence, as the Old Guard saw it, he was sure to fail, and to drag his country down to the devil with him. That he had been regularly elected by a people who wanted to change cut no ice with the Old Guard. The people had simply been deluded, and that was all there was to that.

It is now the turn of the New Guard, as you might call them, to begin viewing and vocalizing with alarm.

Various state-wide majorities of us, exercising our right to vote as we please, have sent to Washington a lot of congressmen and a few senators who want to change tack again—this time toward government economy and a breathing spell from experimentation.

And now it is the liberals, radicals and progressives—ex-Governor Earle, Mayor LaGuardia of New York, Leon Henderson, etc—who are shaking their heads, rolling their eyes, clutching their abdomens and prophesying doom. Because this newest contingent in Washington doesn't want to do things as the New Deal veterans do them, the country is once more in grave peril . . . "the most serious situation we have ever had," in the words of Mr. Earle.

As we see it, it's a grand exhibition of human nature on parade once more in American politics.

Sportsmanship, the good-loser habit, willingness to admit that you may be wrong—all these are still frail and not too widely distributed patches of fairer and finer skin grafted on human nature's primordial hairy hide. They slough off of a lot of us under stress of such emotions as come from losing an election. We tend to drop right back into the world-old human habit of putting the widow's curse on the crowd that licked us, and of calling heaven to witness that our side is the only right side and possesses all the truth there is, even though a majority of the voters were basely deluded into thinking otherwise.

That's human nature for you, whether one's political beliefs are Republican, Democratic, New Deal, Socialist or Communist.

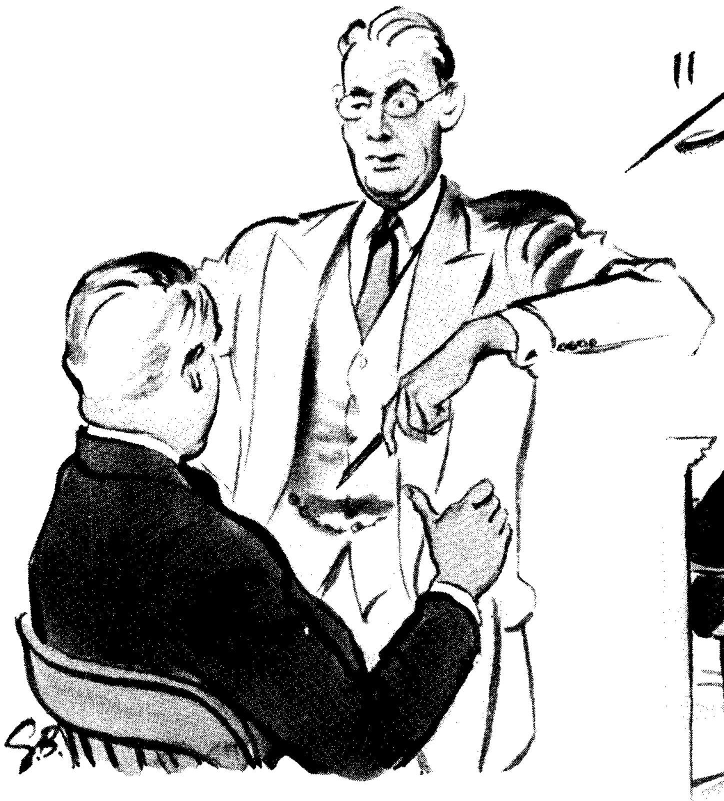
Well, thank Uncle Sam's lucky stars, there happened to be an explosion of common sense in this country in the year 1787, the year of the Constitutional Convention. It was a strong enough explosion of common sense to blow into the Constitution various guaranties and safeguards against this dear but extremely dangerous old propensity of human nature.

We can still vote the Hoovers out and the Roosevelts in, then vote the liberals down and the conservatives up, at regular intervals and as the majority of us please.

This country seems big enough and rich enough up to now to stand having its economic arrangements monkeyed with by various political factions in turn. Those assorted monkeyings seem to be what keep us jerking and jangling along the road of progress.

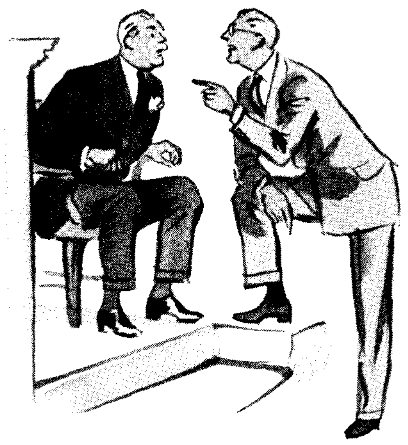
When and if any one of these factions begins to monkey with the constitutional safeguards against every faction's all-too-human tendency to try to perpetuate itself in power, then the time will have come for us to worry in earnest about our political system. The time will have come, indeed, for the general run of us to lay plans to turn out in defense of our political system with clubs, pitchforks, lead pipe, shotguns and other home-grown weapons, and with such hand grenades, Army rifles, machine guns, trench mortars, heavy artillery, railroad guns, bombing planes and battleships as we can manage to come by.

"So you claim to be a whiskey expert, do you?"



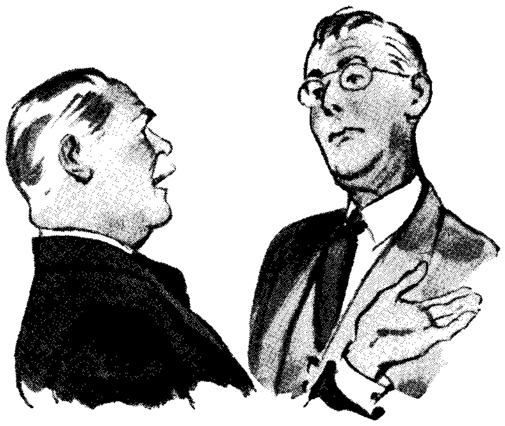
WITNESS: I don't just claim to be a whiskey expert—I *am.*

LAWYER: *Oh-ho—pretty confident, aren't you? Well, we shall see . . .*



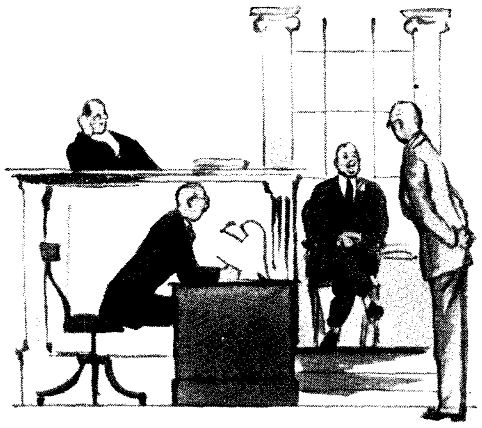
LAWYER: *Does the date* 1865 *mean anything to you?*

WITNESS: I should say it does. That's the year Paul Jones Whiskey made its appearance.



LAWYER: *Paul Jones Whiskey, eh? Do you know that liquor by any other name?*

WITNESS: Not by another *name.* But of course I also know it as "A Gentleman's Whiskey since 1865". . . most everyone knows *that.*

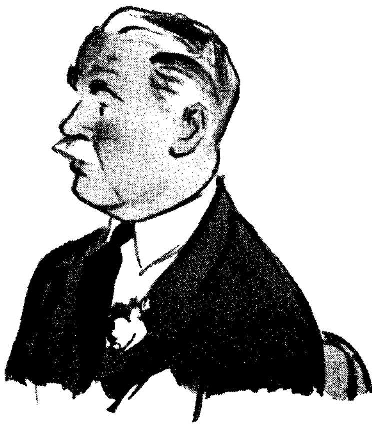


LAWYER: *But just* why *does this Paul Jones Whiskey happen to be fixed so clearly in your mind?*

WITNESS: Because of its delightful DRYNESS. You see, Paul Jones is a truly DRY whiskey—full-flavored and hearty as anyone could ask, but without the slightest trace of *sweetness.*

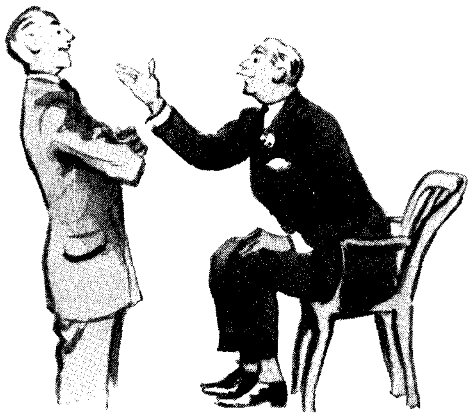
LAWYER: *Hmmm—and what makes you think this* DRY *quality is of any importance to people?*

WITNESS: It's important to all discriminating tastes. It's the quality we connoisseurs always look for in champagne and sherry. So naturally, we favor Paul Jones Whiskey for its DRYNESS, too.



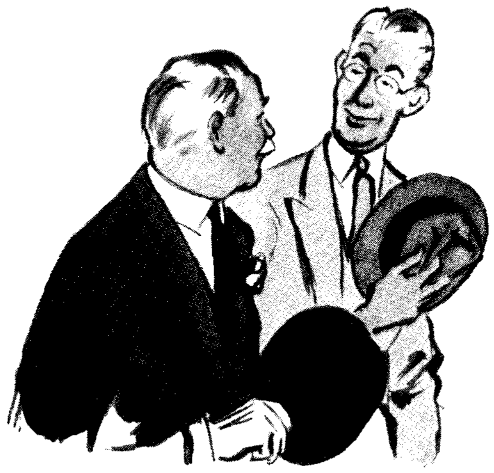
LAWYER: *Ah-ha—then you* admit *to being prejudiced?*

WITNESS: You bet I do—in favor of Paul Jones! And that goes whether I'm going to enjoy its brisk, keen-flavored DRYNESS in a highball, cocktail, or straight!



LAWYER: *And when would be the most propitious time to test the truth of your testimony, sir?*

WITNESS: Right *now.* Paul Jones is moderately priced. You can get it at any good bar or liquor store. And you certainly shouldn't lose *any* time in discovering how grand this DRY whiskey is!



LAWYER: *An excellent suggestion, witness. Court couldn't adjourn at a better time!*

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY

DRY means: not sweet

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Every drop is whiskey

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Chesterfield

"Nothing else will do—

Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.